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SEPTEMBER 1979 $2.00

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SEPTEMBER 1979

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VOLUME 8 NUMBER 9

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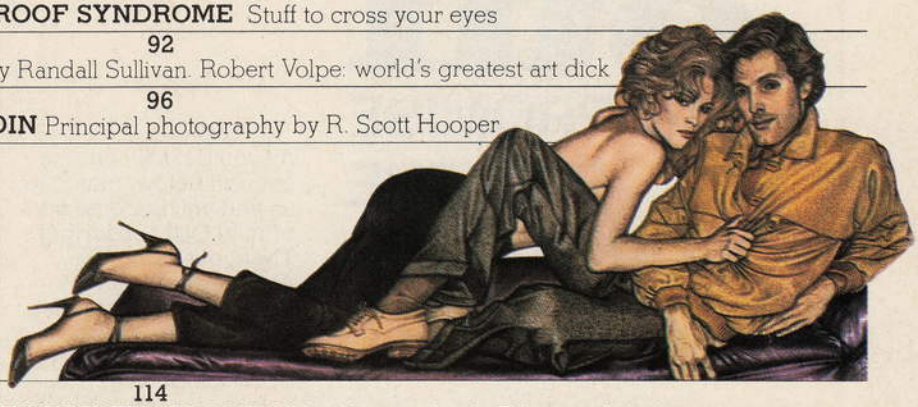

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Welsh playwrights don't usually look this good, but cover girl Shelby (who also stars in a handsome pictorial starting on page 60) has a few rare bits she's turned into a play that's headed for London. Give us two tickets on the aisle. Photography by Phillip Dixon.

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TAKE THAT TO THE BANK

I've just read Clifford Irving's article, *Dirty Money Games*, in the May OUI, and you can imagine my surprise when I saw my name in print again. I am the Philip M. Wilson who opened the phony Bank of Sark to launder "dirty" money. I am now doing my time for it at La Tuna F.C.I.

I have only one correction to make on the otherwise interesting article. Rand McNally Publishers of Chicago does not publish *Polk's World Bank Directory*. They publish *Rand McNally Banker's Directory*, which is the best. Since the time I listed the Bank of Sark, Rand McNally has changed their system, making it harder for that type of operation to be listed in their bank directory—although it can be pulled off, I believe. An operation can still be listed in *Polk*'s (published by the Polk Organization), since I doubt they've changed their system. If a person who understood *Dirty Money Games* were to look over both directories, I'm sure he could find some other Bank of Sark–type operations.

PHILIP M. WILSON
Anthony, Texas

I was very intrigued by your article on tax-avoidance "schemes," since I am probably as uninformed on these matters as most of your readers. But I wish there were a simpler way out. I mean, I couldn't possibly afford a trip to Liechtenstein. Hell, I can't even afford my own home, despite the fact that my income is over $25,000 a year. It seems it's all too true that the only people who can make money are the ones who already have it. Maybe I *should* move to Liechtenstein.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Los Angeles, California

CARE-TAKERS

Wow! Your May issue stood out from the magazine rack like a sore thumb, thanks to cover girl Care Felix. I would love to see more of this Santa Barbara doll. She's irresistible!

M.S. BAZORAN
Canoga Park, California

OUI certainly knows the difference between sizzling beauty and beefed-up porn, and Care Felix represents that difference outstandingly. Thanks for putting together a publication that one can look forward to, and thanks to Care for taking part.

B. STINSON
Kennewick, Washington

We here at Virginia Tech have been searching for months for a girl to be crowned "The Girl We Would Most Like to Hole Up with Next Winter Quarter." Just one look at Care Felix convinced us that she was the winner, hands down. How about helping us justify our decision by letting us see a few more shots of Care . . . with *her* hands down?

DANIEL MASON
STEVEN REGENTHAL
Bleaksburg, Virginia

When we informed Care of your crowning honor, she said, "What? Leave sunny Los Angeles? For Bleaksburg?" Sorry, fellas. Care must decline, but she suggests you transfer to UCLA.

Your May issue was wonderful, but I'm particularly impressed by your cover girl, Care Felix. Lovely!

HEBER MORRIS
Alexandria, Virginia

HAVE GUT, WILL TRAVEL

I caught Tiny Boyles on Tom Snyder's *Tomorrow Show* and eagerly looked forward to your article about him in the May OUI (*Bounty Hunter*). I remember thinking, when I first heard about the article, that no writer could possibly portray Boyles as he himself did on the show. But Hank Nuwer made Tiny and his profession seem glamorous. Although Boyles is not quite as charming as television's Paladin, he does sound just as exciting. I know, of course, that bounty hunting in truth is a dangerous, low-life business, but what can I say? I'm a romantic.

ROBERT MASON
Cincinnati, Ohio

We just wanted to say that you can keep all your fancy French models and pictures of gals getting it on together. We think those two broads you have in the picture with Tiny Boyles are the sexiest women you've ever printed. Give us a natural girl anytime. There's nothin' sexier than a gun-totin', pistol-packin' mama. We bet those two don't shave their arms or legs, either. More of 'em!

CHARLIE'S GANG
Weirton, West Virginia

I just graduated from college with a degree in law enforcement and corrections. But I've been having a tough time getting a job. Everyone says that education is fine, but what I really need is experience. Wish I could get in touch with Tiny Boyles. With my brains and his brawn, we could clean up this country faster than Batman and Robin.

BILL ANDERSON
Hartford, Connecticut

I must say that of all the articles OUI ran in May, I was most intrigued by the one about that massive, 6'4" 360-pound bounty hunter.

I've always heard about these ape-men lurking about in small-town gas stations or saloons, but I thought they were more myths of the Wild West than real men who exist today.

This guy Hank Nuwer must be a real brave soul to have interviewed Tiny Boyles. I mean, when Tiny asked Hank, "Do these

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#1. Just how low in tar is it?

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editors you work for know you could get killed doing this story?" if I were Hank, *I* would have run like hell!

I do respect Tiny's style, though: Catching a guy while he's in bed with his chick, and then waiting at the bedside until he's finished before busting him . . . all I can say is Boyles is one bounty hunter with class.

M. Campbell
Atlantic City, New Jersey

OUI'RE ON THE CHARTS

Your April *Music* column, written by Ed Naha, is most inaccurate in its reference to *Billboard*'s charts, in that it states that Bill Wardlow will not talk to anyone in the press, and no one is quite sure how *Billboard* comes to its final conclusions. The last time it revealed itself was eight years ago—to a scholastic magazine.

Please be advised that these statements are simply not true. I was never approached by Mr. Naha via mail, telephone, in person or any other way. I have presented over 20 presentations to national conventions of labels, and our chart methodology is available to anyone at any time.

Bill Wardlow
Associate Publisher, *Billboard*
Los Angeles, California

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE . . .

Your May issue was excellent. I especially enjoyed your pictorial of *Irina*. She says she prefers to be different—that really hit home with me. It seems we have a lot in common, since I smoke Marlboros, too. It's a real turn-on to see women smoking, exhaling smoke from between beautiful lips. But you didn't have any pictures of Irina in that particular pose. Why not?

George R. Horton
Torrance, California

Frankly, George, it never occurred to us, since any pose Irina strikes is smokin'. Like this one.

It was revealed in the story about Irina that in the movie *Moonraker* she plays the body of Lois Chiles in Chiles's nude scenes. What a cop-out on Chiles's part. I say the producers should have dumped Lois Chiles and let Irina play the part. She's certainly just as beautiful, and everyone knows models make good actresses. Take Farrah Fawcett-Majors, for example. Well, on second thought, maybe Irina should stick to modeling.

Thomas Arnold
Atlanta, Georgia

TRIVIAL ERRORS

Nice magazine. Now that I've dispensed with the compliment, on to the trenchant criticism. I don't mind errors in inconsequential articles on nuclear disasters, but when you trample on trivia, you arouse my ire. I refer to the article in your May issue, *Cinema's Greatest Hits*. Errors include the following:

1. The movie *High School Confidential* was retitled *The Young Hellions*.

2. You offer what you purport to be a shot of Dustin Hoffman smoking dope in *Midnight Cowboy*. It isn't.

3. The shot of Gene Hackman is not from the 1971 film *The French Connection*. It is from the sequel. (Close.)

4. That particular "Jacqueline Bisset" you have slipping a Mickey to Peter Sellers happens to be Ursula Andress.

5. You state that "Sherlock Holmes tries to cure Freud's bad coke habit in *The Seven-Percent Solution*." You have it backwards.

I could go on, but I don't wish to become overwrought. Anyway, it's almost time for the late-night movie, *Wrestling Women vs. the Aztec Mummy*. If you wish to venture into the trivia field again, perhaps you should let *me* handle it.

Frank B. Roome
Lansing, Kansas

PUCKISH HUMOR

"Giving Sports a Bad Name" in your May *Openers* had great potential, only you should have selected the teams from the University of California at Santa Barbara instead of UC Davis. In my four years of playing intramural floor hockey here, I've encountered much more imaginative team names than your article listed. For posterity, here is a sampling of the more lewdicrous:

The men's teams: Puck Offs, Puck Heads, What the Puck, Sticks Up Our Ass and Sticks Up Uranus.

From the women: Father Puckers, Better Half of the Crack, Lipstick on the Dipstick, and best of all, We Ain't Got the Cherry, but We Got the Box It Came In.

Mark McGuire
Goleta, California

ROMY AROUSES

Romy (May) reminds me of a girl I once knew. In fact, when Romy said, "Men can't take an honest opinion. They get turned off when I tell them how to make love," I had to look twice to make sure she wasn't Karen. Before I met Karen, I was one of those men who thinks he knows how to satisfy a woman without having to ask or be told. But Karen taught me that just as I have to teach a woman what I like sexually, my partner should have the same chance.

Yeah, Karen showed me a lot. We might still be together, if she had a rear end like Romy's.

Roy Dotson
Dallas, Texas

Sometimes it takes looking at a woman from the bottom up before a man can understand her. So for you, Roy—a man who appreciates an honest woman—here's another chance.

It says Romy is from the Netherlands. Well, let me tell you that I was stationed near there when I was in the service and I *never* saw a woman as delightful as Romy. A real Dutch treat!

Homer Davis
Fort Worth, Texas

I'd like to congratulate you for your terrific pictorial on Romy. After seeing women portrayed as plastic-poster-perfect or fuck-me-cheap, it's great to see a woman portrayed as she should be—warm, smart, funny and most of all, real.

Donna Allison
Baltimore, Maryland

RODNEY GETS RESPECT

When I saw *A Conversation with Rodney Dangerfield* in your May issue, my first thought was: This isn't going to be funny. But then I turned the page and saw Rodney in action. The photos and captions were absolutely hysterical! That one shot of Dangerfield self-inflicting hickeys floored me.

I must salute OUI for a really unique approach to interviews. It's great to see funny pictures accompanied by funny quotes. If you keep this up, you've got a OUI reader for life!

Howard Hill
Seattle, Washington

Sometimes a stand-up comic can get deadly serious during an interview. Example: Richard Pryor. Or sometimes you get

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO DRINK LESS THAN THE REST OF THE BOYS?

Some people think the more a man can drink, the more of a man he is. However, it usually works the other way around.

Men who drink to build up their egos, end up putting themselves down.

The guy who claims he can drink everyone under the table looks pretty low. Especially if he gets there.

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AMF Head

the feeling that the comic needs a stage and an audience to pull off his act. Example: George Carlin. But not Dangerfield. His interview made me feel like I was watching his nightclub act. Good job, OUI.

JOHN FRENCH
St. Louis, Missouri

BATTLE HYMNS

I can really relate to the problem of rock 'n' roll versus disco, as discussed in your May *Music* column. I, for one, enjoy both forms of music, much to the chagrin of my friends. Those who like rock say I'm sick for listening to disco, and vice versa. My feeling is to simply flow with the times, without forgetting the best of the past.

However, I don't appreciate being called an asshole by the people at CBGB or Xenon. Rather than take sides, they should learn to appreciate more than one form of music.

KEVIN ANDERSON
Minneapolis, Minnesota

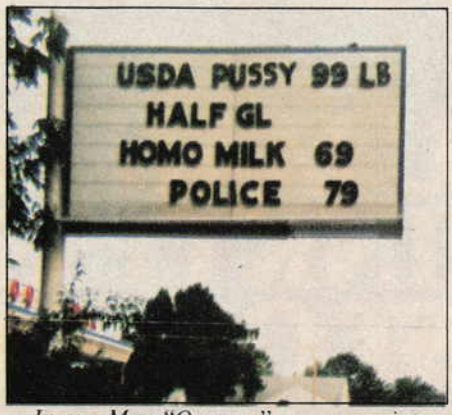
Ed Naha says the only way to end the battle of rock versus disco is to form "Risco." I think any combination could only be called "Dick," a much more appropriate term to describe the nonstyles of Rod Stewart and Elton John.

MIKE BOOYE
Atlantic City, New Jersey

To carry Mr. Naha's phrase coining a step further—if you combine country-rock with disco, what'll you get? "Crisco." You know, like the greasy beeswax in the ears of anyone who can only appreciate one type of music.

JOHN GLASS
Indianapolis, Indiana

FRUITS AND NUTS



In our May "Openers" we ran an interview with Lyn Sherwood, author of "Sex in the Supermarket." Obviously, OUI reader Jeffrey Grashel didn't need any of Lyn's tips. He had already found a Columbus, Ohio, market that knew the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. "They've got the best buys in town," says Jeff, "and the biggest melons I've ever seen."

CASTING CALLS

Scripted Sex (April) is the most intriguing article I've read! I've always been quite open with my ladies, but somehow I've never explored this type of sex acting. It sounds beautiful. Now, if I can only find a woman willing to be as kinky as I am, then I'll be in great shape.

JAMES MARTIN, JR.
Memphis, Tennessee

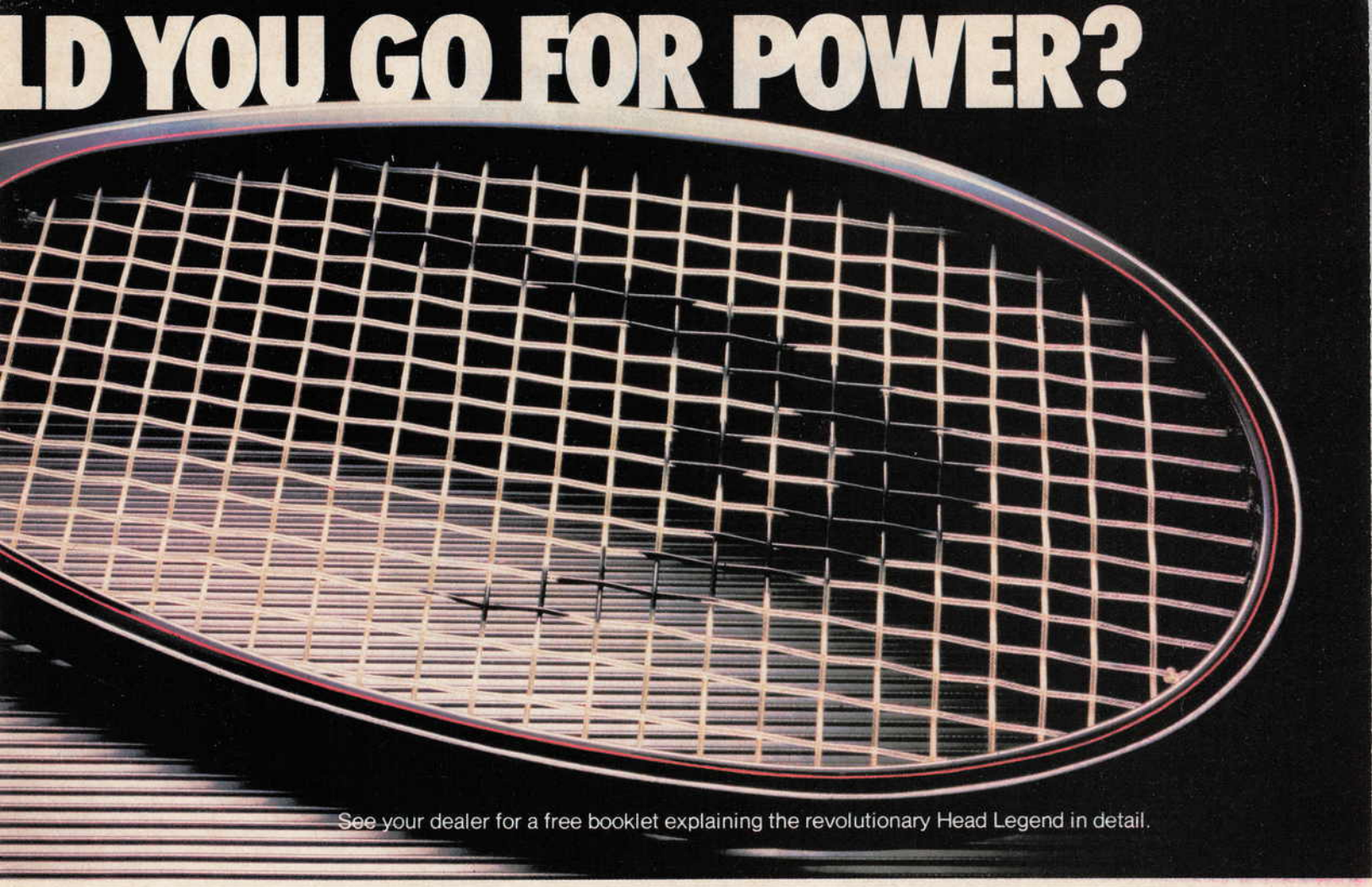
Scripted sex is a good idea. I mean, everybody has fantasies, right? So your article opened up a Pandora's box of possibilities. Thanks to you, my sex life will never be the same.

WILLIAM ANDERSON
Hartford, Connecticut

SIZING US UP

"Does being hung improve sex?" asked your May *Sex* column. Now, really—I've heard some dumb questions in my life, but that one runs a close second to "Did you come yet?"

Think about it for a minute. First of all, who's qualified to give an answer? How would a man know? He's only got one cock; so how would he know if *his* size makes it any better than someone else's? A female might be able to compare, provided she's of average size and she's had a variety of penis sizes inside her. But then what's the average size for a vagina? And if it's true that 90 percent of men's cocks are around 6.89 inches long, a woman would have to turn more tricks



than a Sunset Boulevard hooker to get enough of a variety to make a judgment.

Besides, who really wants to know if a large cock improves sex? A guy with a big cock who needs an ego boost? A guy with a little cock who needs to feel even more insecure? Or how about me? Mine is .01 inch above average, but would probably measure a little short in circumference.

For quite a number of years now, I've been strategically stuffing a handkerchief into the left front pocket of my pants before I go out. I look at it this way—if a girl needs to know the size of my equipment before she'll go home with me, why not cheat a little? After all, girls have been wearing falsies for years.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Peoria, Illinois

QUINN-TESSENTIAL

Quinn (May) is a perfect example of an English pre-Raphaelite woman. She has that classic profile with Victorian lip, peek-a-boo shoulder and Rossetti-style mane of hair. My compliments to her photographer, Jeff Dunas. Rule, Brittania!

TIM FRIEL
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Never before have I seen so captivating a woman as Quinn. I found her beauty most arresting and uplifting. Her elegance and charm superseded all former OUI models. She perfectly embodies my concept of feminine beauty, while typifying the classy, cocky sensuousness of the OUI woman.

She is a goddess, is she not?

PAUL H.
South Hamilton, Massachusetts

Well, no, Paul. Quinn is quite mortal . . . thank goodness.

The words *divine*, *exquisite* and *heavenly* only serve to bring to mind the word *understatement* where Quinn's beauty is concerned. I'm completely overwhelmed.

Wish I could be that "wealthy Yankee" she's looking for, instead of just a ridiculously handsome, affectionate Canadian. Nobody cares about the Commonwealth anymore!

GRANT BARR
Winnipeg, Manitoba

RUB A DUB TUB

I was shivering here in North Dakota when I opened your April issue and saw all those wonderful pictures of people frolicking in *Hot Tubs*. I've thought about getting one myself but figured it would be way too expensive. Your article changed my mind. I discovered that they aren't too expensive and they aren't hard to take care of. Maybe I should buy one with my tax refund, instead of opening a savings account. A hot tub might be a better investment.

J. LANDAU
Jamestown, North Dakota

The article about hot tubs was right on. I bought a tub recently, but I wish I'd had all that information at my fingertips when I was shopping around. Even so, I wouldn't trade my tub for the world. I live with a lady who used to come home, go into the bathroom, run her bath and close the door, locking herself in for hours. Now she comes home and we *both* jump into the hot tub. The jet streams and hot water not only

Test drive our new magazine.

Drag Race

by Alan M. Newman

A paper and pencil game for two players.

Equipment: One gamesheet and one pencil.

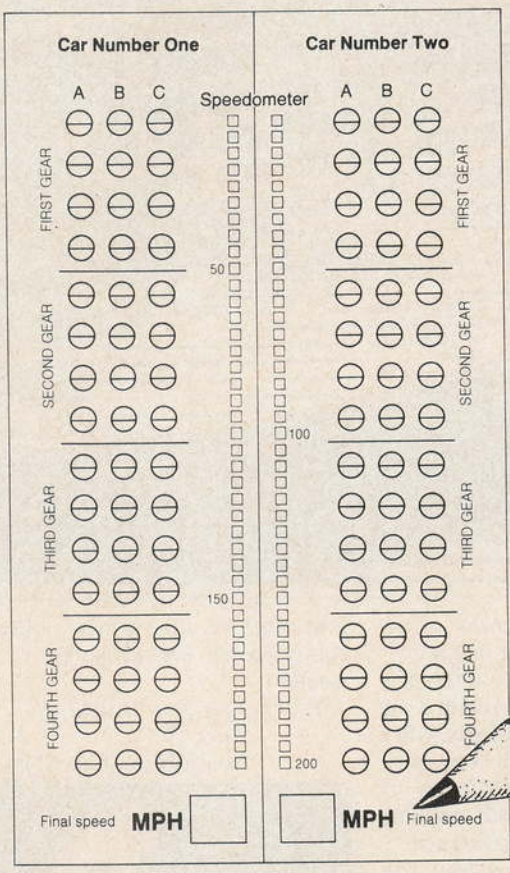
Object: To be moving at the highest speed at the end of the game, by out-guessing your opponent.

Play: Each player chooses one of the cars on the gamesheet. Either player may go first. Keeping the gamesheet out of his opponent's view, the first player marks the top half of one circle (A, B, or C) in the first horizontal row under his car. His opponent then guesses which letter was chosen. (You can use the bottom halves of the circles to keep a record of guesses, for future strategy.) If the opponent's guess is wrong, the first player darkens the top square on his side of the speedometer. If the opponent's guess is right, the first player does not darken any squares.

Next, it is the other player's turn to mark one of his circles in secret, and the first player's turn to guess which one was marked. Play alternates in this fashion throughout the game: On the second round, circles in the second row are marked, and so on until the last row has been completed.

Advancing:
When in first gear, cars accelerate by darkening 1 square at a time.
When in second gear, 2 squares at a time.
When in third gear, 3 squares at a time.
When in fourth gear, 4 squares at a time.
Each square moved represents an increase of 5 miles per hour.

Winning: The player with the highest final speed (most squares darkened) at the end of the race is the winner.



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Rev up your pencil and travel through page after page of action-packed puzzles, contests, games, tests and quizzes.

Test yourself against the experts with word games, mind games, photo games...get involved with our mind-stretching problems — challenging crosswords, intricate mazes, fun quizzes and much, much more. Each issue has 2 exciting contests with fabulous prizes.

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J9012

relax her; they stimulate her, too. Now I'm able to talk, laugh or make love to her *before* midnight.

ROBERT CHAVEZ
Downey, California

WELL HUNG

Did you know that Ron Jones, the pyrotechnic magician featured in your article, "Don't Get Burned by this Trick" (*Openers*, March), is also well known for his other illusions, juggling, legerdemain and, most recently, for being the world record holder for fastest straitjacket escape?

While the Long Beach Grand Prix was running at full speed, Ron was taken up to 500 feet by a helicopter; he was hanging upside down by a single strand of rope and laced into a straitjacket. He then escaped from the jacket in midair in 15.1 seconds to achieve the new world's record, beating the old one by more than three seconds. A friend of mine, Stuart Boss, took this photo of the event.

A group of us would like to get in touch with Ron. Can you help us?

RANDI BOECKMAN
Los Angeles, California

For more information on Ron, contact his fan club at P.O. Box 7000-156, Palos Verdes Peninsula, California.

THE HARLEY BOYS

When I first spotted your article *Macho Motorcycles* (April), I thought for sure you'd forget Harley-Davidson and Harley-Davidson riders. But to my amazement, nearly the entire article was about us. Thanks to guys like your writer, David Barry, we are still number one.

CHUCK SADELL
Columbus, Missouri

Your article on motorcycles was pretty good. Unfortunately, the writer made Harley-Davidsons sound like pieces of shit. Let's just see if those Japanese beer cans are on the road in 20 years like the older Harley bikes.

RICHARD JORGENSEN
San Francisco, California

JUICY FRUIT

While vacationing on one of the more secluded islands off Central America, we had the pleasure of sampling some *agua coco* supplied by a native friend. So we thought we'd send this along to one of our favorite magazines as a summer greeting. Looks good, doesn't it?

MR. AND MRS. B.V.D.
Three Oaks, Michigan

Sure does. And the cantaloupes don't look bad, either.

SHAKING THE SHEIK

I have just finished reading your interview with Frank Zappa (*A Conversation with Frank Zappa*, April) and want to commend you on your professionalism in handling it. Zappa certainly is one beautiful mutha. But if he doesn't watch it, he could give his music a bad name.

IRENE DUFF
New York, New York

Your Zappa interview was great. His views almost equal his fantastic music. Wish you could use some of the profits from your magazine to make a deal with Zappa to release all his unrecorded stuff. Then you'd give the world some real beauty for a change.

JOE RAY
Coventry, Rhode Island

Frank Zappa is predictable and boring. The only way to make him sound interesting or worthwhile is to lie about him.

DENNIS S. GODDARD
New York, New York

Loved the Zappa interview—everything he said was completely to the point. It was good to hear someone else expressing my views—cutting right through the bullshit. I recently read about the disco scene and how musicians like B.B. King have gotten into it in order to survive. I'm not against disco, but it's all-pervasive, sucking everything into itself. No one refuses, everyone prostitutes himself. So, it was a relief to find someone like Zappa, who's in a position to easily crap out, being real and honest with his music.

K. FERGIN
Seattle, Washington

ONLY SKIN DEEP

Well, OUI, you've done it. You gave us *Vanessa*. Whew! What a lady. I'm not much on the "sophisticated" type of woman, and most models are too plastic looking to please my eye, but Vanessa was wonderful. Give me a natural girl any day.

D. COWAN
Beverly Hills, California

You know, I had to look twice at Vanessa in your April issue. At first glance, she's not the type of lady who appeals to me. In fact, I thought she was rather plain. But on second glance, I realized that in addition to her body, she has a beauty that's, well, different. One that kind of grows on you. The reason I'm writing you is that this was a revelation to me. I've always been the kind of man who is attracted to women only if the surface appearance makes it, you know? If a lady didn't attract me at first, she never had a chance. Now I realize that women can be beautiful even if they don't possess those features I find perfect. A whole new world of women has been opened up to me . . . and to think it took a OUI pictorial to do it!

JOE ROMAN
Detroit, Michigan

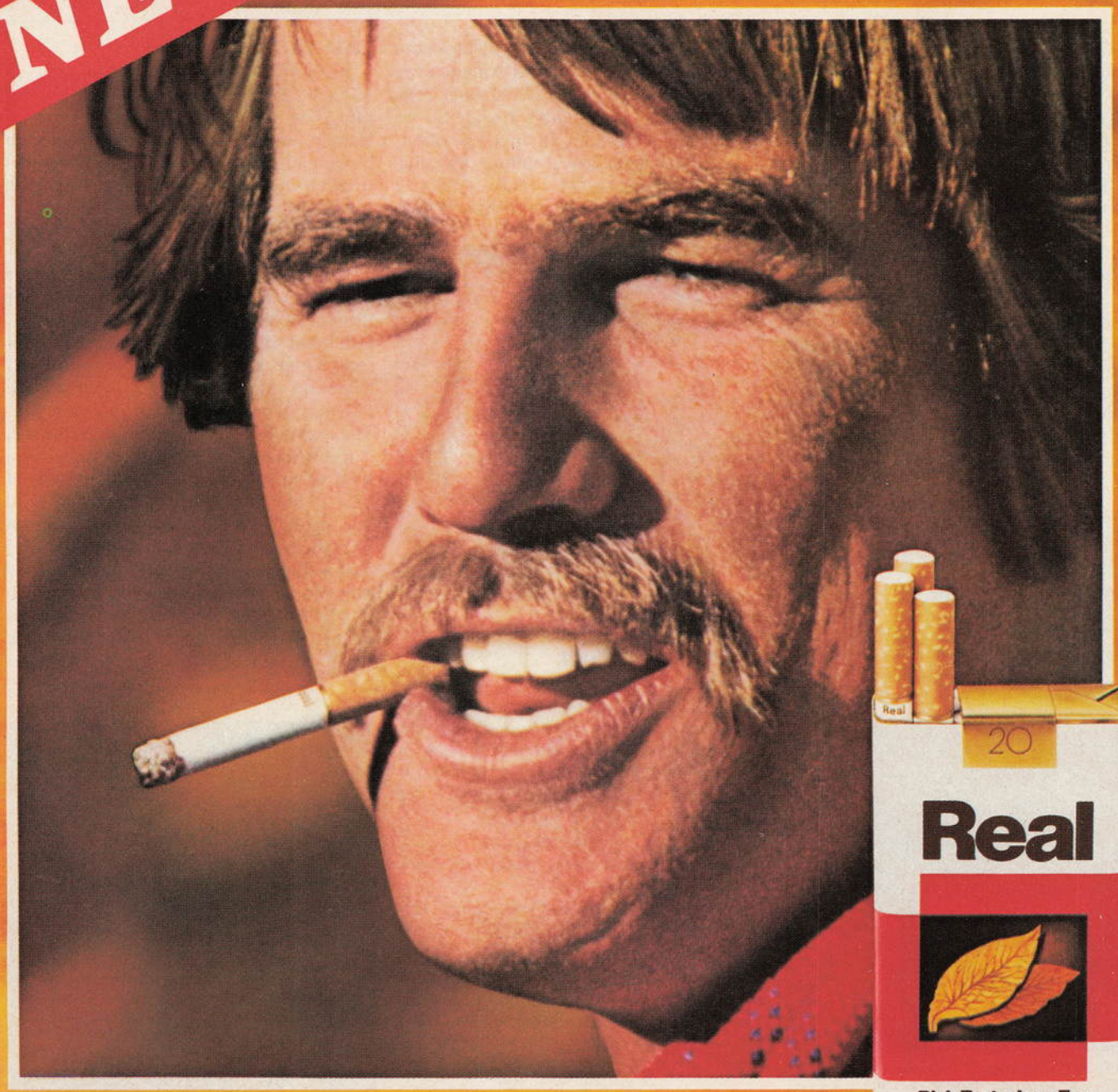
Well, Joe, now that you've learned your lesson, we're sure Vanessa will open up to you, too.

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
8560 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90069

NEW!

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



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Real's new golden leaf tobacco blend does it.
Tastes richer...mellower...more satisfying.
A taste that's pure gold.

The smoking man's low tar

OPENERS

YOUR SPEC'S IN THE MAIL

A 31-year-old postman from Croydon, England, was put on probation for three years after he told a court how an "impulsive fetish" had led him to snatch the glasses from 38 young women over the course of two years.

Occasionally, the postman would wear a homemade black mask and carry a knife, and on one occasion he even walked into a house and grabbed the glasses off an astonished housewife.

The postman told police: "I don't really know why I did it. I just fancy girls who wear glasses."

ASS-TROLOGICAL PUZZLE

Attention: There's a new group of forward-thinking stargazers who are trying to do something about a cosmic embarrassment. The Ad Hoc Committee to Rename Uranus is based in—where else?—Southern California. Says AHCRU founder Dr. Leslie Morrison, "We can't just turn our heads and pretend Uranus isn't there. The Voyager I space probe has cleared Saturn's orbit and is headed full tilt for Uranus. By 1983

we'll be examining explicit color photos of the seventh planet's surface. Television newscasters, astronomers and ordinary people are going to have to refer to it without laughing or becoming embarrassed."

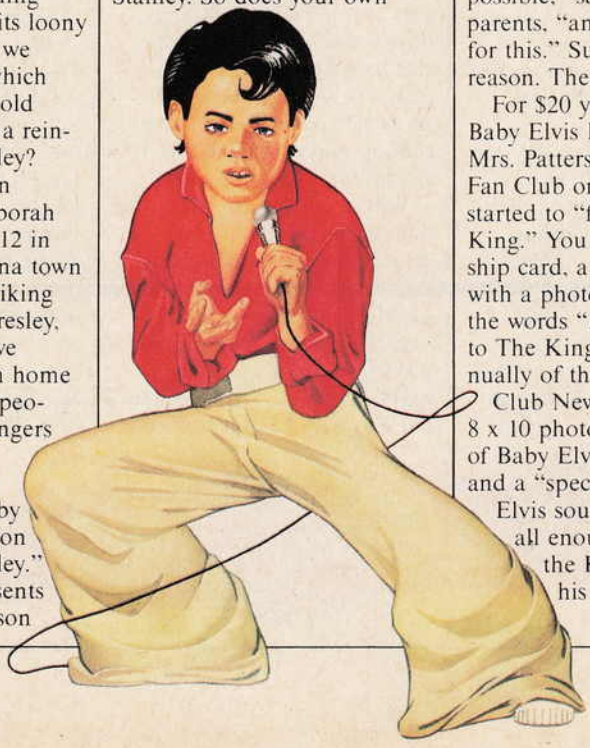
The committee has already

BLUE SUEDE BOOTIES

On the second anniversary of Elvis' death, his cloning seems to have sunk to its loony nadir. Consider the ad we recently encountered which asked: "Is four-month-old Elvis Presley Patterson a reincarnation of Elvis Presley?

"Hearing about a son born to Elbert and Deborah Patterson last October 12 in the small North Carolina town of Asheboro, with a striking resemblance to Elvis Presley, hundreds of people have flocked to the Patterson home to see the baby. These people, many of them strangers from great distances, have tried to convince the parents that the baby is, in fact, a reincarnation of the Great Elvis Presley."

As proof, the ad presents a photo of Baby Patterson next to a kidpic of Elvis. They both seem to have the same slouch mouth and smoky eyes. But so does my cousin Stanley. So does your own cousin Stanley, probably. All the same, the ad insists that something weird is going on here. "With God, anything is possible," say the proud parents, "and there's a reason for this." Sure, there's a reason. The Long Green.



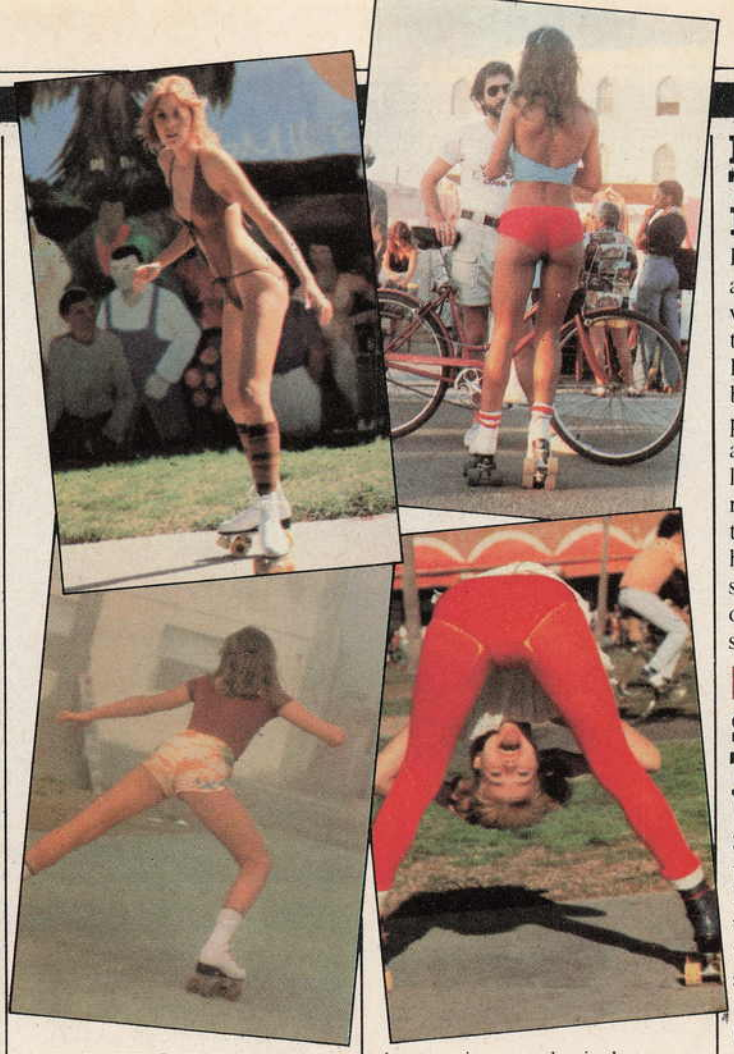
For $20 you can join the Baby Elvis Fan Club, which Mrs. Patterson—a former Elvis Fan Club organizer—has started to "further honor The King." You get a membership card, a T-shirt stamped with a photo of the baby and the words "Living Tribute to The King," six issues annually of the Baby Elvis Fan Club Newsletter, an 8 x 10 photo of Elvis, a photo of Baby Elvis for comparison, and a "special surprise Elvis souvenir." It's all enough to make the King turn over in his diapers.

—DALLAS MAYR

considered and rejected slogans like WIPE URANUS OFF THE MAP and LET'S KEEP OUR PLANETS CLEAN. Right now, AHCRU is compiling a list of possible new monikers for the "forgotten planet" and the committee's choices will be sent to the Secretary of the United Nations General Assembly. Address your suggestions for renaming Uranus to Innerspace, c/o OUI Magazine, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. Morrison added, "This fight is only the first of many. After this battle is over, we plan to work on another galactic sore spot: black holes in space."

SCIENCE LAYS ANOTHER EGG

Did you know that the human female is born with every egg she will ovulate during her entire fertile period? Neither did Charlie Airwaves, an L.A. lensman who thought we'd buy this picture just because we have dirty minds. Another little-known scientific fact to justify some soft-boiled porn.



CALIFORNIA GIRLS FIGHT GAS SHORTAGE

What you see here is just an average afternoon on L.A.'s Venice boardwalk. Gasoline may be scarce, but long, luxuriously tanned legs are plentiful. No doubt about it, street skating is our unabashedly premature nominee for transportation advance of the year.

"Discoteers" roll to the heat of the synthesized beat on their radio headphones, then show off their fancy roller work and hot little outfits in the evenings at the indoor rinks. "Radical" skaters (hot dogs) try to impress these polyurethane princesses by executing flying helicopters (a 360° spin) off a stairwell, jumping barrels and speaking in a strange tongue, as in, "Hey, sweatheart, slap on yer Z-wheels and we'll shred some gnarly grinders gettin' vert on the bowls." (Rough translation: Put on your special brand name of radically fast wheels and we'll set some sparks flying as we ride up and down the side of a swimming pool.)

When you can do tricks like that, we suggest you just keep rollin'. All night long.

MY MOTHER THE TRAFFIC LIGHT

From London comes news that a Scottish scientist has developed the ultimate state-of-the-art birth-control device. Dr. Hugh Simpson's electronic bra contains a minicomputer that calculates ovulation and flashes a red or green light—indicating whether or not it's "safe" to have sex with the occupant. Hmmm. If it has a malfunction, do they send out a traffic cop to stand on her chest and give hand signals?

OPENERS UPDATE:

$540,000 THE HARD WAY

Six years ago, *Openers* reported on a Dr. Scott of Houston, Texas, who had developed a hydraulic "erection" device which could be surgically implanted in chronically flaccid male funny bones. The device, which enables the proud owner to jack himself up and down at will by squeezing a pair of ball pumps in his scrotal sack, was proclaimed a mouth-watering success by a number of happy housewives. *Openers* also warned that the procedure was "still in experimental stages."

So at least Herbert Delicat, this year's prime candidate to the Victims of Murphy's Law Hall of Fame, can't say we didn't try to warn him. Dr. Scott equipped Delicat with one of the magic wands after the Louisiana worker had been rendered impotent by a mining accident. Delicat, naturally, sued the mining

TOOTH PRUSSIAN

Ja, it is true. In Germany they have ways of making you brush your teeth. One is to have your fillings worked on by Laurence Olivier. *Und* the other is *fräulein* Eva, the topless toothbrush. A little plastic, but she gives great bristle. Puts the blitz on mean old Mr. Roosev . . . oops, tooth decay, too. An excellent back-to-barracks gift for your *ubergruppenfuhrer, nein*? Eva can be found for $5 in Manhattan's SoHo district at Barone's, 414 West Broadway, New York, NY 10016.

The Good Life is...

Making All the Right Moves at The Playboy Club of Los Angeles.

Tonight's the night to step out with the movers and shakers. Where? On the new Disco dance floor at the Playboy Club of Los Angeles.

Show your stuff. Let yourself go. And have the time of your life.

You can't help enjoying yourself at the Playboy Club. The setting is chic. The lights and sounds are super. And our Disco deejay plays just what you like.

You'll be able to watch exciting Disco dance groups. Or be the show yourself. It's your choice, but no matter which you decide to do, you'll enjoy every dancing minute of it.

You'll have plenty of time to enjoy those wonderful Playboy-sized drinks. There's no place like the Playboy Club to get in step with the movers and shakers. No place like the Playboy Club to play. It's an entertainment mecca under one roof...with super food and drink, great name entertainment in our great showroom and now the Disco.

Get in step with the Good Life Playboy-style tonight. Come to the Playboy Club.

Not a keyholder? Make your move today. The Customer Service Representative can issue you a Key on the spot. It's just $25 for the first year, and the Playboy Club accepts American Express, Carte Blanche, Diners Club, Master Charge and VISA/BankAmericard.

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company. At the trial, however, Delicat was asked by his attorney to demonstrate the protuberance-pumping procedure during recess. Herbert got it up, all right, but—wouldn't ya know it?—he couldn't get it *down*. He had no choice but to schlepp his bionic boner all the way back to Houston for lowering by the eminent Dr. Scott.

After little deliberation, the jury awarded Herbert Delicat a settlement of $540,000. Although Delicat's attorney said that Herbert had been having some difficulties, psychological and otherwise, coping with the mechanics of the erectile process, we have a feeling his client has risen above the problem. —JAMES WOHL

REPORT FROM THE TURD WORLD

The first thing friends ask Jim Rose of Salt Lake City when they meet is: "How are the turds going?" They don't ask him about the Utah Symphony Orchestra, for which he plays the bass viol. They ask about the turds.

In 1973, when the supply of artificial dog turds for his father's novelty store dried up as the demand continued, Jim took things into his own hands and started what some consider to be a double life: prodigy and turd maker.

There are two distinct excremental forms in which Mr. Rose works. One is Doggy Doo, which very clearly resembles the results of any German shepherd's constitutional. Rose's second form of fecal fakery is the insidious Party Pooper, which bears a disarming resemblance to a human contribution and wickedly features a side of adhesive material so it can be made to dangle from a toilet seat or the arm of a sofa.

Rose consented to an *Openers* interview in his basement laboratory but declined to be photographed with the hand-rolled turds.

OUI: Do you consider the turds to be sculpture?

ROSE: No.

OUI: Are all these turds the same in your eyes?

ROSE: Yes.

OUI: Do you enjoy the work?

ROSE: In a way, yes. I see how many, how fast I can go. Any time your hands are moving at top speed while your mind is relaxed, it can be a form of exhilaration. It can be neat work.

OUI: Do you do T.M.?

ROSE: I do yoga.

OUI: How does the work compare to yoga?

ROSE: Making the turds is not as good as yoga.

—RON CARLSON

PAGING MISS PIGGY!

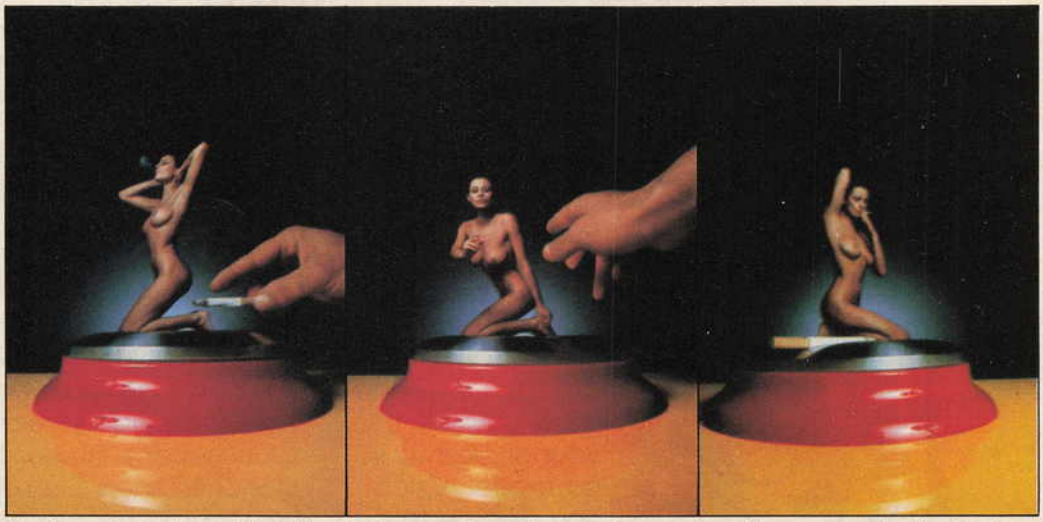
Next time you go to your favorite disco, don't just take a look around and mutter, "What a bunch of pigs." *Do* something about it—reach for the pocket-sized yellow can of Boar Mate swine stimulant spray. That's right, throw away your wimpy Pierre Cardin after-shave and your Halston cologne. This scent is the real thing. The manufacturer, AWC, Ltd., of Clear Lake, Iowa, calls the product a synthetic porcine pheromone "containing a large quantity of a synthetically produced androgen steroid, identical to that occurring naturally in the preputial fluid of the boar, and to the odour of which a sow will react when she is ready for mating." Meaning that this stuff makes Petunia want to screw like a bunny.

A two-second spray from two feet away is all it takes to make a hambone stand up and take notice. Does it work? Is a pig's ass pork? The folks at AWC—and we quote—have

NAILED IN THE ACT

Now, finally, even a pretty girl has an excuse for putting her foot in her mouth. Only recently identified, podonychophagia (toenail biting) is the very latest in chic new pathological disorders to tumble out of the closet. Frederick Smith, an educational psychologist at Brigham Young University, recently estimated that as many as 15 percent of all Americans secretly indulge in this unusual way of getting a toehold on their problems. While the chronically afflicted range from those with a mild but debilitating psychological dependence to those suffering frenzied seizures of apoplectic proportions, it is hoped that public understanding of furtive digit dunking will open new avenues of medical research. It seems clear that the Eighties will be the decade that podonycophagianatics everywhere lay down and were counted. —CLAY GEERDES

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR PANTS



Caution, shutterbugs: Shooting cheesecake can be hazardous to your health. Germany's Ryszard Horowitz sent us these pics to demonstrate what can happen to a photographer who spends too much time behind the Hasselblad. After one particularly long and arduous photo session, Horowitz explains, he sat down to relax and have a smoke. Suddenly, these images emerged, shall we say, from the ashes and rubble of his glutted mind. Whatever you were smoking, Rysz, please send us some.

LONG HOT THUMBER

Charlene is what you'd call a travel buff. She purchased one of those low-budget package tours this summer, but to save a few extra dollars, she decided that hitchhiking was the best way to see the world. Or to let the world see her, as it turned out. Did Charlene save money in the, ah, long run? "You bet," winked the international eyeful. "I left with $200 and came back with ten grand!"

I hated hitchhiking in Holland. Dutch guys kept sticking in a thumb and just holding it there, for Chrissake!

And I thought it was an upper lip that British drivers were supposed to keep stiff!

In Iran it is considered immodest for women to hitch with their faces uncovered.

I learned that Poles stick out an elbow to get a ride. This leaves a thumb free in case your nose itches.

When I was in trouble in Denmark, I signaled SOS. I showed two dots and all the men made a dash.

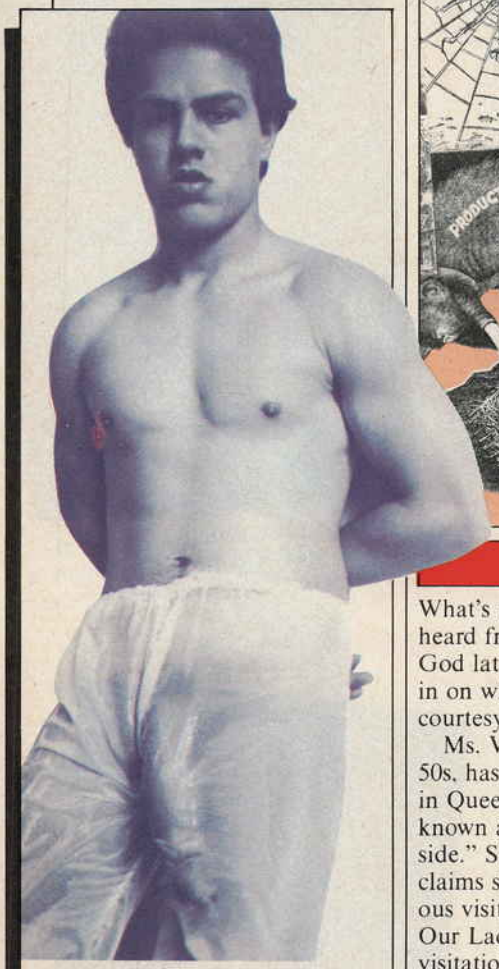
Spanish drivers are so enthusiastic! They all lower their horns and shout "Oh, LAY!"

Greece was a little aggravating! I've never seen so many back-seat drivers.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACK LORENZ

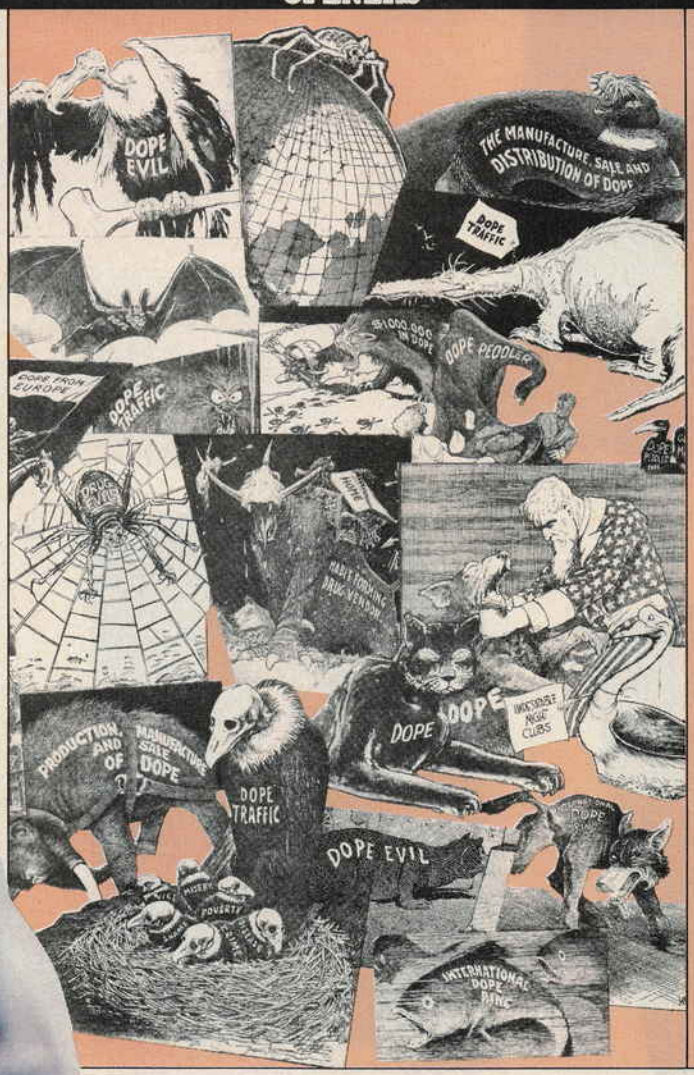
devised a "rigid performance testing program. This activity is carried out at North Central Iowa Pork Producers . . . where 800 brood sows and over 6000 animals give it the best test ever devised by man. These pigs use it! They abuse it and if it lasts, it is ready for the performance proven AWC, Ltd. label. This is why AWC stands for 'proven swine equipment by swine people for the pork-producing industry.' "

That's Boar Mate—cheaper than cocaine and twice as effective.



PENNSYLVANIA POKER

Harrisburg mutant Stephanie Cochran isn't complaining about the changes in her life after Three Mile Island. "Heck, before the accident I was a plain Jane with no dates. Now I'm hung like a fuel rod and the other girls are just green with envy." Or they're just green.



DOPE CHRONICLES

Time was you couldn't pick up a newspaper without reading an account, sordid and squalid, of the doings of the demon DOPE. How it debauched YOUTH, deflower'd MAIDENS, corrupted the FLESH, paralyzed the WILL, tainted the BLOOD, soiled the MIND and stained the SOUL, affronted GOD and MAN alike and set the RAPINE LUST afire in the BOSOM of the black BUCK. How the poison'd puff of marihuana would blow the back of your skull off, a snort of crimson'd cocaine make your blood run cold, a sip of gin damn thee with a sin. They were right, too. Just look around you, friend. Now, a century of yellowed clippings from the yellow press has been collected by Gary Silver and Michael Aldrich in *The Dope Chronicles 1850–1950* (Harper & Row, $7.95, paperback). A healthy bit of the old paranoia, but it seems like a waste of time telling you to actually read it. Most likely you'll just sit there with a joint hanging out of your mouth, muttering "far out" as the pages fly by. —PETER GOSSAGE

NO SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL

What's that? You haven't heard from your mother of God lately? Well, let us fill you in on what she's got to say, courtesy of Veronica Lueken.

Ms. Veronica is in her mid-50s, has five children, lives in Queens, New York, and is known as "the seer of Bayside." Since 1968, Veronica claims she has received numerous visitations from "Mary, Our Lady of the Roses." Her visitations are open to the public, and Polaroid shots of the miraculous appearance of the Sacred Heart are highly prized souvenirs of the events. According to Veronica, her numerous communiqués from the Blessed Virgin Mary indicate that we're all in for some hard times. She warns of a worldwide cataclysm, a cleansing of the earth by fire, in which the sky will turn as white as snow; that St.

Michael will "set upon mankind a great tribulation such as has never been seen since the beginning of man's creation"; evil mankind shall "be brought to its knees . . . cleansed in the Blood of the Lamb"; and the United States in particular "shall suffer from a want of food . . . many shall die in the coming year . . ."

What a bummer. But even worse, Our Lady concentrates with a particular vengeance on a certain familiar element of (sub) humanity: rock music.

"Listen well, My children," She proclaims through Veronica, "and understand that I ask you to remove all diabolical musical recordings from your homes. Your children are bringing demons into your homes because . . . these records were produced

Mass Murderers Quiz

To play the Mass Murderers Quiz, first meet our seven killer celebrities. Then answer the questions at the end. Or else.

1. WILLIAM BEADLE
The first mass murderer, Bill Beadle decided to send the wife and kids on ahead to the next life. The family departed from their hometown of Wethersfield, Connecticut, in 1783. The shrine downtown has never been built.

2. HERMAN W. MUDGETT
Used the alias "Dr. Henry M. Holmes" in order to sell many of his victims' skeletons and carcasses to medical schools. Conflicting reports on the number of victims range from 30 to several hundred; 100 is the average. Herman owned a boarding-house in Chicago from which he plucked many of his victims. Beneath the house was his subterranean pit of horrors. The good "doctor" had the idea of breeding a race of giants by stretching his women to twice their size.

3. RAY FERNANDEZ & MARTHA BECK With just four victims, the "Lonely-hearts Killers" may not belong here, but it's such a darn cute story. Seems that on the boat on the way over, a hatch fell on Raymond's head, making him the world's greatest lover. Martha was hypnotized by the world's greatest lover and teamed up with him to work a profitable con through lonelyhearts clubs and matrimonial ads. Martha always played sis, but she was so determined to keep her sweetie from screwing his brides that she'd sleep in the same bed with them. They usually bludgeoned their victims to death after securing their estates.

4. ALBERT FISH
Ugh. This guy killed, stewed and ate at least eight and possibly fifteen children. He drank blood. He also castrated a number of young boys. He ate shit. Flagellated himself with a nail-studded paddle. Stuck needles into himself. Albert had a strong Messianic delusion going; he was Christ here to carry out God's vengeance. Punk rock might have made it with Albert's help, but he was executed in 1935 for molesting, murdering, mutilating and consuming ten-year-old Grace Budd in Westchester County, New York. Fish said he had an erection "throughout." Albert looked forward to his execution as "the supreme thrill" and even helped the executioner strap the electrodes to his body.

5. JOHN WAYNE GACY, JR.
Specialized in boys fifteen to twenty years old. Loved kids. Did kiddie shows as Pogo the Clown. Was known to have used chloroform on his victims. Buried most of his bodies under and around his home, dumped some in the Des Plaines River. Gacy had unrealized hopes of holding public office, probably inspired by British politics. Had a prior conviction for sodomy. A good Jaycee.

6. EDWARD GEIN
Mounted the heads of victims, all women, and set them on the mantle as trophies. Upholstered furniture and made belts with their skins. A prize pelt was found rolled up in the bedroom, complete with tits. Made spoons and such from bone. Munched on their organs, pounds of which police found in the freezer. Liked to wear ladies' skin under his clothes. Kept a box of noses. Hung his victims by the heels in his summer kitchen, then decapitated them, eviscerated them and dressed them out. Neighbors recalled Edward's quick smile and his frequent gifts of venison.

7. BELLE GUNNESS
Belle's farmhouse burned down, killing her three cute children and maybe her. But 280-pound Belle left a 150-pound corpse with no head. This begat some digging and sifting. Apparently, Belle had drawn, one at a time, 14 suitors to her home, life savings in hand, wanting to marry her and take over the farm like the ad said. Belle cleared $30,000 by drugging her victims, smashing their heads and dissecting them the same way she did her hogs.

THE QUIZ

A. Which mass murderer dissected victims like hogs?
B. Which mass murderer operated a lonelyhearts club?
C. Which mass murderer loved to dress up like a clown?
D. Who was the first American mass murderer?
E. Which mass murderer kept a box of noses?
F. Which mass murderer was trying to breed a race of giants?
G. Which mass murderer was known to have dined on his victims?

BODY COUNTING
For every correct answer given above, award yourself 10 bodies (70 bodies maximum). *Bonus bodies:* For each mass murderer you've correctly identified, add the corresponding number of victims: 1. William Beadle (5); 2. Herman W. Mudgett (100); 3. Ray Fernandez & Martha Beck (4); 4. Albert Fish (8); 5. John Wayne Gacy, Jr. (32); 6. Edward Gein (15); 7. Belle Gunness (14). *Add* total number of game points (____), plus any bonus bodies (____). Now compare your kill ratio with the Master Murderers Scoreboard.

MASTER SCORES

Over 200	Master Murderer
160–200	Heinous
120–160	Dangerous
50–120	Morbid
50 or less	Gentle of Nature

—G. Turner

ILLUSTRATION BY JEAN-MAXIME PERRAMON

in the temple of Satan, consecrated to Satan. You do not understand, My children, but many of your record companies are under the control of Wicca, the international organization of witches and warlocks. Do not laugh! It is true! Lucifer has given them power over mankind. However, the power is allowed by God the Father in heaven to test all of mankind."

And all along we thought it was Robert Stigwood.

HEAD-LINE

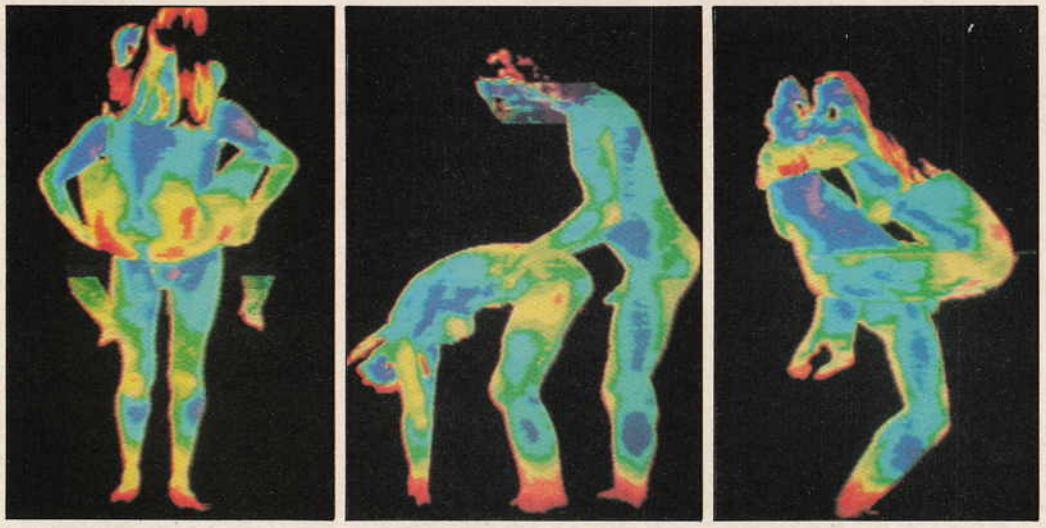
Top models can eat men under the table!

By JOHN HILL

MODEL girls are top of the form when it comes to dining out. Dishy lovelies can eat men under the table.

That's the verdict of top toastmaster Ivor Spencer

Ivor, president of the Guild [illegible] Toastmasters,



X-RATED LIGHT SHOW

San Francisco scientist Richard Lowenberg doesn't make ordinary flesh flicks. So, while these might appear to be your standard nookie shots disguised as art, they are actually "thermographs"—infrared images of fluctuating body temperatures. Since heat is merely a form of energy produced by random molecular motion, it is possible for thermographers to measure "energy emissions" to within minute fractions of a degree. A camera equipped with an electronic scanning system converts these "temperature patterns" into colorful images that are displayed on a conventional TV screen. Hence, the same technology that allows U-2 sky spies to conduct high-altitude surveillance can also let you know, literally, when you're hot and when you're not. These thermal maps of the *Kama Sutra* provide you with an instant replay of each stroke, each nibble and caress, each fluttering wave of emotion. Just the item for inspiring colorful commentary and postgame analysis of those brutal bedroom scrimmages. We now return control of your, uh, set to you. . . .

THOROUGHLY MODERN MAMMARIES

Everybody talks about tits but nobody does anything new with them, right? Wrong. *Openers* is delighted to present this handy-dandy guide for the modern lady concerned with maximizing her bosomy bounty, compiled by one of the nation's foremost titologists, Ralph Harris.

FASHION:
The kind of bra you wear is very important in determining the kind of shape you have.

The French-cut half-bra is very much in style but doesn't offer much support, except for women who only have half-breasts.

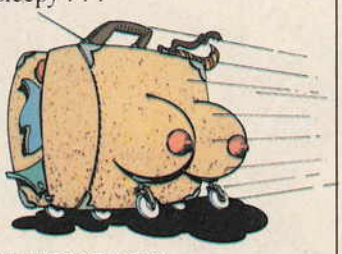
FUNCTION:
Using breasts to view an eclipse. A very simple procedure: Merely punch a hole in one of your breasts and hold it up between your face

and the eclipse, and it will cast a shadow on your other breast. *Warning: Do not look directly at the eclipse or play with your nipple 'cause you'll go blind.*

PICNIC TITS:
Very few people realize that when they are not lactating, tits make wonderful Thermos containers for picnics, ball games and long car trips. Just fill the tit with your favorite beverage and attach a spigot to the nipple.

TITS AS JEWELRY:
Wear a long gold chain around your neck and under your tits and sling them out over your blouse so they appear to be pendants hanging from a necklace.

HYPNOTITS:
Tits can be used to hypnotize another person: Draw an unending spiral effect on one of them and teach the other to say, "You are getting sleepy . . ."



NEW PRODUCTS:
Tit-Toter. For the modern businesswoman who has to lug her jugs all over the country.

THE FRIENDS OF BENEDICT ARNOLD

Every so often a cause captures *Openers*' fancy, especially if it's an unpopular one. So it is that we herewith report there is a movement afoot to restore the good name of one Benedict Arnold, noted traitor.

One Vincent Lindner, of Morristown, New Jersey, is trying to get a Federal judge to order a new trial for Arnold. Lindner says that a new trial will forever clear the traitor's name and put him right up there with Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson. Lindner has already laid a wreath in Arnold's name at a Revolutionary War memorial in Morristown, and two years ago he donated $1500 to dedicate a stained-glass window at the London church where Arnold and his family are buried.

While Lindner admits that Arnold gave the British the plans to West Point, he charges

THE VAGINA SYNDROME

Soon everyone will know about it

STICKY FINGERS

Her parents were against it. His didn't care. She was the darling of the Social Register. He was from the wrong side of the tide. But these kids had a dream. They knew with a little luck and some sewage flown in periodically from the coast they could make it. They were wrong. Eventually the constant stares in restaurants, the curt remarks from salesclerks, the couple's inability to get into even Xenon proved too much. Toward the end, she found him cold, distant. He suddenly seemed all suckers. Now all that's left is this picture and some ink-stained sheets.

this was done out of patriotism. Ben, it seems, was convinced the Americans would lose the war, and he was eager to create a mutual trust between England and the colonies. Lindner points out that Arnold was never actually convicted of giving away the plans. Instead, he was busted for using public wagons for private use and showing disrespect for the Pennsylvania legislature.

Lindner says his exhaustive research shows that the Continental Congress was eager to drop the charges against Arnold, but a Pennsylvania legislator, Joe Reed, refused to go along. Reed later confessed he was in error and wrote George Washington to ask that the charges be dropped. Alas, too late.

Lindner's conclusion: Arnold was really not a traitor at all—just a persnickity general who never had the sense to get himself a good lawyer. Which leaves us with one nagging question, which we bet you thought we'd never get to asking: Who invented eggs Benedict?

—BRUCE CHADWICK

MERCI

Yikes! Someone's been snooping in Honey's pants! "A hiker can't cool off in the woods these days," growls our bodacious backpacker, "without some hairy old voyeur carrying off her supplies." Before we hit the trail again, let's stop to thank the rest of the wildlife who made this month's *Openers* possible. Editorial: spec's in the mail, John Chesterton; paging miss piggy! Ed Bott; california girls and x-rated light show, Keith Brandon Edwards; my mother the traffic light, John Keefauver; head-line, Clive Collins; sticky fingers, John Calendo. Art: blue suede booties, Bryce Lee; ass-trological puzzle, Victor Bickmore; nailed in the act, Bette Levine; thoroughly modern mammaries, Johnny Lee; no sympathy for the devil, Diane Teske Harris. Photo: openers and merci, Jack Lorenz; california girls, Richard Bennett; x-rated light show, Richard Lowenberg; pennsylvania poker, courtesy *Blueboy* magazine; vagina syndrome, Steve Peratt; sticky fingers, Guy Borremans.

Come to
Marlboro
Country.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Marlboro
LIGHTS
LOWERED TAR & NICOTINE
Famous Marlboro Red and Marlboro Lights—
either way you get a lot to like.
Lights: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Kings: 17 mg "tar,"
1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SEX TAPES

EROTIC FANTASIES

Just about everybody has a sexual fantasy every day of his or her adult life. Recent research at the University of Louisville indicates that a sexual thought of some kind crosses the healthy young mind every ten minutes. Now, since the average sexually active adult actually gets it on only two times a week, it is reasonable to assume that the vast majority of our erotic impulses remain fantasies. Masters and Johnson, in their new book, "Homosexuality in Perspective," report that it is not unusual to find homosexuals who fantasize about the opposite sex, or heterosexuals who envision same-sex partners. In other words, whatever is sexually unfamiliar appears to be paradoxically appealing. Ambisexuals—men and women who have no preference as to the sex of their lovers—have practically no fantasies at all, report M&J, at least not during the sexual act. Our interviewees must not be heavily of the ambisexual persuasion, then, because they reported an abundant variety of sexual imaginings, some ordinary, some violent, some homosexual and some just plain weird.

Charles T., 26, actor: It's funny that you should ask about fantasizing. Just last night I had a dream, and the dream was about my fantasizing and getting turned on. In other words, I dreamed I was dreaming. I've forgotten the specifics, but I do remember thinking: "I don't like this fantasy, but it's turning me on." Crazy! Why would I *not* like having an exciting fantasy? The only thing I can think of that would upset me is thinking I could get off on fucking a guy. I can't get into homosexuality. Every time the subject comes up, my mind turns off. I can't even think about it. They say your dreams and fantasies can reveal the inner workings of your psyche. So it could be that my fear of being homosexual is showing itself in that dream I had.

Normally, though, my sexual fantasies involve women I've seen some place. You know, like if I see a woman in the supermarket, I'll imagine thrashing about in the fruit department with her. Or if I see a lady in a restaurant, I'll fantasize about giving her head from under the table. Then the girl gets so hot for me, she tears off her clothes and drags me up on top of the table to finish what I've started, while the rest of the patrons look on.

I never fantasize about a woman once I've actually made love to her. This is probably because I've yet to meet a woman who lived up to my fantasy of her.

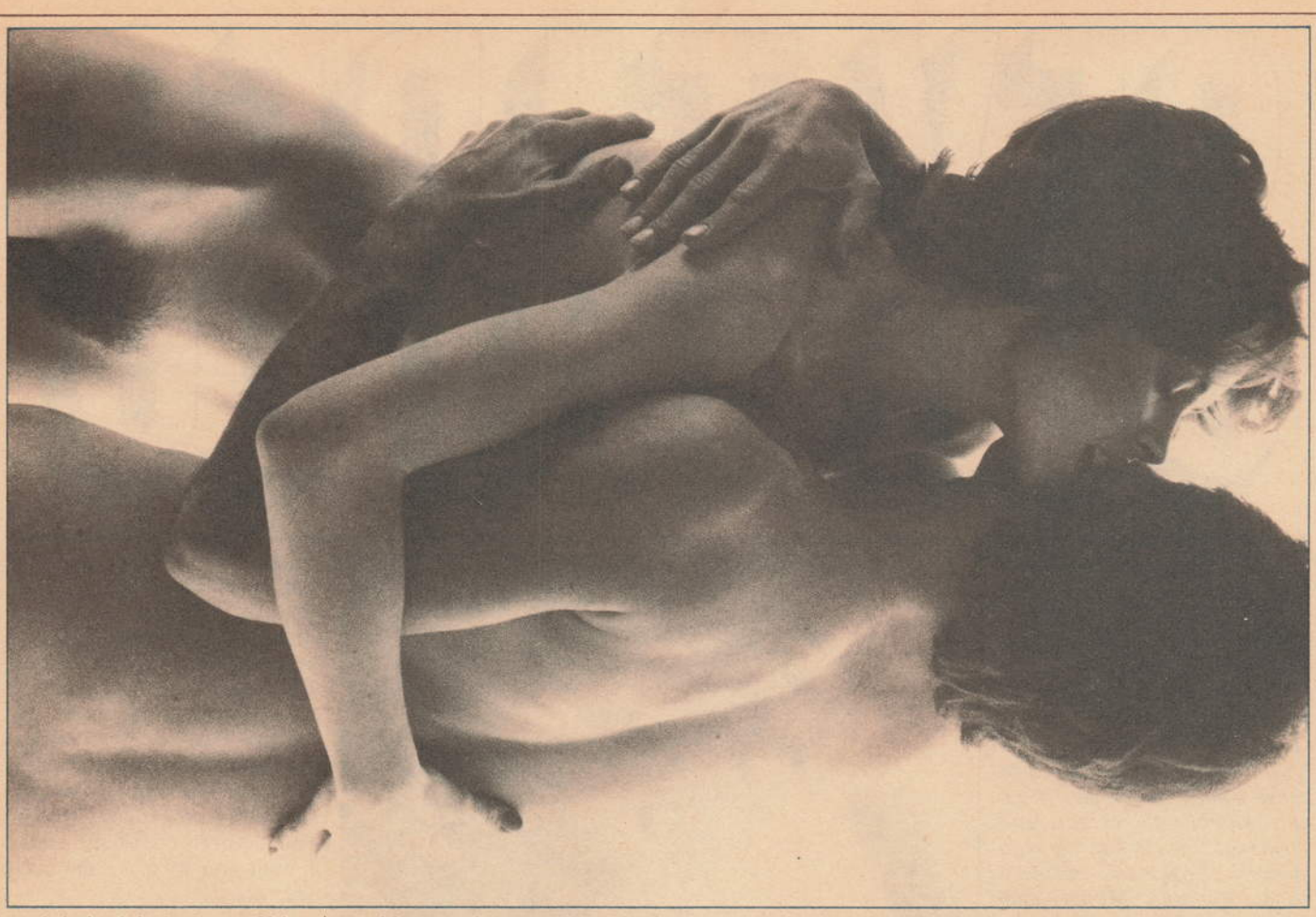
Susan S., 25, financial analyst: My fantasies always involve being totally dominated by a man. Either I'm tied up or somehow enslaved by a man so that I must obey his every whim. I'm rather ashamed of these fantasies, because I feel I'm truly liberated, and submission is one quality I don't particularly consider a virtue in a woman.

My fantasies have posed definite problems for me, too. I have, on occasion, become so obsessed with being sexually dominated that I become very passive with my lovers—in order to give them a hint, I suppose. And since I come off like a real tough lady outside the bedroom, I rarely attract the "macho man" of my fantasies. As a result, I'm often frustrated.

So my question to you is, how do you tell a guy: "I want you to pretend to rape me; I want you to make me suck your cock"?

Walter I., 30, teacher: I remember lying next to my childhood sweetheart in the basement of my home when I was 14. We had just finished playing and she said she was tired, so we lay down to rest. I recall that I thought she was asleep, so I decided to, you know, explore. I started feeling her all over and lifted up her dress to view her little panty-covered crotch. The sight so enthralled me that I just stared for a few moments, and then I felt myself get a hard-on. Suddenly—I just sensed it—I *knew* she wasn't really asleep. Immediately, I lost my erection. Her eyes opened and she started laughing! I was humiliated!

Ever since then, my favorite fantasy has been to make it with a chick while she is still asleep. There's something exciting about the girl not knowing until it's too late. I carry that fantasy even farther in my imagination: from the girl not knowing to the girl not being able to do anything about it. Kind of a domination trip, I guess. For example, I like to fantasize about fucking some



guy's lady right in front of him. But there's usually a transparent wall between him and us, so he can see but he can't do anything about it. I can watch him getting pissed, trying desperately to get in to stop me, while his lady is loving every stroke. She can't get enough of me, even though her old man is banging away at the wall with his fist.

I also fantasize about raping a woman. At first, she doesn't want to do it, but she later gives in and discovers it's the best she's ever had. I have had girlfriends who wanted to play out this fantasy for me, but I could never do it. Just having their consent blows the whole thing.

John M., 35, social worker: I really don't want to talk about my own experiences with fantasies. Let me just say that fantasies wouldn't be fantasies if I carried them out or talked about them. I like to keep them private.

But I do know this guy who goes around talking about his fantasies all the time. He's got this thing about getting off on anything nonhuman. He tells us all the time about how he likes to think about fucking chickens and goats. Lately, though, his tastes have become a little ... sweeter. His latest thing is jelly doughnuts! He says thinking about the little hole with that sweet, creamy, cherry filling oozing out of it has become a preoccupation.

I wouldn't put it past this guy to actually fuck a doughnut, either. Not to mention chickens. I mean, anyone who could get *caught* screwing a knobless doorknob hole has got be be a space cadet, if you know what I mean.

Sedalia F., 33, machine operator: I'm not one who normally deals with kinky sex, but lately I've been having the strangest fantasy—it just pops into my head while I masturbate. Get this: I go to meet my husband at a castle in England, where a friend of his lives. When I arrive, a very gruesome looking, humpbacked midget answers the door. He introduces me to everyone and we all have dinner. After the brandy, I retire. Evidently the little man has put some sort of aphrodisiac in my drink, because I get really horny but I don't know why. I take a shower and get ready for bed; then I find another decanter of brandy on the night table. I have another sip.

My pussy gets all itchy and juicy, and I start to get drowsy. While I'm half asleep, a vague figure of a man appears. I'm playing with my clit as he undresses. I see through a haze that his cock is at least 14 inches long and thick with big purple veins. He crawls into bed with me and runs his finger up my pussy. Then he gives me head. I call out my husband's name thinking that it is him, but then I feel a huge object, like a big roll of sausage, trying to invade my womb. It hurts but the juices start to flow. I tell my husband that he's hurting me, but the man proceeds to sink all 14 inches into me. My eyes fly open from the shock, and I discover that it's not my husband but that ugly little humpbacked man. Somehow, I achieve the greatest orgasm of my life, almost more than my body can take.

But that isn't all. In my fantasy I go on to fuck not only the midget, but the master of the house, his pet gorilla and the maid who dresses up like a man. With this fantasy I can come and come and come. A shrink could probably have a field day with this one.

Joe J., 27, construction worker: I've always had this incredible fascination with parrots; they have such beautiful colors and all. This might seem strange to you, but I've had a lifelong craving to have sex with a parrot. I know that's really sick, so I make up for it by going out with women who wear brightly colored clothes and makeup. It's a very visual trip with me.

My fantasy came to life one day with the understanding of a close friend. I have two pet parrots and had been collecting their feathers as they dropped off. I had a whole jar full of these gorgeous parrot feathers. Anyway, my girl and I were sitting around smoking some pot when I got this great idea. Why not make love to my fantasy parrot? After a little coaxing, I finally talked Samantha into letting me braid the parrot

We go into his house. He drops his things immediately and undresses. A few kisses, a few more caresses, and then I chain him up.

feathers into her pubic hair. Her cunt looked so pretty that all I could do at first was stare, but it didn't take long before things got real hot and heavy. It was the best night of lovemaking I ever had. Since then, my two parrots had chicks, and now I have six birds to give me an endless supply of feathers.

Jane P., 28, singer: Well, this may seem rather strange to you, but I've never had sexual fantasies. Really. I've heard that everyone does, so I find it weird that I don't. I have *fantasized*, but I never envision scenes that are explicitly sexual.

Eilene W., 27, fashion model: I have a fantasy that's so weird you'll probably laugh at it, but it works like an aphrodisiac every time. I even use it when I'm making love to someone who's not turning me on.

I go to the airport to pick up my lover. I'm riding in his black limousine; I'm dripping diamonds and cuddled up in a red fox coat. His private jet is just landing as I arrive. He debarks and comes over to the limo. As he approaches, I slide my fur coat open to reveal a lacy bra and panties, the only other clothing I'm wearing. He gets in the car and grins seductively. "Hello, beautiful," he says as he kisses me and caresses my bare thighs.

Then he tells the chauffeur to take us to his beach house. We drive down the coast, sipping champagne and sniffing coke. Behind the velvet curtains, unbeknownst to the chauffeur, my lover gently runs his hands over my nipples, between my legs, around my neck, through my hair. He does this absentmindedly, while telling me all the problems he encountered during his business trip.

We finally arrive at the beach house. It is a fantastic place, with the master bedroom hanging out over the water on stilts.

We go into the house. He drops his things immediately and undresses. A few kisses, a few more caresses, and then I chain him up, in the manner that he likes, in the bedroom closet. His gorgeous body hangs there, vulnerable to my every wish.

My wish? To feed him raw meat. Now, is that bizarre, or is that *bizarre*!

Stan B., 25, bank official: When I'm all alone, the only way I can turn myself on is to think about one specific high-powered rape. Savage entry. Screams and moans. The girl's clothes torn off her body.

Recently, though, I find myself having the reverse fantasy: being seduced by an Amazon. I imagine her raping me, swatting my face with her breasts, and all the while she's wildly pumping and humping me.

My strangest fantasy is something like that. I dream I'm being accosted by the entire secretarial pool at the bank. It's my first day at work, and the manager is taking me around to introduce me to everyone. The first secretary is sitting down and, as we're introduced, she stares directly at my cock. We go on to the second secretary, but the first girl follows, making seductive sounds behind me. The second secretary does the same thing, following me to the third and so on.

We finally reach the fifth secretary, and the previous four are getting hotter and hotter for me. One is rubbing her ass against my cock; another is licking and blowing on my ear. The third is masturbating herself against my knee. The fourth is baring her breasts. The fifth begins to strip and the others follow suit. My boss appears not to notice. And me? Well, I'm simply amused—they have no effect on me (although in real life I'm ready to come at this point!).

You know, I never actually *see* myself in my fantasies. I can see and feel a nipple in my mouth or a tongue in my ear, but *I'm* always absent. I wonder what that means? ■

SEX TAPES QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be described and analyzed on the *Sex Tapes Letters* page in a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to discover your favorite sexual fantasies.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. The inspiration for most of my sexual fantasies comes from...
   a. the lover I happen to be with.
   b. sexy books or movies.
   c. my past sexual experiences.
   d. a variety of sources.
   e. Other: _____.
6. I most often indulge in erotic dreaming...
   a. while masturbating.
   b. while making love.
   c. when I'm bored and have nothing else to do.
   d. whenever I see someone I'm attracted to.
7. Telling my lover about my sexual fantasies...
   a. turns me on.
   b. turns my lover on.
   c. would embarrass me.
   d. never occurred to me.
8. My most potent bedroom fantasy always includes...
   a. a rape scene—I'm the aggressor.
   b. a rape scene—I'm the victim.
   c. a homosexual encounter.
   d. group sex.
   e. Other: _____.
9. My favorite—or most recurrent—sexual fantasy is as follows (use separate page to explain):

LETTERS

Sex Tapes

The results of our "Sex and Food" questionnaire indicate that when food is brought into the bedroom, it is used more as a recreational aid than for nourishment. Some 80 percent of our respondents said that they preferred to eat dinner after having sex rather than before, but at least 50 percent got into dessert—licking whipped cream and cherries from the bodies of their lovers—during the sex act. When it comes to edible turn-ons, such classic aphrodisiacs as oysters, clams and powdered rhinoceros horn were rarely mentioned. Whipped cream and honey were our readers' favorites—bless their cholesterol-laden hearts—but they also expressed great enthusiasm for bananas, hamburgers, watermelon, chocolate eclairs, tacos, pink grapefruit and breath mints as appropriate bedroom companions. Only one man, who rather enigmatically identified himself as a V.D. clinic manager, insisted that food wasn't sexy at all. More in line with the majority opinion was the 22-year-old secretary who told us that the reason she enjoyed honey so much was that "it took so long to lick off, if you know what I mean." We know.

Since I am a cook by profession, you might guess that I have a thing for food. But I never connected it with sex. Then this strange thing happened with my girlfriend, Tammy.

One night when we had just finished making love, Tammy reached over to the bedside table and put a breath mint into her lovely little mouth. I watched her sucking on it like a baby and I got the idea to take it out and put it into her pussy, which I did. We kissed for a while, and then I went down on her and began licking and sucking what was left of the mint. The taste of her juices combined with the mint was just incredible. I liked it so much that we now repeat this act at least three times a week.

DON E.
Cincinnati, Ohio

I felt like the ultimate dessert, luscious and creamy. Then he licked it all off.

My lover once sprayed whipped cream all over my chest and genital area and then decorated the mounds with maraschino cherries. I felt like the ultimate dessert, luscious and creamy. Then he slowly licked it all off, turning me on something fierce. When we finally got it on, it was the most wonderful sex I've yet experienced.

CLEO N.
Kansas City, Missouri

If it had been up to me I never would have thought of combining sex and food, but my girlfriend, Linda, surprised me one night not too long ago. We'd been eating cheese and crackers, and when the cheese ran out, Linda went to her cupboard and came back with a jar of honey. After a while we began to fool around and eventually decided to move the action to the bedroom.

Unbeknownst to me, Linda brought in the jar of honey and hid it by the side of the bed. We undressed and caressed each other. I pulled her under the covers and rapidly accelerated our foreplay in anticipation of some great fucking. When I told Linda I was ready, she abruptly threw back the covers and stared at me with a wild, crazed look. "It's time to lubricate the working parts," she said, whipping out the jar of honey. "Your pushrod needs greasing," she continued. "Bring it to me!" I was pleasantly amazed at her commandeering attitude and leaned forward, allowing her to cover my prick with gobs of honey. After licking her fingers, she said it was time to start the machinery.

I began to fuck her with slow rhythmic movements, pumping my rod in and out of her shiny, sticky sex hole. The oozing honey made wonderful gushing sounds and I increased the tempo of our lovemaking. We eventually broke into giggles and fell apart. Linda was the first to recover and she promptly started to suck the remaining honey off my prick. I came almost immediately. Once she was satisfied, she fell back on her pillow, revealing her glistening, sweet cunt. I never tasted anything as wonderful as the nectar I licked from her honeypot that night.

PAUL H.
Hamilton, Massachusetts

While grocery shopping one day last summer, I came across the largest strawberries I've ever seen. They had to be at least two inches long and over an inch wide. Since my lover's two favorite foods are me and strawberries (in that order), we decided to try to combine his two favorite foods at one time.

After washing and cleaning the berries, we prepared for the feast! My lover got my juices flowing by kissing and sucking my tits for about a half-hour. By then, the anticipation of the ice-cold fruit in my hot cunt was almost unbearable. He took the first strawberry and slowly shoved it into my cunt, all the while pinching my nipples and sending me into ecstasy. He left it in there for about five minutes and then he began to nibble around until I was totally out of control. We continued this maneuver until the entire *quart* of berries was emptied and I had practically

(Continued on page 113)

Don't Miss

Sept.

This month our peripatetic photogs visit that bastion of hallowed tradition, the halls of Ivy. You'll find Brown's Laurie Osmond and her Ivy League sisters well worth the trip. Also this month, our highly regarded collegiate football picks. An inside look at arson, the hottest crime around. Ten timely alternatives to oil now that we need them. A Chinese Playboy parody that'll make you hungry for more an hour after you've read it. An interview with baseball's Pete Rose. And more. Don't miss September PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
Girls of Ivy League Revealed
PETE ROSE SLAMS FANS, MANAGEMENT, MEDIA, PLUGS SELF
playboy finds phi beta kappa playmate

on sale now

MAN IN THE STREET

CHANGING SEX: I'D ENJOY BEING A GIRL

By D. Keith Mano

Say the D. stands for Denise, me. Suddenly—squaw!—I've got it made: a member of the one majority with minority perks.

I'm jealous of women. So're you, Tarzan. Imagine—go on, let your latency dress up in its black garter belt—imagine the advantages of broadhood. At least you'll stop wondering why in hell you've got nipples on.

Denise would carry a purse. D. has pocketed so much in his trousers, it isn't possible to tell where ass should end and thigh begin. No more tire inflating either: An attendant will do it for Denise, that bitch. Just smile, half run him over while backing to the air pump, and leave one blouse button open. Are you much surprised that Denise will likely live a decade longer than D.? And D., dying—of ulcers, heart give-up and facial lacerations—still has to take the garbage out.

Besides, for Denise, crossing one leg over another is intelligent conversation. Real eloquence. Socially, men are expendable front-line grunts of romance. The guy has to hum a compliment, lie interestingly about that scar on his nose bridge, memorize all "1000 Surefire Pickup Lines." And risk getting a thumbs-down—next contestant, please—rejection. Long as Denise has her eye shadow on straight she can sit there like a Nuremberg judge. And it's much easier on the chassis: He has to light my cigarette, open a door, beat me in tennis, pay for dinner. Meanwhile, NOW is probably picketing his boss, because Boss pays *him* more than Denise would get. If Denise cared to work. Which, darling, Denise doesn't.

In bed, either. Old Denise, she'll just settle there, animated as a calcium deposit. Like sediment at the bottom of your Maalox bottle: SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING. Foreplay is the man's responsibility—as if women were a sort of frozen lasagna that had to be thawed first. The female orgasm is photon elusive. Harder to find than Mu. A female body is part harmonica, part slide trombone, part zither and part bagpipe. To play *Swanee River* on it, you need four tongues and the omnidexterity of Vishnu. Also, more patience than a glacier. By then, with all this overwork and distraction, your party blower down below has rolled up to snail-shell size. Will I, Denise, do anything for it? Oh, I might touch it with my foot, the way people flip dead mice over. And several days each month, because of some convenient job action in my reproductive tract, I'll take a complete vacation-with-pay from sex. Better yet, when Denise *is* horny (after that sixth Black Russian), she can have at least two flavors of orgasm—while the man is holding back, playing his one-man band, waiting for an all-systems-go on his ordinary three-point-four-second vanilla kind.

Denise can sprout children should she feel up to it. Or Denise can abort, and Mr. Denise has to watch his heir, his seed, get scraped off like old paint. Justice saith, "Shaddup. Let your blood be killed and lump it." On the other foot, if Mr. doesn't want children and I, Denise, fancy them—just miss a pill or ice-pick my diaphragm, and husband has to support junior until he's 18. Tough kohlrabi, stud.

Ta-tee-tum, I'm a woman, W-O-M-A-N. Of course, I'll *know* the child is mine, and he'll never be . . . quite . . . sure. Good thing men can't organize; they might push through an Equal Rights Amendment.

And Denise doesn't need to act linebacker macho all day. Other women won't try crushing her knuckles in a friendly handshake. She'll never have to step outside some roadhouse bar. At 45, D. is overqualified and unhirable: unless, year on year, he has outsold, outperformed and outbrownnosed everyone in the corporation. No equal-opportunity percentage to sinecure D. in place: It's produce or join the dodo.

An efficiency expert won't check Denise's housework out—sack her for too many hairs in the tub. Sure, Mr. Denise might pull his wife and pinch-run with a 22-year-old blonde from Triple-A ball. But alimony lasts somewhat longer than unemployment insurance. Anyhow, I, Denise, have female-chauvinist-pig "sisters" to lobby for me. Men, unless they're black, are brotherless.

I know. I know. We women cook and sew and dress the six-armed children. But there's no quality-control department. We do all that in our own sweet time, more or less—between phone-a-thons and bingo and *Search for Tomorrow*. Which is why, probably, a woman's work is never done.

I mean, you don't hear of sex-change operations the other way around, do you? Renee and Christine knew a good thing. I'm defecting. Come up and see me sometime, big boy. I'll fall asleep all over you. ■

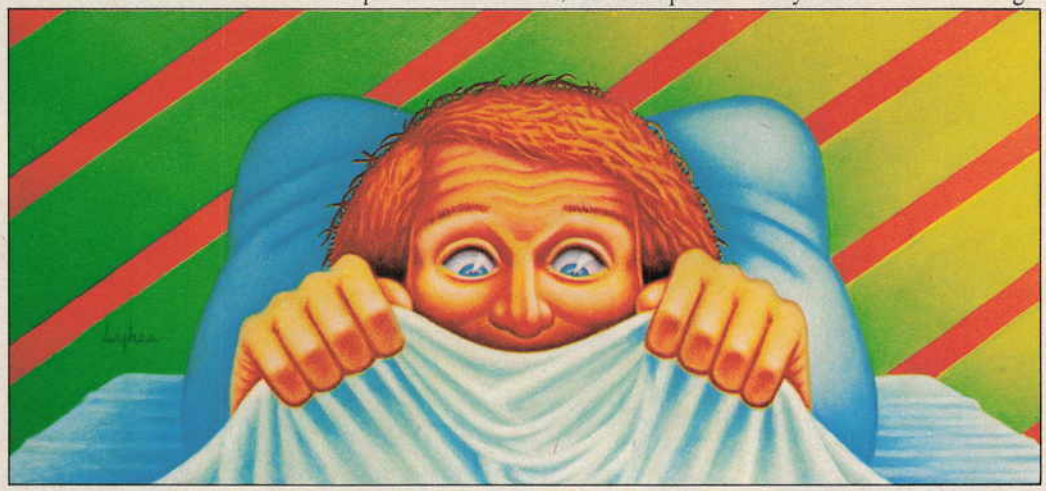
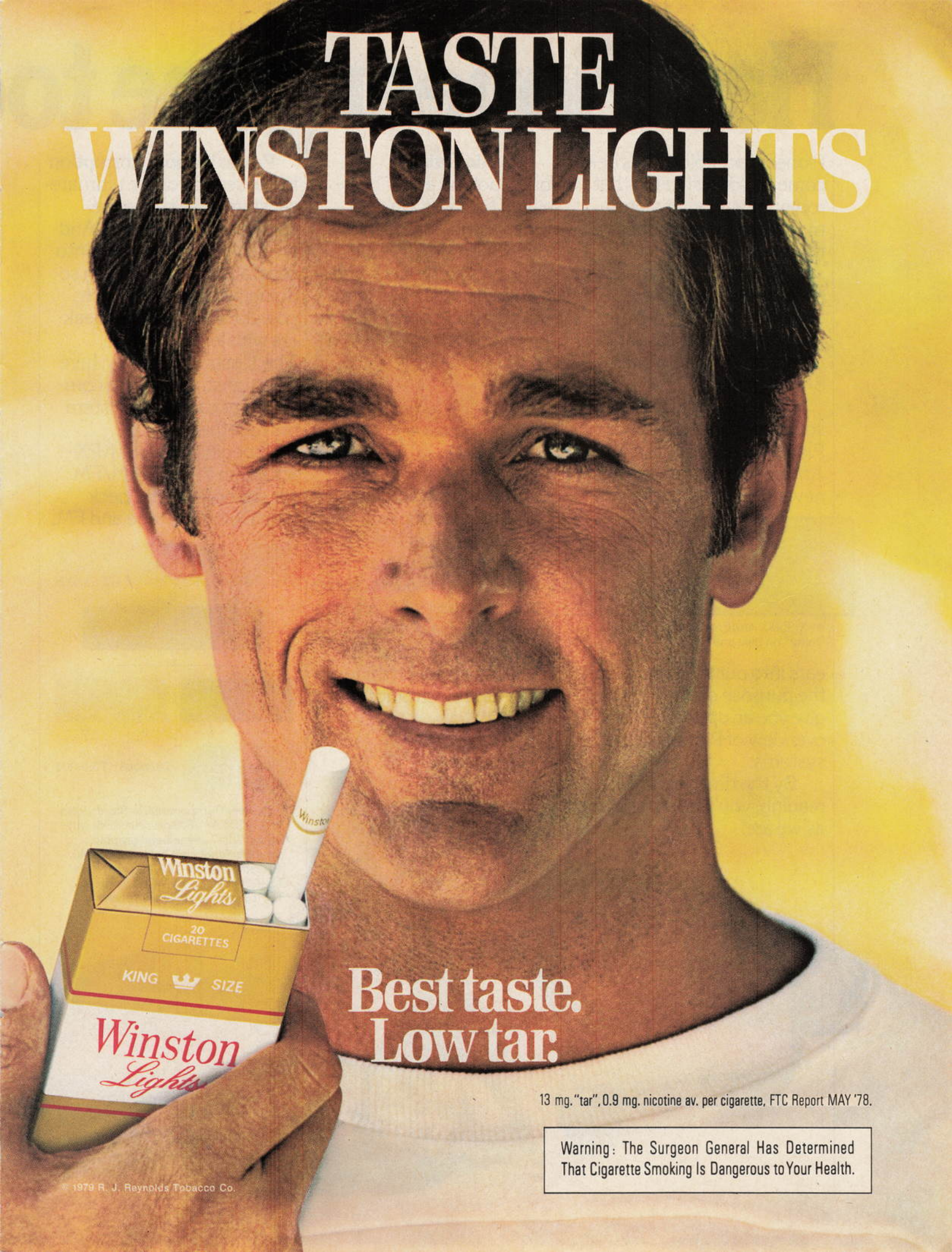


ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LYKES

TASTE WINSTON LIGHTS



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Has Pioneer gone to

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KPX-9500. AM/FM cassette deck, with Dolby* on tape and FM.

ears into our kind of stereo, the purpose of this ad is to give you an up-to-the-minute overview of Pioneer Supersystems.

By the time you finish reading, you'll be as far along as we are.

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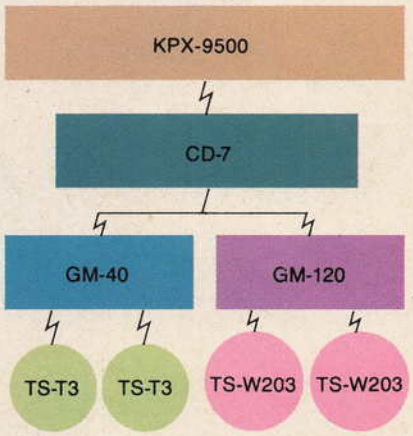
KP-8005.
Our most wanted deck. AM/FM Supertuner® Car Stereo with Cassette.

our broad line of totally integrated systems. And we have over 30 of these to choose from. In-dash and under-dash models. Some are just tuners, or cassette players or 8-tracks. A few tout even more than the KP-8005, with such things as Dolby* and electronic tuning.

Power Without Corruption

In the search for the ultimate car stereo, we chose the course of home stereo. And broke the system down into separate components. In so doing, we achieved more power through more speakers with less distortion. The illustration shown here demonstrates how a component car stereo system fits together.

It begins with our KPX-9500. An in-dash AM/FM car stereo/cassette deck with Dolby* on tape and FM.



A Pioneer Component Car Stereo Plan. KPX-9500 AM/FM cassette deck with Dolby* CD-7 seven band graphic equalizer/dual amp balancer. GM-40, 40 watt amp. GM-120, 120 watt amp. TS-T3 tweeters. TS-W203 woofers. TS-167 high compliance speakers.

o far with car stereo?

Next, we incorporate a 7-band graphic equalizer/dual amp balancer, the CD-7.

Just as a recording studio compensates for drapes and carpet, the CD-7 lets you shape the music to match the interior of your car.

CD-7. Seven band graphic equalizer/dual amp balancer.

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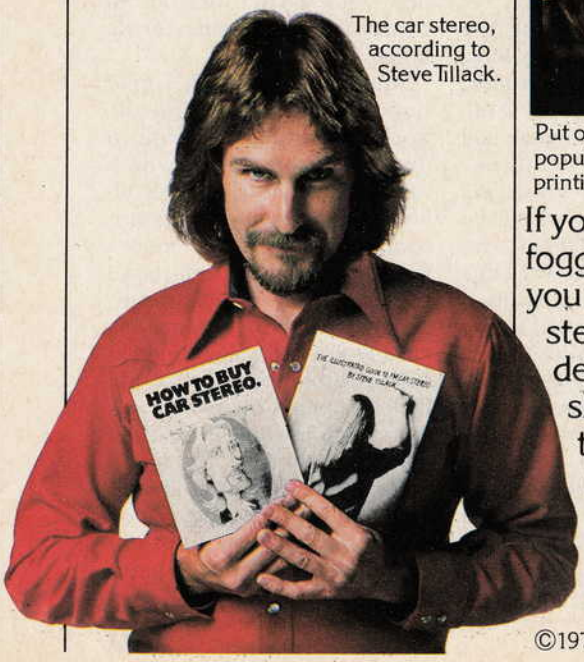
We have over 30 speakers. But again, to show you how far we've come, we've highlighted how high and low we've gone. Our TS-T3 tweeters can reach highs previously unheard of in a car. And our TS-W203 woofers are guaranteed to hit rock bottom.

We also have two-way and three-way speakers.



The car stereo, according to Steve Tillack.

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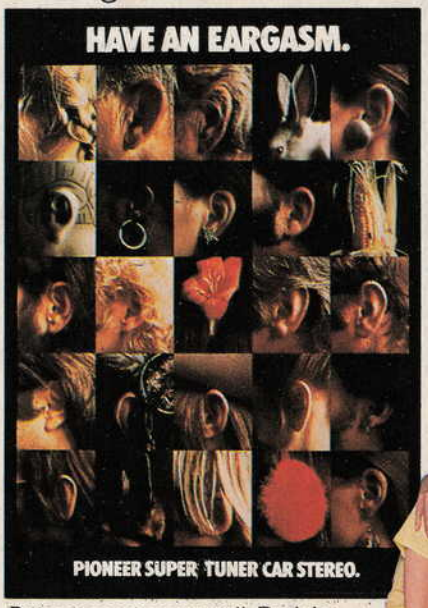

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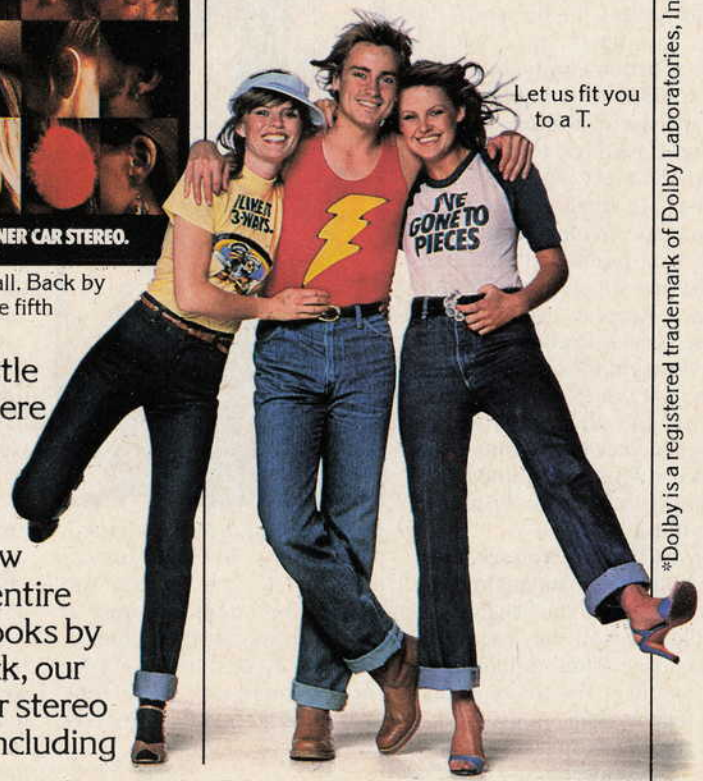

Let us fit you to a T.

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MUSIC

P-FUNK: ONE NATION UNDER ATTACK

By John Milward

"I want to be sure there are no royalties—I want to spend it all!" George Clinton is ticked to find out that Casablanca Records is distributing picture sleeves only on promotional copies of his group Parliament's *Aqua Boogie* single, and not on the commercial release. Leaning against the wall of Clinton's spartan office suite at World Funk Headquarters (at Hollywood and Vine, no less), dozens of gold and platinum records, still wrapped, wait to be distributed to the band's members.

"I mean, we go for the old profit margin in the end," he says, turning to me, "but it's like, you don't want to go for the Cadillac when you can get the spaceship. You see, they use those Cadillacs to calm you down. So every once in a while, we have to rehearse antiprofit."

Imagine George Clinton rapping "antiprofit" with the execs at Warner Bros. Records, Casablanca Records, Atlantic Records, Arista Records and the heavyweight rock-management firm of Leber-Krebs. And better imagine them all listening up good, because Clinton has pulled off the most audacious business *coup* in the history of pop music.

Says Clinton: "You see, most artists come offstage thinking that they have to be like they are onstage, or how they're seen in a magazine. That's intensity up the asshole. Try to wear that shit twenty-four hours a day and, brother, you'll be an ulcer factory. I mean, the industry does it to you—they all stroke your ass as long as you let them. And it's the kind of gig where you can most likely go for it because you're leading with

your ego, and egos are what kill most groups. But the industry does that to you to keep you from being strong, because if the group stayed strong and together, they'd get too powerful for the corporations to fuck over and get rid of in five years."

It all started when Parliament lost its name to Motown. Clinton, who was then living in Detroit under the influence of mind-expanding drugs and white-hot electric rock 'n' roll, came up with an alternative to Motown's then-pervasive "Sound of Young America": Funkadelic.

"Funkadelic's first record was a hit," explains Clinton, "and then when we got use of the Parliament name again, I said, 'What a bright idea. We'll do both groups, but we'll be one group.' We discovered that all you have to do in a contract is sign the *group's* name, not the individual members' names."

Steve Leber, who along with David Krebs manages Ted Nugent and Aerosmith, still marvels at the deal Parliament-Funkadelic has set up. "Some record-company lawyer made a terrible mistake when he signed the group by its collective names. Once the group got a hit, they had a powerful bargaining chip. The people at Warners were smart to make their deal with Funkadelic, because they were getting the same group that had this huge album, *Mothership Connection*, on Casablanca Records. Still, that was only after George had a winning hand to offer them."

Clinton, however, wanted the whole deck. The next card to be drawn was Bootsy Collins, who had recently become P-Funk's bass player and would subsequently become known as the "Crown Prince of Silly Funk." Over the course of a year, Clinton pieced together Bootsy's first album. Warners took this as an act of faith.

Says Clinton: "Bootsy was an instant hit, because by then we'd realized that all you have to do to be a star is to *look* like a star. We spent everything we had on his space bass, his star clothes and star glasses." Bootsy's instant success solidified Clinton's show-business theory, which is paraphrased in the title of a recent Parliament album, *The Clones of Dr. Funkenstein*. Clinton's experience had already taught him that as soon as one label has a hot group, the competition will look for an equivalent in order to reap its share of the pie. Dr. Funkenstein (Clinton) was quicker, though, cloning the acts himself and parceling them out to separate companies with direct personnel and production ties to the Parliament-Funkadelic mothership. The Brides of Funkenstein, the group of two female backup singers, were signed to Atlantic. Casablanca got another instant group, Parlet, after passing on the Brides because they didn't like the name.

Explains George: "The odds are much against these groups all flopping at once if they're on different labels. Each label pushes stations to play its product." No matter that it all comes from the same fertile mind.

And the Funk Mob's final corporate move is still in the works. Clinton is looking to form a custom label, which would distribute a flock of all new groups, at one of the major companies. With a multimillion-dollar custom label pushing these baby groups, and the big boys milking the already-hot Parliament/Funkadelic/Brides of Funkenstein/Parlet/Bootsy Collins aggregation, Clinton will have realized the ultimate scam.

He will have created and marketed his own genre of pop music: P-Funk. And instead of a Cadillac, he will ride a spaceship. ■

ILLUSTRATION BY EVERETT PECK

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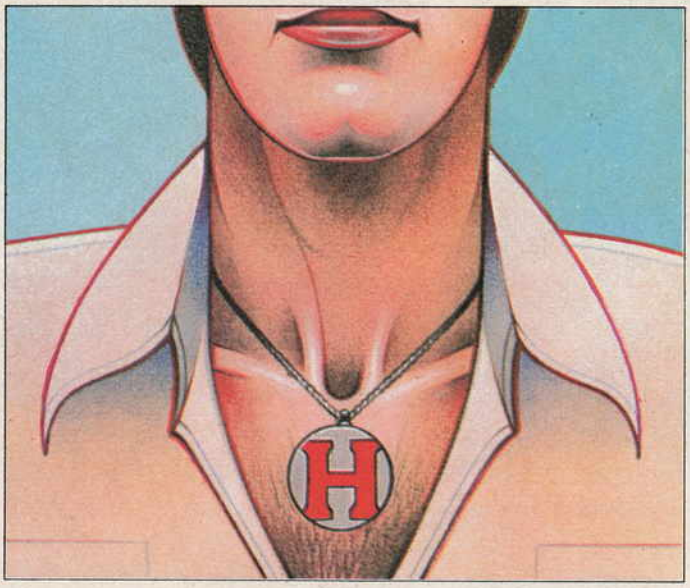
SEX

HERPES: THE MARK OF EXCESS-NESS

By Burr Snider



It's my pal Ray on the phone, sounding incredibly dragged. "They're back," he says gloomily. "Can you believe it, Burr? The unspeakable little fuckers are back."

Oh, I can believe it. I hate like poison to hear it. Ray doesn't even have to tell me who *they* are; there is only one "they" extant that can make Ray's voice resonate so strongly with anger and despair. Ray has herpes.

For Ray (and people like him afflicted with the disease) it seems as if he's been fighting the herpes war forever. The sad fact is that the herpes simplex virus has been with us from the start, plaguing the hell out of sensualists and voluptuaries of every age and era. There are theories, in fact, to support the belief that a virulent outbreak of herpes progenitalis somewhere back in deep history was partly responsible for the development of the oppressive and repressive Hebraic sex codes that we are just now trying to shake off. It is known that one of the Caesars declared a moratorium on kissing in Rome in an effort to stop a herpes epidemic, and in ancient Greece, hapless physicians were being pressured by their patients to come up with a herpes cure. Pliny the Elder, no less, advocated the use of snails and dragons' feet for relief. And even after thousands of years of trying, medical science seems to be stepping on its collective dick in trying to find a cure.

To learn more about the disease, I stopped at the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic, the crossroads of America's communicable diseases. The staff clinician I spoke to was a gold mine of information. To begin with, he told me, there are two herpes simplex viruses—herpes simplex type I and type II.

Type I is known generally as "upper torso" herpes; it's the bug that causes cold sores and fever blisters around the lips. Just about everyone on the planet has been infected with herpes type I at one time or another, usually during childhood. After infection, the virus is permanently lodged in the system, probably ensconced somewhere in the nerve tissue.

Genital herpes—type II—on the other hand, usually strikes with the initial infection transmitted through sexual intercourse and then flares up with varying frequency and virulence for years.

"The best way to think of the herpes two virus is as an opportunistic little pirate," said my Free Clinic advisor. "It doesn't have an enzyme system of its own; so it goes out and pirates a home, and lives and replicates itself. To exist and reproduce, it must involve itself in the enzyme system of animal or plant cells.

"As to what triggers a herpes outbreak—who knows? A lot of things have been implicated, and I think different things affect different people. Sex, for sure, and the friction involved. Heat from saunas and hot tubs seems to cause infections in some people . . . also tight pants and underwear and jockstraps. Sunlight, wind, injury and trauma have all been accused, and I think everyone agrees that stress and fatigue are big factors." In a word—everything.

When the lesions do reappear, they usually stay around for anywhere from three or four days up to two weeks. They don't exactly drive you nuts, but they sure make you edgy. When the virus has had its fill of fucking up your life, it quietly packs up and heads back down the nerve tunnel to the base of your spine, where it latches onto one of your nerve-root cells and becomes virtually invulnerable to any kind of treatment.

The best advice, incidentally, is *caveat emptor* should you come across somebody who claims to be able to cure your herpes. Treating herpes is another story, but sometimes there are side effects. "A few years ago," the Free Clinic staffer says, "everybody was excited by variations of the light-dye combinations, where you'd paint the infection with a photoactive dye and then shine infrared light on it—the theory being that the DNA in the dye would interweave with that in the virus, and the light would vibrate them until they shattered. It seemed to work, but then they found it was causing cancer of the penis."

HELP is a part of the American Social Health Association, and even though it stands for Herpetics Engaged in Living Productively, it is no joke organization. It publishes a newsletter, which is available to the general public, and provides hot-line counseling for herpes victims.

Says Sam Knox of HELP, "People don't have to be devastated by herpes. . . . If you really pay attention to the factors surrounding the affliction, we think a whole psychological state can be set up where you can effectively challenge the herpes and not give in to it."

To reach HELP, write ASHA, 260 Sheridan Ave., Suite 307, Palo Alto, CA 94306. ■

Burr Snider, often seen in OUI *profiling chubby rock singers (May '79) or getting beat up in bondage parlors (October '78), does not have herpes. Yet.*

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FUTURE

ELECTRIC CARS: GETTING OUR PLUGS IN EARLY

By Jesse Kornbluth

My fellow Americans, may I present the electric car. Understand, please, that this vehicle will never embarrass a BMW. Its 12-foot shell may be made of space-age fiber glass; its window-and-door treatment may remind you of the classic Mercedes 300SL gullwing; but on the track, where the biggest engines have always delivered the best acceleration, the electric vehicle's specs are more appropriately compared to wheelchairs and golf carts. An electric vehicle (EV) will accelerate from 0 to 30 mph in about 11.5 seconds—almost respectable for city driving. It will cruise—just barely—at 70 mph. Every 100 miles or so, you'll have to recharge the battery, a plug-in process that takes six hours at this point. Air conditioning? Don't ask.

Even the champions of EVs concede that these figures won't win the hearts and minds of most American drivers. But they do urge us to consider one thing: As long as 35 percent of all American households have two cars in the garage, all the EV has to do is replace our 26 million *second* cars. The U. S. Postal Service already owns 2500 EVs; it would be nice, of course, if they owned more. And it would certainly be terrific if the transit authorities of our major cities switched to silent, nonpolluting electric buses. But the thought of privately owned EVs buzzing to the supermarket, to work and to the disco should be enough to wake up those millions of Americans—the majority of our driving population, if you believe the polls—who still think that the oil crisis is something the oil companies invented to maximize profits.

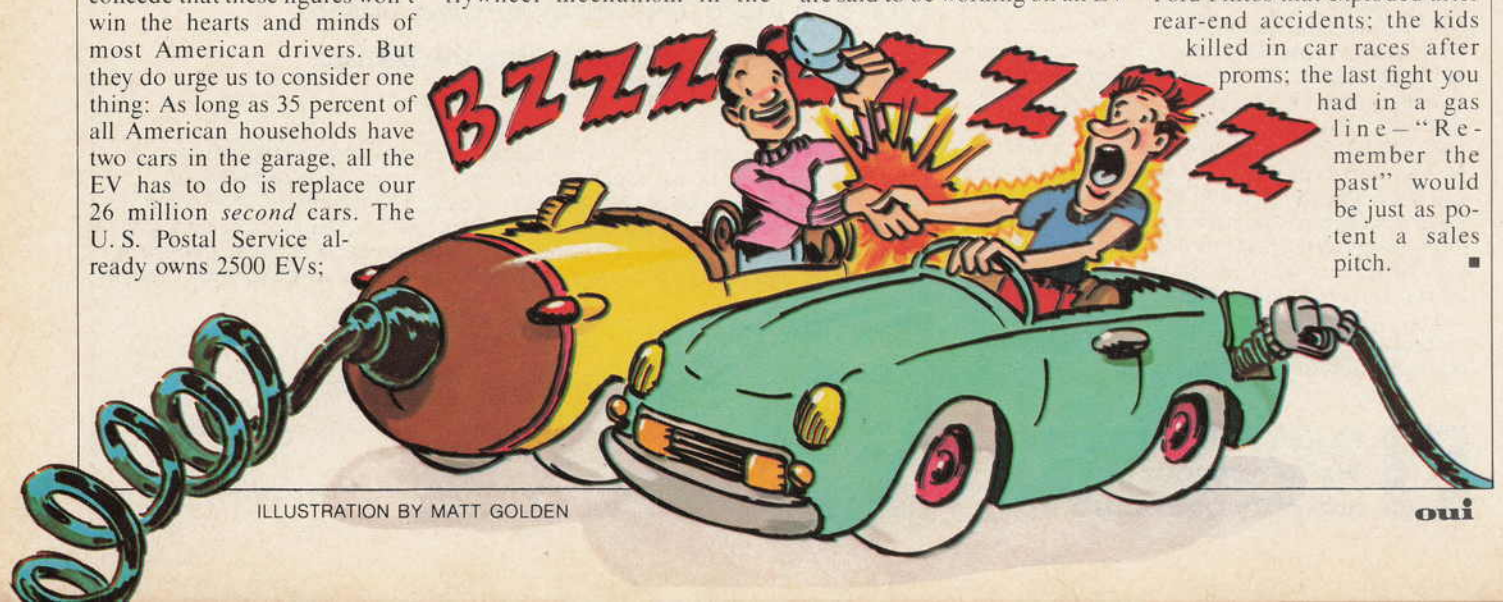
But suppose 26 million EVs suddenly dotted our roads, the cynics counter—wouldn't that strain the capabilities of our power plants and not-so-indirectly aid the pro-nuke cause? Well, no, it wouldn't. Except on the hottest summer nights, 50 percent of your electric company's generating capacity is idle after midnight. EV builders suggest that as many as 35 million EVs could be charged each night—when rates tend to be a bit lower anyway—and we wouldn't need any new power plants. As for energy conservation, the EVs may be the most efficient cars ever to roll down an American highway; with the help of a flywheel mechanism in the braking system, as much as 30 percent of the voltage can be recovered and used again. If a breakthrough battery is ever developed—and with the recent impetus of a $160-million Federal research program through the Energy Research and Development Administration, that improved EV battery should be available before 1985—the electric car will be such an obvious godsend that everyone will wonder why it took so long to reach the marketplace.

The underlying joke in all of this is that one out of every three American cars *was* powered by electricity in 1900. These vehicles routinely stopped at their local charging stations for fresh current. Selling electricity was a profitable business in the early 1900s; there were 32 stations in Boston and 41 in New York. There were, however, very few between those cities; so, by the mid-Twenties, the gas-powered car was able to wipe out its electric competition.

We're back in the EV game at last, but we're late: In England there are some 100,000 EVs already on the road; and in Sweden, the makers of Volvo are said to be working on an EV passenger car. In Japan, whose fuel problems make ours seem inconsequential, the designers are—what else?—miniaturizing; they're hustling to meld microprocessors and the like to battery-operated vehicles for the mass market. That's a bit beyond Detroit's ambition for EVs.

Lesser entrepreneurs, bless them, are thinking bigger. The makers of the Silver Volt, for instance, describe their baby as the world's first luxury EV. This car—which looks like a Sedan de Ville with grill by Universal Studios—not only tops 70 mph and travels the requisite 100 miles without stopping; once you do need a charge, its battery can be ready to go again, with 80 percent power, in 45 minutes. There is even a six-seater Electric Limousine for energy-conscious rock stars willing to cruise at 55 mph.

The visionary award, however, goes to a company that would like you to convert that island of gas pumps into the growth business of the Eighties: the charging station. "Invest in the future," the ad is headlined. However, when you think about the legacy of gas-powered cars—those old Ford Pintos that exploded after rear-end accidents; the kids killed in car races after proms; the last fight you had in a gas line—"Remember the past" would be just as potent a sales pitch. ■



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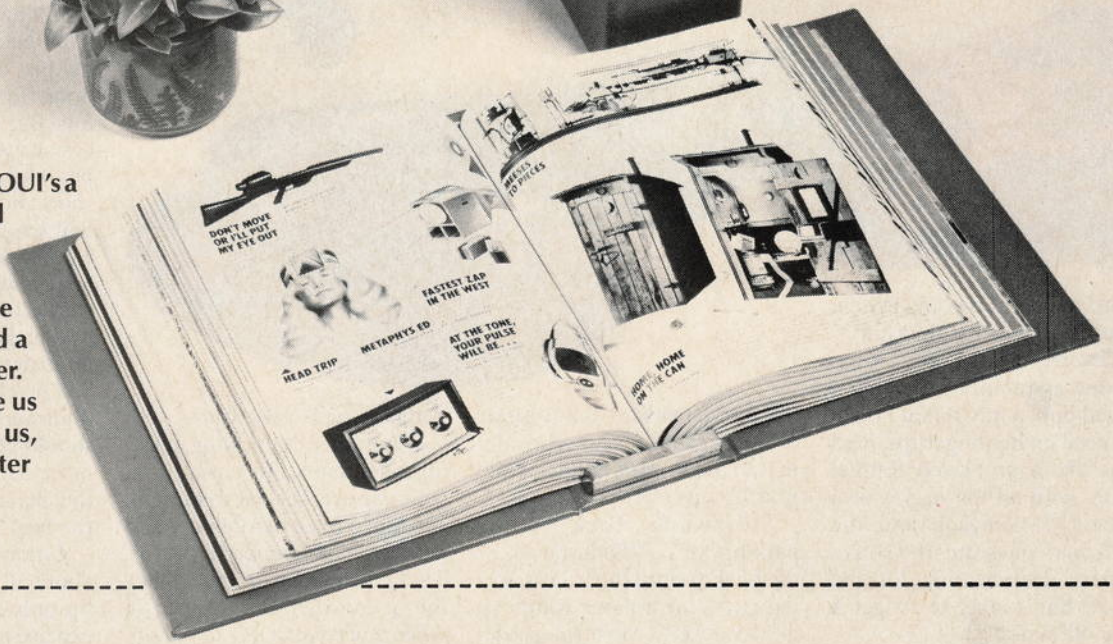

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MONEY

TIPPING: HOW MUCH? TO WHOM?

By Chris Barnett

The restaurant's parking-lot punk laid rubber as he fetched my car. This time I really gave him a tip: "Look, Mario Andretti—if I ever catch you racing my heap like that again, your boss is going to hear about it." Then I stiffed him.

A week later I met Rexi. Darting and feinting through a packed pub, a tray full of hooch balanced on her fingertips, Rexi looks like a pint-sized Raquel Welch, with all the moves of a young O.J. Simpson and the oratorical passion of Gloria Steinem drumbeating for the E.R.A. She took five to get a gripe off her chest.

"A party of four ran up a big bar bill while waiting for a table. When they were called, they told the hostess to send the check to the table. Meanwhile, I'd been getting their drinks, lighting their cigarettes, getting their hors d'oeuvres—and it was the dinner waitress who got the tip. I don't think they intentionally tried to beat me out of the money, although some do. It's just that most people don't really know how to tip."

Rexi has a point. Tipping is sort of like sex; we're expected to learn by trial and error. Actually, tipping is more like incest; it's never discussed. Instead, most of us lurch through life, secretly wondering if we're giving too much or too little.

In fact, if you really master the subtle art of giving gratuities, you'll preserve your net worth, bolster your self-esteem, win new friends and undying loyalty, and get expert service from those who dispense it professionally. With inflation putting the screws to you at a rate of 13 percent a year, consider this an aid to your financial and psychic survival.

Meanwhile, back at the parking lot . . . Did you know the buck you tip the valet-parking guy almost never winds up in his pocket? "Most valet companies make their attendants pool their tips at the end of the night. They use the tips to pay his minimum hourly wage, plus a few bucks extra, and keep the rest." Tony Gizzo knows. He's general manager of Beverly Hills Valet (and he swears his firm is the only outfit that lets valets pocket their tokes).

Gizzo suggests you give the parking attendant a dollar, but only if he performs *all* of his duties. If you're with a woman, he should run around to open and hold her door (not lean across the front seat and open it), then race back and close yours.

Two couples, and you've got a four-door? He should open and close them all, says Gizzo. At the end of the evening, if he just brings up your car, hops out and stands there with his hand out, while letting your guests fend for themselves, he hasn't earned a tip. Don't just stiff him though; tell him why you aren't crossing his palm. "How's he gonna learn?" asks Tony.

Other tips for tipping parking attendants: To ensure that your car gets special treatment, slip him a buck beforehand and perhaps half a buck afterwards. That's a cheap insurance policy for a crowded lot. Never tip when you have to pay to park in a lot, even if the person who fetches your car fumbles around or cups his hand. With some city parking lots charging $1.00 for 20 minutes, it's not necessary. And if you go to a party, wedding or bar mitzvah, don't tip the red-coated valet when he retrieves your car—the host always pays the gratuity.

Cabbies today should get 15 percent of the meter, but they should also work for it. Cabdrivers should help you schlepp your suitcases in and out of the trunk. "A lotta guys feel they should pay for the luggage," says stogie-sucking Harry Widenbaum, who's been wheeling his cab around Manhattan for 26 years. "But that's part of our service. I got a bad back and I still lug suitcases."

Harry is also sympathetic to any businessman who uses taxis all day long. "Hey," says Widenbaum, fighting traffic on the East Side's F.D.R. Drive, "a salesman takin' six cabs a day can't afford to overtip. I wouldn't tip much on a short trip if I didn't have any bags."

No need to tip a doorman if he just opens a door—a cab door, front door—so you can get out. But if he hoists out a suitcase or two, flip him a quarter per bag. And if he's braving snow and risking pneumonia to hail you a cab, grease him with a dollar and not a penny less. If he just whistles for a cab, that's worth a quarter.

Checking into a hotel can be an expensive foray by the time you reach your room. A helpful doorman gets his; a bellman should get 50 cents a suitcase, if he actually totes them. Only tip the person who actually hefts the luggage.

Chambermaids should get about 10 percent of the bill as a tip only if you're staying at an expensive first-class hotel—the George V in Paris, the Hotel Beau Rivage in Geneva. Otherwise, if it's an overnight at a hotel or motel, hang on to your cash. For a week's stay in a better hotel, you might slip the maid a dollar or two—especially if you plan to come back someday.

Checking out with a single suitcase? Carry it yourself and don't feel guilty that you're cheating the bellman out of a

(Continued on page 108)

ILLUSTRATION BY MARY SHERMAN

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1979

Alive with pleasure!

Newport

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

Photography
by
S. Carter

Danielle

La nouvelle
jeune
fille Gemma

Danielle never thought much about underwear until she was nearly 15. That's when she decided to stop wearing it. She still wore the blue, pleated skirt and white blouse that made up the uniform of her *lycée*, but the thick, white underpants with frayed elastic stayed in the drawer. No one ever noticed that Danielle wasn't wearing underwear, which pleased her very much. She liked the idea of sitting demurely in her Renaissance poetry class, knowing that her *professeur* would probably drop his chalk if he caught her crossing her legs—which was why she always crossed her legs when his back was turned. It was her own private game. After graduation she drifted into modeling, just for a lark. Danielle is French but tall—almost 5′8″—and a photographer

She wondered if her professeur had ever noticed her poster

friend talked her into trying out for a pantyhose commercial. One thing led to another and, a year later, Gemma Lingerie—the Maidenform of France—offered her a contract to become *la nouvelle jeune fille Gemma*, ("the new Gemma girl"). Soon her picture was all over Paris—she kept running into herself at bus stops. And every time Danielle saw a poster of herself, she had to stop and smile at the irony—that a girl who hated underwear was now famous for it. She took to wearing Gemma lingerie at home—never cotton, always silk

and lace. She'd make herself tea and think about her former *professeur*, wondering if he'd ever noticed her poster; she'd dream about what might have happened if just once he'd turned around while she was crossing her legs. Just once.

BRAVE NEW MALE

Radical biologists are predicting interchangeable penises and mandatory castration by the year 2000. Guess where that leaves you and me? Article by Howard Rheingold

If you are one of the billion-odd earthlings who possess a penis, be prepared for some strange changes . . . soon. Thanks to a few quiet developments, the future of masculinity is very much in question. Twentieth-Century technology, from the birth-control pill to the waterbed, has kept us all too busy pondering what has *already* happened to our sex lives to worry about what *might* happen in the near future. Too bad, fellas. This little oversight could cost us our family jewels.

If we don't decide what to do with the new male biology before it figures out what to do with us, the man of tomorrow will be standing precisely where the data hits the fan. It is time for every man to take a close look at the facts behind the occasional news item, because many of the new biological spin-offs are aimed directly at our gonads.

Two equally mind-boggling alternatives are emerging from the murky borderland of sexual futurism: Delectable new dimensions of sensation might soon become part of every man's erotic repertoire—or the male body could mutate beyond recognition. What you and I know—or don't know—about our own sexual mechanism will determine which way our balls ultimately bounce.

In the more optimistic of the two parallel scenarios, men of the year 2000 could enjoy exotic extras like orgasmic earlobes, replaceable sex

ILLUSTRATION BY BETTE LEVINE

organs, electronic aphrodisiacs, ultrasensory intercourse and a range of ecstasy options that would make current notions of kinkiness look comatose by comparison. Even now, there is talk in human-sexuality circles of creating the new "sensate male." It has been observed, for example, that a number of paraplegics are able to experience sexual pleasure and even orgasm through stimulation of the neck, shoulders, chest or whatever patch of skin is still capable of transmitting sensation.

"Theoretically, the entire body is an erogenous zone," notes Michael Rossman, a Berkeley sex therapist. "The brain, after all, is our most important sex organ. Yoga and biofeedback techniques suggest that learning tools can be created to shape new sexual zones. By learning to reinterpret nerve sensations and by slowly coupling the idea of arousal to nongenital areas, it is entirely possible that the male of the future will be able to have as strong an orgasm from his earlobe as from his penis."

On the stickier side of the speculation is the distinct possibility that the man of the year 2000 might not exist at all, except in sperm banks at -197°C. Radical biologists now see the male as technically expendable, and a few of them are looking into the possibility. While bioengineers put the finishing touches on the means to replace us, their co-conspirators in the social sciences are coming up with reasons why the planet might be better off without masculinity as we now know it.

At this very moment, the forces of social transformation and the stainless artillery of laboratory science are both zeroing in on the question of what exactly makes a man a man. A secret war is brewing over some very near and dear territory—the shape of manhood to come. While the data are being gathered, the conclusions debated and applications developed, you and I had better prepare for the brave new male. If informed public opinion is to have any effect on the outcome of this battle, it is now up to us lay males to understand our own sexual biology—before we wake up obsolete some morning.

Like any other seminormal 20th Centurian, it never occurred to me that anyone was out to alter my most cherished equipment. The idea of messing around with masculinity surfaced during my last attempt at seducing the biochemist down the hall. It started as a pure, classical battle of the sexes: I plied her with martinis and she told me about the plot to do away with men.

Rheingold, who is currently writing a book based on his OUI *article "What Causes Anger?" (October 1978), obviously isn't worried about his future.*

REPLACEABLE PENISES? PERHAPS ONE FOR EVERYDAY WEAR AND A SELECTION OF SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS.

The deliciously mesmerizing Virginia L., Ph.D., is an expert on glandular secretions. She does things to rate pituitaries and hauls around thick fanfolds of computer printouts, but she doesn't wear her white lab coat and black name tag on the street—which lends her double credibility in my book. The only glandular secretions that concerned me that night were Virginia's, but she insisted on talking about redesigning my physiology.

"It isn't like there's a formal conspiracy of terrorist biochemists out to eliminate men—although a few of my further-out colleagues would gladly join such a group," Virginia confided, after exactly one too many drinks.

I tried to ignore the bizarre tack the conversation had taken. She was determined to drink me under the coffee table and enlighten me as to my hormones. I was determined to engage her in a serious experiment in telekinesis—moving her body out of the living room and through the bedroom door.

When she said something about "mandatory chemical castration," deep-seated instinctive fear blunted my strategy and awakened my curiosity. She voiced no objection to my hand resting gently on her knee, so I made the fatal mistake of listening attentively.

"If an extremist man-hater with a biochemistry degree happens to take over the world tomorrow, she would have the means for continuing the human species without any living males," Virginia asserted—a bit too enthusiastically, I felt. "Sperm from eugenically ideal specimens could be stored in liquid nitrogen. At the rate of several hundred million sperm per ejaculation, it wouldn't take long to, uh—*collect*—an adequate seed stock. Yes, an Amazocracy could propagate quite easily with frozen husbands, until they crack the final problem of parthenogenesis."

I was forced to call a point of information. I didn't like losing face by admitting ignorance, but *parthenogenesis* sounded too ominous to ignore.

"It used to be known as virgin birth," Virginia expounded, "since only one woman in history has ever been known to accomplish it. Biologically speaking, parthenogenesis simply means life without father. When women learn how to make babies without heterosexual assistance, we won't need to keep all that expensive frozen sperm around."

"Can't you scientists use your grants on more pleasant alternatives?" I'm ashamed to recall the involuntary tremor in my voice.

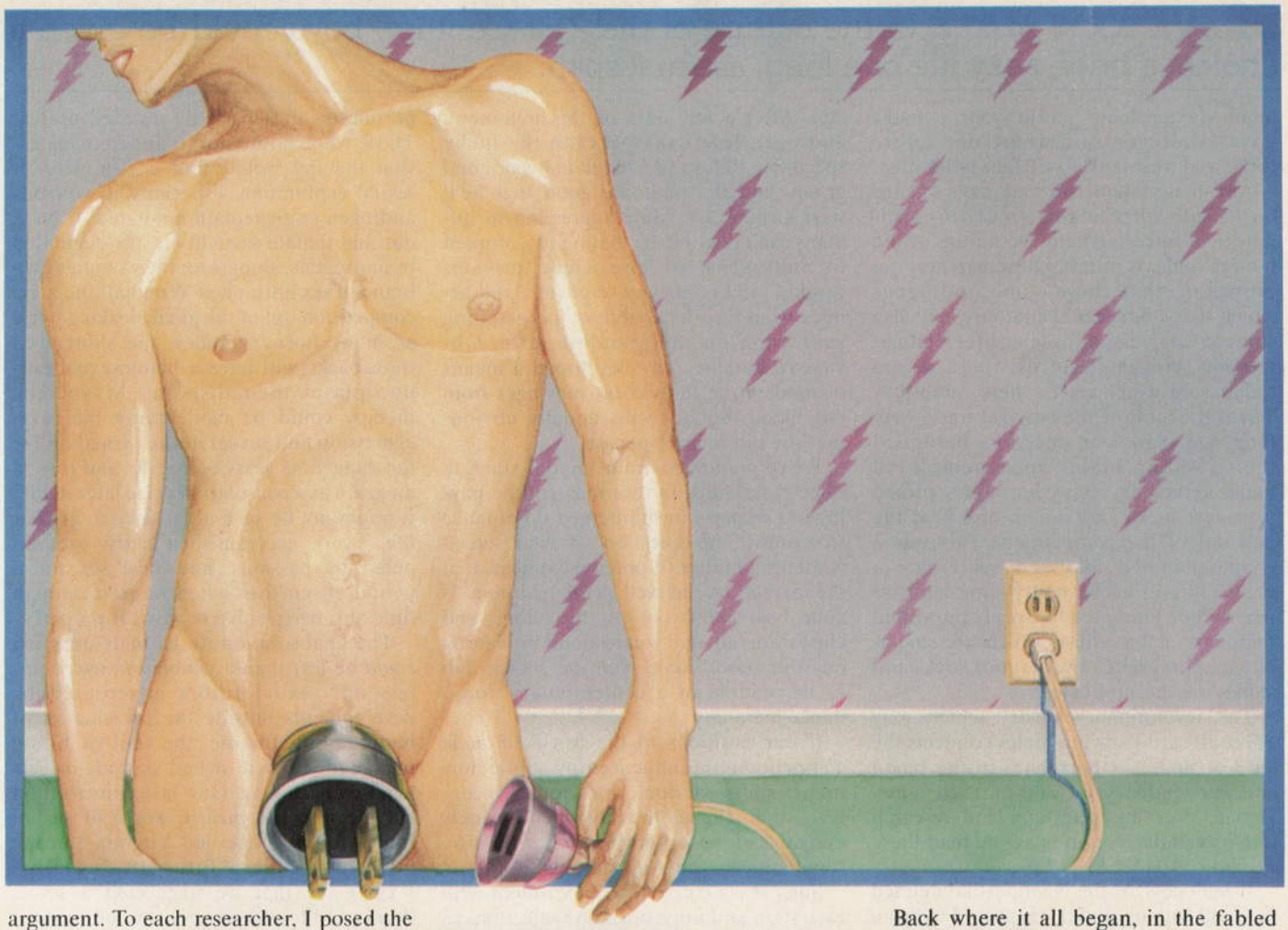
"If a sperm-bank future leaves you cold, how would you feel about self-regeneration of your penis?" she asked, as demurely as a lady can ask a question like that while a gentleman is groping her leg.

"Depends on how it feels about me, I guess," was my weak shot at a fast, unflustered comeback. It came out sounding a notch or three less cocky than I intended.

She deflected my humor with a smile so quick I almost missed it. "Regeneration experiments have been highly successful in rats and salamanders. Preliminary evidence indicates that electrical stimulation and chemotherapy can encourage regeneration in other species," she continued, shifting quite politely out of my grasp. "In London, two newborn infants, who had lost their fingers, regenerated them." She poured us both another drink and watched me rise to the bait.

Replaceable penises? The implications are perversely enticing. It could eliminate the most primal of Freudian fears, certainly. Better than psychological relief would be the prospect of interchangeable, homegrown organs in any size, shape, color, texture or vibratory frequency we desire: one for everyday wear, and a selection of Saturday-night specials. Expendable members, I was soon to learn, are not the only sensual possibilities lurking in the corridors of science.

By the time Virginia spread the word about me to some of her funny friends at the medical center, I had attracted an impromptu seminar of a dozen different specialists, each one more eager than the last to back up the male obsolescence



argument. To each researcher, I posed the same questions: "What makes a male what he is? What do you plan to do about it? And why?"

The answers I got were intriguing but terrifying. For instance . . .

A pair of embryologists with a feminist bias gave me the eerie news about what little boys are made of. They loaned me their copy of a marvelous book, Laurel Holliday's *The Violent Sex* (Bluestocking Books), a meticulously researched diatribe against the inherent defects of male psychobiology.

Then three anthropologists discussed aggression and male sex hormones, which brought up the whole horrid business of chemical demasculation. And by this time, the future of the human male was fast becoming an unfunny question. Will we find out about our own demise before we read it in the newspapers?

From the perspective of the endocrine investigator, maleness is a specific sequence of molecular reactions which can be manipulated with the proper chemical technology. To the psychologist, maleness is a matter of roles, attitudes, rituals and myths, which are susceptible to another variety of manipulation. A growing faction of social scientists studying the nature of human aggression sees world-threatening implications in characteristically "male behavior" like war.

We all suspected that Western science and human nature would soon collide, but who could have predicted that the issue of masculinity would furnish the meeting ground? The action flows through several levels, from the molecular to the social, from a few crucial sex hormones to the whole steaming, scheming, furiously humping human mass. Considering what we might gain or forget in the future-shaping game, it would profit any man who values his apparatus to examine the latest facts about how he functions.

The penis, marvel of microengineering that it is, does not constitute the sole criterion for maleness. An organ is only an organ in the grand biological plan. If your chromosomes want to grow you a new penis or two, who's to say they can't? Who do you think grew it in the first place? Why does an Olympic committee need a microscope to tell if certain women athletes are really women athletes? Because the evolutionary dynamo that makes us rut so much is invisible to the naked eye, that's why! Everything needed to make a male and tell him what to do about it is specified by a tiny encoded speck even electron microscopes get lens strain trying to see.

Back where it all began, in the fabled primordial soup, males were not an essential ingredient in the genesis of earthling life. In fact, we didn't come along for quite a while—but when we finally made our appearance, prehistory never knew quite what had hit it.

This comes as a surprise to most men, but here it is: You started out as a female. As you may remember from Biology 101, the male-making blueprint is found on the stunted-looking Y chromosome, which only males carry. Although sex is determined at the moment of conception, by the presence or absence of Mister Y in the victorious spermatozoon, there are *no* differences in male and female anatomy until the eighth week of gestation. Up until that point, all human embryos are sexually bipotential, with *identical* external genitalia.

After the critical seventh week, the male fetus jazzes itself with a hot shot of hormones called androgens, and the genital tubercle grows into a penis instead of staying small and becoming a clitoris.

Boys will be boys, say the endocrinologists, because their molecules tell them so. That quick shot of male juice at eight weeks is exactly what little boys are made of, and the implications have caused all manner of heated dispute in scientific ranks. And when the argument spills out of the scientific community into the political

BRAVE NEW MALE In the culture of the 21st Century, boys could be given a choice: a brief, sexy life or a long, asexual span.

arena—better hang on to your gonads, guys. Androgens are where our future forks, and we might as well face it like men.

Anti-male fanaticism may have science on its side when it gets around to technological tinkering with the nature of the human male. A number of researchers are proposing that these same androgens which shape our sexual anatomy may also stimulate aggression in later life. And aggression, though it got us where we are today, sure won't get us there tomorrow. When the tools of the survival trade were fang and claw, our ancestors harnessed their swelling brains and unemployed hands to their aggressive hormones, picked up a few sticks and stones, and beat the hell out of the competition. This was a couple hundred thousand years ago, a mere piffle in evolutionary time, and we may still be burdened by deeply imprinted remnants of bloodlust, which are suicidally inappropriate now that our sticks and stones are thermonuclear.

The revolutionary theory which may affect all card-carrying males connects the level of male sex hormones in the blood and our tendency to wale on each other. Debate over this question, and research into its validity, continue as you read these words.

If maleness, as the Neanderthal defined it, is still with us, and if it is proved to be an obstacle to the preservation of civilization, and if we stumble upon the powers to change that factor—will the survival of the species *demand* that we alter the elements of manhood? When that question is raised, it might be handy to have an answer.

An intriguing theory gaining credence would have us pay closer attention to the lower primates. While there is justifiable criticism from many quarters about hastily projecting animal findings onto human actions, there is still an aggressive trick or two we urban-jungle dwellers can learn from observing our hairy cousins.

Dominance hierarchies, for example, are said to be a group-survival strategy in many nonhuman primates. By arranging circumstances so that the strongest males get first chance to mate, the pecking order ensures that the species will continue to breed aggressive males. By establishing a symbolic power structure, it also keeps the males from spending too much time aggressing and too little time humping. Researchers have demonstrated that the prize chimp at the top of the heap and the wimpy little specimen on the bottom can be forced to exchange places by castrating one and androgenizing the other.

In a more subtle experiment, low-status males were placed in an artificial society consisting of males they could dominate and females with whom they could copulate. After a few days of this treatment, androgen levels skyrocket in the lucky specimen. Return Mr. Meek to his original group, and the odds are good that he'll start kicking ass. Male aggression in humans can't possibly be that tightly coupled to androgens, or else virile privates wouldn't obey scrawny sergeants, and armies would be incapable of perpetrating aggression on the grandest scale. Obviously, humans *have* developed a means of moderating the violent messages from our blood, but it seems equally obvious that the old reflexes persist.

We've graduated from animal skins to three-piece suits, but we may still be paying our respects to submerged dominance structures. The question of who screws whom is a matter of potent significance in the marketplace as well as the bedroom. If your boss calls you on the phone and chews you out, and you respond by leaning on your subordinate—you are smack dab in the middle of a contemporary dominance hierarchy.

If our positions in the world of male competition are influenced by subtle hormonal shifts we don't consciously recognize, we might see the day when business executives load up on hormones the way some athletes shoot up steroids.

Since it isn't as easy to experiment with castration and huge hormone injections in human subjects, social scientists use many indirect measures with four-legged specimens. When studies of the genetic, hormonal and learning components of aggression have progressed far enough—probably within the next ten years—it won't take an Amazon despot to bring up the male question.

If human males carry some innate tendency toward aggression, fetal androgenization is one way the male brain is imprinted with hostile circuitry. It was suggested to me, off the record, by a hormone expert that we may someday want to "promote a more peaceful humanity by altering prenatal androgenization or readjusting hormone effects at puberty."

Forceable chemical emasculation? It might be viewed differently in the culture of the 21st Century. Force might not be required if the adjustment took place at adolescence. Boys could be given a choice before the onset of puberty: They could collect a government bonus by choosing aggression immunization, which would slow their sexual drive and prolong their life-span, or they could remain feisty and horny and have the pick of the underserviced female population in the short lifetime allotted them. A brief, sexy life—or a long, asexual span? That may be the choice our grandchildren will have to face.

There could be incredible sensual opportunities in a partially desexed utopia. Those who choose not to undergo aggression therapy would find a rich field of sexual exploration, especially if women's androgen levels remain unaltered. It turns out that female sexuality is also regulated by androgens, along with the woman's own brand of sex hormones. With half the male competition out of the game, leaving twice as many horny females, the short-lived throwbacks will have a heterosexual cornucopia at their disposal. Maybe the therapy could be made reversible, with aggression and sexual desire turned off for the dangerous years before 40, and turned on again as a consolation prize later in life. It might not be such a bad idea to get our life's work accomplished early, unhampered by passions, and save sex for a period of our lives when we have enough time and perspective to savor it properly.

The final solution to the male question *could* be less than a generation away, unless our sexual future is rerouted by developments outside the jurisdiction of biology. But, for me, the trail of future male ended where it had started—in Virginia's apartment. Our last conversation led me into the bizarre world of sexual futurism, but it also led Virginia and me into some superb futuristic sexuality. I can't say that we uncovered a secret shortcut to total-body orgasm, but it must be reported that the back of my knee (with diligent and enthused assistance from Virginia) told me a few new facts about sensory pleasure.

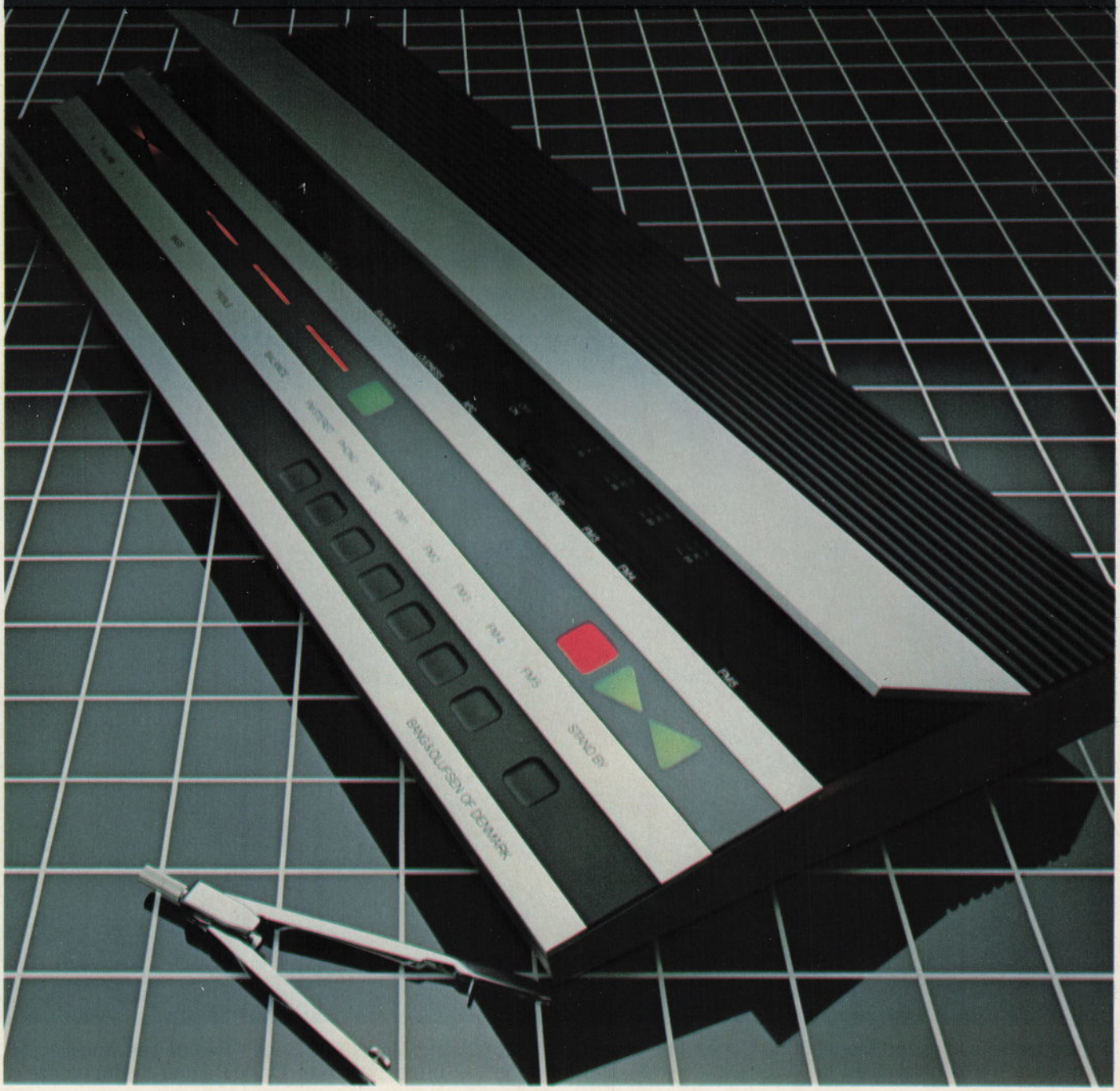
Lying there, I couldn't help but think that becoming a brave new male might not be so bad after all. At this point, a variety of alternatives are still possible—but for how long? A war of images is raging, with our minds as the battlefield, and the future of the human male at stake. The way in which scientific discoveries are going to be applied will be determined by our collective picture of the male future, by the most powerful *idea* of what men should be. There are already many who think a world without men would be the best future for the species. There are others who wouldn't mind a touch of engineering to smooth nature's rough edges.

At this critical point in history, there is more than one probable future for masculinity. With every year that passes, the choices narrow. Will our heirs be androgynes, androids, supermales, altered males, sensate males—or females? Tomorrow is a multiple-choice test, because the nature of manhood in the next millennium will depend upon decisions made today. It's time to dig on your dongs, men, and figure out something truly new to do with them—unless you want to see them become collector's items someday. ■

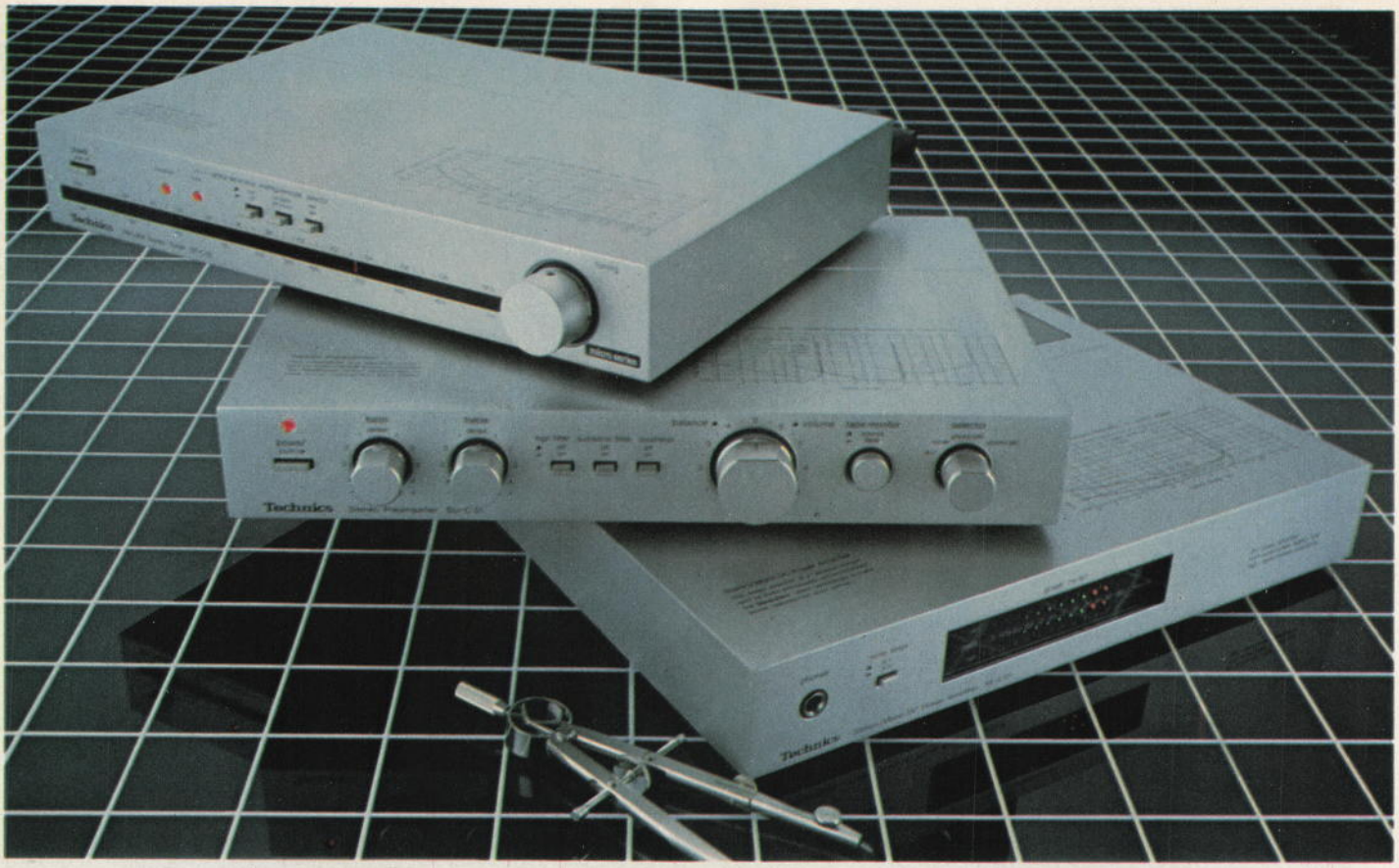
OBJETS d'Ear

STEREO THAT SOUNDS AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS

COMPILED BY ED BOTT • PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARC FELDMAN

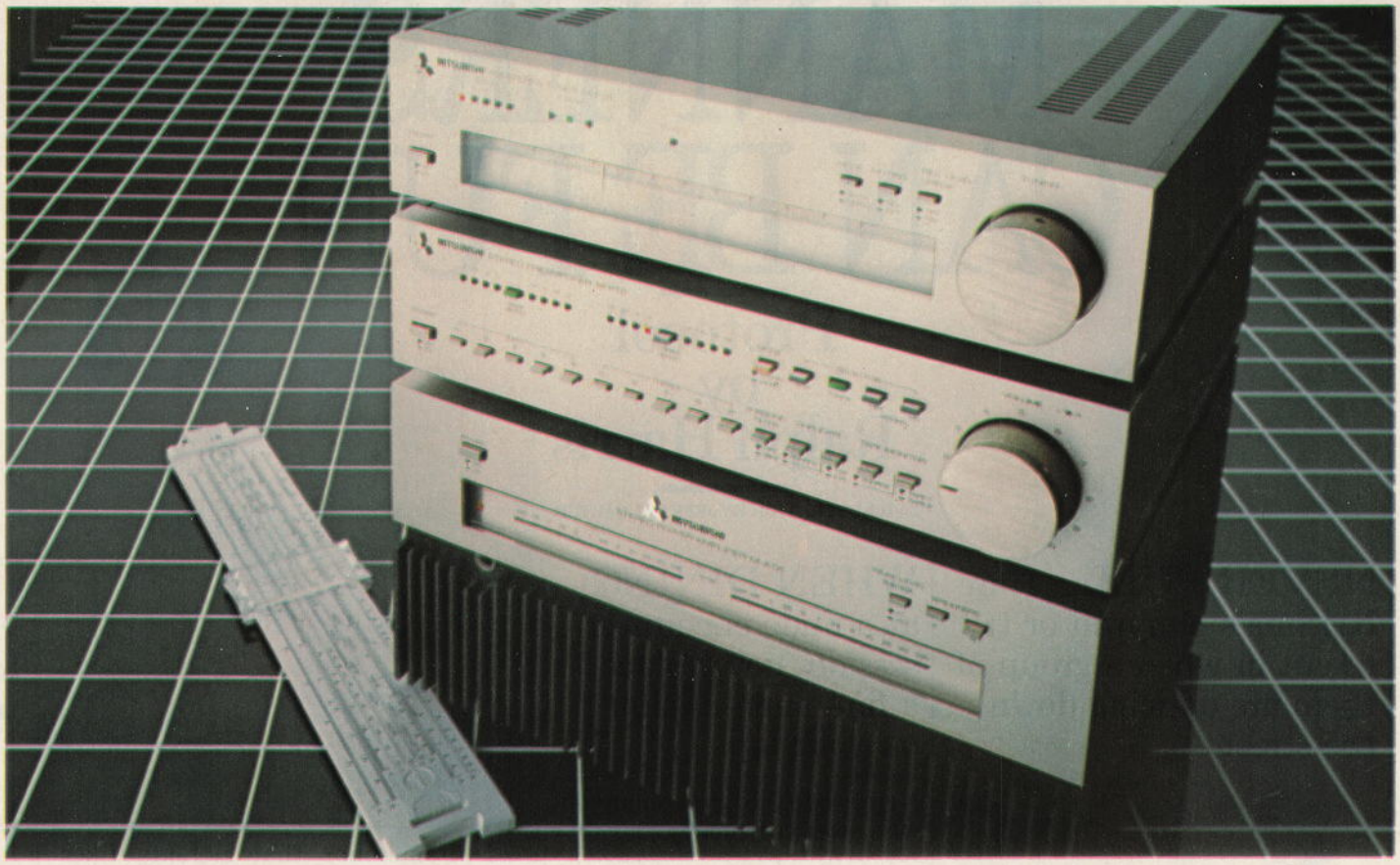


From Denmark, Bang & Olufsen's Model 2400 receiver with remote control, $650.

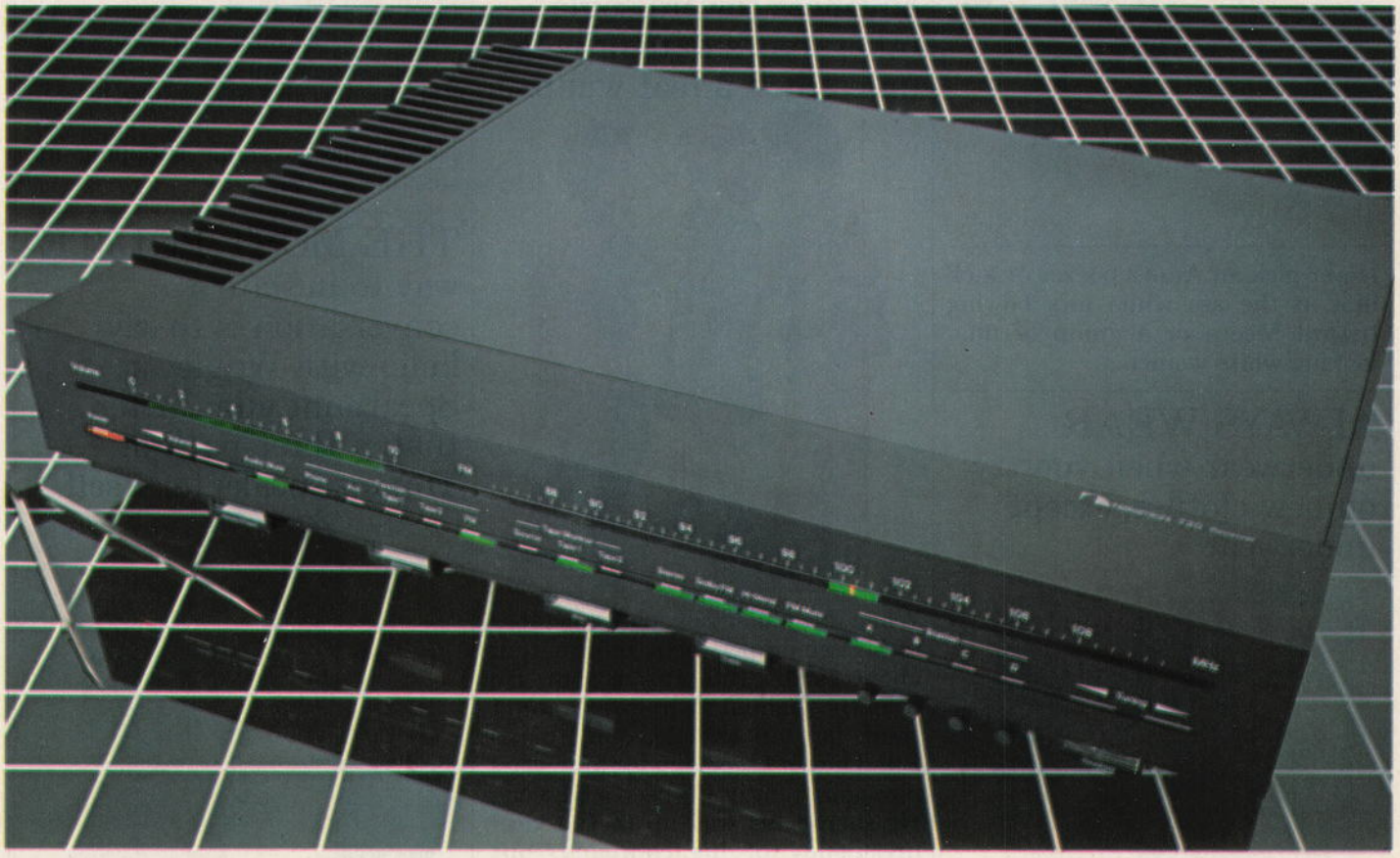


Technics' microcomponents—ST-C01 tuner ($260), SU-C01 preamplifier ($260) and SE-C01 power amplifier ($360)—are light enough for the featherweight division, but their 40-watts-per-channel punch is strictly heavyweight class.

Phase Linear's full-sized Model 3000 Series Two preamplifier ($580) and Model 400 Series Two power amplifier ($630) may have the sophisticated looks of David Niven, but inside is the brute power of David Banner, the Incredible Hulk.



Mitsubishi's microcomponents—M-F01 tuner ($340), M-P01 preamplifier ($370) and M-A01 amplifier ($500). FM tuning is so simple an adult can do it: Red arrows find the range; then, once the station's locked in, the entire dial turns green.



Nakamichi's model 730 receiver ($1200) lets your fingers do the talking with touch-activated volume, tone and tuning controls. If your fingers are too stoned to do the walking, there's an optional wireless remote control ($190, not shown).

MANNERS CAN BE FUN

Protocol by Ralph Harris

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF LANCASTER

NEVER PULL a Hare Krishna's ponytail or try to cut in when a group of them are dancing down the street.

Never pick an Arab's pocket or kick him in the ass while he's bowing toward Mecca or a group of fine-looking white women.

ALWAYS WEAR underwear when you try on new clothes, except underwear.

WHEN DINING at a nude encounter session, never place a fine linen napkin on your lap.

Never squeal or fink on anyone who owes you money.

NEVER MAKE advances toward some other man's date or wife—unless he's a real wimp.

When introducing people, remember to give some pertinent information about each. "Bill, this is Jim. He recently graduated from est and I think he's an asshole. Jim, this is Bill. I haven't seen him for four years now and, frankly, it's been a blessing. He sucked his way up to the vice-presidency of his company, but that doesn't mean he can't be intimidated."

Remember that nobody likes a show-off. Also, nobody likes somebody who does things just to be liked. Nobody likes a smart ass, either—or a big mouth or a wiseacre. In fact, when you get right down to it, nobody really likes anybody.

Never take a cripple shopping for sporting goods.

THE MOST POLITE way to initiate a conversation is to say hello with Wrigley's Spearmint gum. After that, a three-pack of Trojans speaks for itself.

On a bus, white people may sit wherever they wish. A black man may also sit anywhere, except on a white woman's face. And a person of Hispanic origin should always look for a seat with his or her name already carved on it.

ALWAYS CARRY spare change for winos and exact fare for people who are going to take the bus.

When a white businessman meets another white businessman, a simple handshake is all that is necessary. When a white businessman meets a black businessman, the standard handshake is followed by the hip handshake of the day. When a black businessman meets another black businessman, it is perfectly acceptable to dispense with the honky bullshit altogether and get on with the drug sale.

NEVER PISS in a Margarita glass.

Never use your finger when reading the subtitles during a foreign film.

Age before beauty. Middle-aged before average-looking. Youth before ugly.

ONLY PULL a chair out for your date if you're going for the joke.

It is rude to chew with your mouth open unless you're dining with people from India. This may be the only chance they ever get to see food.

NEVER COME in someone's mouth on the first date.

It is still impolite to start eating before everyone at the table has received food. In Third World etiquette, it's impolite to start eating until everyone in the *world* has received food.

It is improper to use four-letter words in front of women—unless women use them first.

Don't expect good sex from a nun.

Never serve Cesar Chavez scab BLT sandwiches.

If you find out you have V.D., make sure you call all of the people you've had sex with, and ask each to call all of the people they've had sex with and so on. Don't forget to tell them to have the first two people they call send you $20. It can't fail if nobody breaks the daisy chain.

Never serve Kool-Aid at religious functions.

Never snap your fingers in the presence of a thumbplegic.

It is not polite to achieve orgasm before your partner—especially if you've just met.

NEVER WHITTLE on another man's leg.

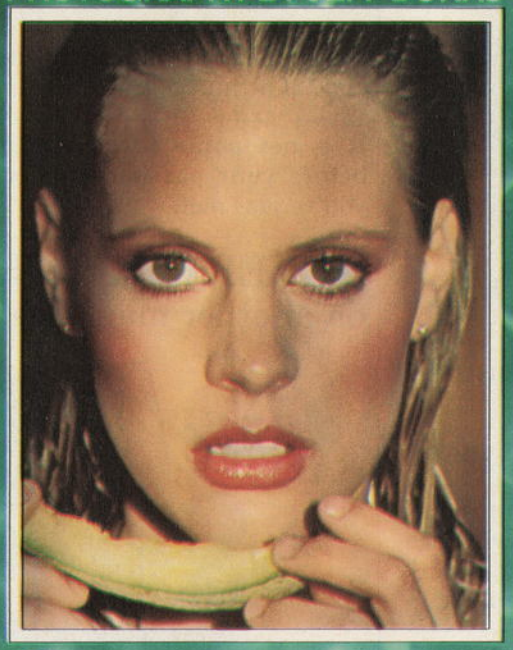
Never belittle people of a different race—except Polacks.

Never judge people by their race, their religion, their sex, the length of their hair, the things they say and do, the way they act, the TV programs they like, the music they listen to or the maiden name of their mother. People should be judged only by their sign and their cars.

Never ask a woman how she knows that most feminine hygiene deodorants have no taste.

DON'T TRY to wife swap on your honeymoon.

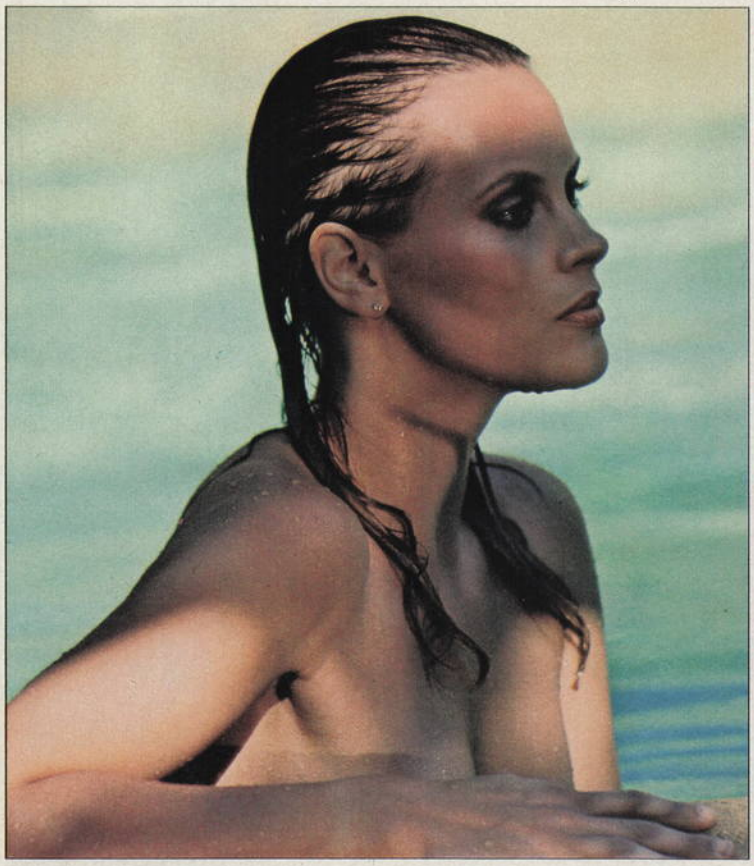
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS

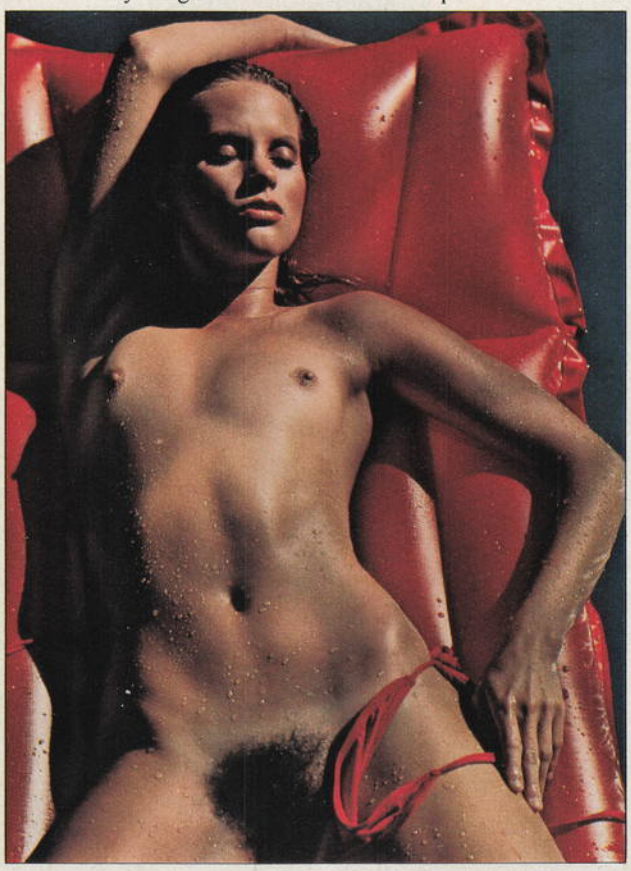


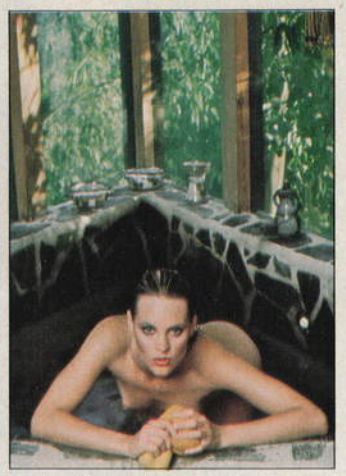
Shelby

You Should See Her Play

Shelby was in one of her creative moods, and there was no reasoning with the 23-year-old authoress. "After all," she remarked archly, "this is my first vacation since the show closed, and I've no time for amateurs." Six months ago, Shelby directed her first one-act play at a little theater in London's West End. While the critical reviews were unanimously negative, Shelby was far from crushed. "To be precise, I've grown up with poor reviews. My parents were third-generation Welsh actors. They taught me to never allow a critic to ruin your opening-night party." Still, didn't the show close on opening night? "Sad but true. I packed the house







with all my chums from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. *They* all loved the story." Which was? "A fantasy of sorts. About a lovely girl from the north of England, who becomes an actress and falls in love with an African dictator. Unfortunately, the owner of the theater didn't understand my last-minute changes in the production. That's why we shut down." What sort of last-minute changes? "I inserted a very explicit jungle scene that required total nudity, a little cock-sucking—that sort of thing." Ever since she can remember, Shelby's had a flair for the dramatic. "I'm told that it comes of being from Wales. You know, the oral tradition—Dylan Thomas, Richard Burton, Robert Shaw and all of that. Fact is, I loathe most British theater, except for some Shakespeare, Tom Stoppard, Terence Rattigan and a few stray moments in Harold Pinter." Wouldn't it be easier for her to break into acting, rather than writing and directing? "I'll admit I'm a bit of a narcissist. But I don't mind letting others have the stage. That is, if I can put the words in their mouths." Appearances to the contrary, Shelby is hard at

work. "Right now, I'm fleshing out a three-act play with lots of wonderful show tunes. I just adore glittery Broadway love and music." When is her deadline? we ventured. "My best dialog comes from a lot of silly memories I save up. So when I'm arranging a scene, I have to be absolutely alone. I wait until dark to type and then don't stop until I'm totally fatigued and in a sweat." So there's no time for men around the villa while Shelby's creating? "That's simply because they are so distracting. You see, I like to write in the nude, and it tends to get men excited at exactly the wrong time. And timing is everything in the theater."

oui

A CONVERSATION WITH

FRAN LEBOWITZ

She's 28, she never finished high school and she writes off the top of her head for an audience that hates to read. Meet Fran Lebowitz, but don't say we didn't warn you.

In her best-selling collection of essays, *Metropolitan Life,* Lebowitz writes that there are only three relevant questions: (1) Is it attractive? (2) Is it amusing? and (3) Does it know its place? Displaying her normal tendency for self-exemption, however, Fran has never applied these three questions to herself. So we will.

Is she attractive? Since we lack Ms. Lebowitz' thirst for the jugular, let's put it this way: You know Andy Warhol's *Interview* magazine, the one that glamorizes all of the Beautiful People on its covers? *Interview* puts Fran and her column, "I Cover the Waterfront," on its inside back cover.

Is she amusing? Very. Her only quarrel with cigarettes, for instance, is that they don't come "already lit." She defines the outdoors as "what you have to pass through in order to get from your apartment to your taxicab."

Admittedly, such *bons mots* would not overwhelm a healthy and thriving literary establishment in another, more serious time. But the attention span of America's literati shrinks daily—it's down to the length of an essay now—so *Metropolitan Life's* frontal assault made an instant impression, as in a $150,000 paperback sale to Fawcett Crest.

Does she know her place? Yes. It's a 12' x 9' apartment, a place so small that Lebowitz insisted on being interviewed at the interviewer's house. Says that interviewer, Suzanne O'Malley, a former senior editor of *Esquire*: "Reporters like to describe Fran as cranky, crotchety or—my favorite—a curmudgeon. The truth is that Fran is as wry and funny as others can only hope to be on a good day. One thing, though, that the press did not exaggerate about is her passion for cigarettes. She inhales them at the rate of a pack an hour, by my count."

OUI: How are you dealing with all the newly designated nonsmoking areas?

LEBOWITZ: Not very well. I really hate people who have signs in their houses that say THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING. Don't thank me, because I'm *not* going to *not* smoke. And I hate cabbies who have no-smoking signs in their cars: The signs belong outside so you don't get into a nonsmoking cab. What's the point of taking a cab if you can't smoke? Some restaurants now have smoking and nonsmoking areas—mostly restaurants where you need to smoke to digest the food. I don't think people should be allowed to smoke cigars or pipes in restaurants and I don't like other people to smoke around me—not if I'm eating. But illegal Havana cigars after dinner? I like the smell very much.

OUI: Speaking of illegal things, what do you think about cocaine?

LEBOWITZ: Well, I used to take cocaine when I was a kid, because I worked at the Village Vanguard. At the time I took it, it was really a Negro drug. Thelonius Monk gave me my first coke. It was in the late Sixties, when white people who took drugs were hippies, basically, and cocaine was never a hippie drug. I can't take drugs now, because I have hypoglycemia; I haven't taken drugs since I was nineteen. But I used to take cocaine and I liked it then.

Now I hate cocaine for the same reason I hated marijuana in the Sixties. Because of the ritual of it, and the whole disgusting ownership idea of coke: "I've got coke. Do you want some coke? You wanna take some coke? Let's take some coke." I hate that. It's such bad form. I think you should just take drugs and not tell anyone.

I think heroin is the best drug; it's the most honest drug. You don't hear people saying, "Here, you want some heroin? Give me some heroin. Got any smack?" You don't see people shooting up together at "21" or in the johns at Elaine's. I think all those people should take heroin instead of cocaine. It's cheaper, anyway.

OUI: Did you ever take LSD?

LEBOWITZ: No. I never took any psychedelic drugs. I always hated the idea of it. My major fear in life was taking acid. I was a teenager in high school at the height of the psychedelic drug craze, and everyone I knew took acid all the time. For about eight years I wouldn't eat or drink anything at parties. I once went to this party—wouldn't eat anything—a friend said, "Fran, you're so crazy. No one does that anymore." This is about six years ago. I said, "Well, I know it's crazy, but . . ." And on the way home, everyone started freaking out.

Drugs interest me only in the way the effects of liquor interest me: The idea is to *lose* consciousness. I want my consciousness narrowed, not expanded. I took only drugs that had a definite physical effect. Like cocaine or heroin or speed. Something that had some purpose to it. Speed I liked when I was tired all the time—it livened me up. But I'm glad I stopped taking it because it's bad for writing, I think.

OUI: Do you miss not being able to drink?

LEBOWITZ: Very much.

OUI: So what do you do?

LEBOWITZ: I smell it instead. Especially brandy. [Laughter] I do. I smell people's drinks: "Could I just sniff your white wine for a minute?" I'm a voyeur of drinking! I did have one glass of champagne the day my book made the *New York Times* best-seller list, and I passed out.

OUI: How were you hired at *Interview*

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD BERNSTEIN FROM A PHOTO BY JOHN BEAN

"You know those signs that say, 'Thank you for not smoking'? Well, don't thank me, because I'm not going to not smoke."

magazine? Did you know Andy Warhol?

LEBOWITZ: No. I was working at a magazine called *Changes*, which has since gone out of business. It was a tiny, leftover-Sixties underground magazine. This friend of mine who worked there was also doing stuff for *Interview*, and I said, "Could you get an appointment for me with the editor?" And he said, "Sure." So I just went over and knocked on the door. They had a bulletproof door; Andy's very afraid of being shot. There was a sign that read: KNOCK LOUDLY AND ANNOUNCE YOURSELF WHEN THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS. So I knocked on the door and someone said, "Who is it?" I said, "Valerie Salinas," and Andy opened the door and he didn't think it was funny. But I didn't expect him to open the door. If you went to *Playboy*, would you expect Hugh Hefner to open the door?

OUI: What kind of man do you think reads *Playboy*—or OUI?

LEBOWITZ: I think a lot of girls read those magazines. If I were to buy *Playboy*, I'd buy it to read the life of the Playmate of the Month. I love it when the girl is "majoring in classics." That to me is the best part.

OUI: Do you get into kinky sex, like orgies, S/M, other women, B&D, golden showers?

LEBOWITZ: I never talk about my personal life. But I can say no, I'm not that colorful a character.

OUI: Have you ever been to an orgy?

LEBOWITZ: I'm not that gregarious. There aren't many people I even like that well. I think all that stuff is corny. I've been exposed to orgies; I was around a lot of it. If I had been thirty when that started happening, it might have been more intriguing; but as a teenager, orgies didn't seem any more interesting than anything else. If you're going to ask me a lot of specific questions, I'm not going to answer, because I'm not going to talk about sex. I'll only talk about it abstractly.

OUI: Does your sense of humor spoil sex or enhance it?

LEBOWITZ: I would say it spoils it. I think a sense of humor spoils everything. It's hard to take anything seriously if everything seems funny.

OUI: What are some of the funniest things that have happened to you involving sex?

LEBOWITZ: I can't think of any. I don't think I have that interesting a sex life.

OUI: What about your first sexual encounter?

LEBOWITZ: Fortunately, I don't remember my first anything. I did go to my junior prom in high school. I hated it; I only went because my mother wanted me to go. My mother loved high school. Everything I hated about high school, she just loved. She was made for high school, but I wasn't. The prom was tacky, you know? It was in the gym. I wasn't one of those people who thought the crepe paper was going to make it look like Maxim's; I *knew* it would look like a gym. And I didn't want to go to the gym an extra time unnecessarily.

OUI: Last week a friend of mine was walking his dog outside his apartment building on Christopher Street and witnessed one fellow administering a golden shower to another.

LEBOWITZ: I not only don't want to see people do it; I don't want to read about it and I don't want to hear people tell me about it. I hate books about sex. I hate novels where people tell their secret fantasies—*Fear of Flying*, those kinds of books. People should be more repressed. That's what being civilized means.

Sex is the least interesting thing about someone. There are not that many ways that people can perceive sex or have sex. I think it's much more interesting what someone's wearing or what kind of furniture they have. That is more revealing of their character, because people get a lot of their sexual fantasies from other people's sexual fantasies. Through books or movies—it's all a common pool of fantasy.

OUI: Then where do all these people who read sex magazines go wrong?

LEBOWITZ: I guess they're just more interested in it than I am. It's their hobby. I don't have any hobbies.

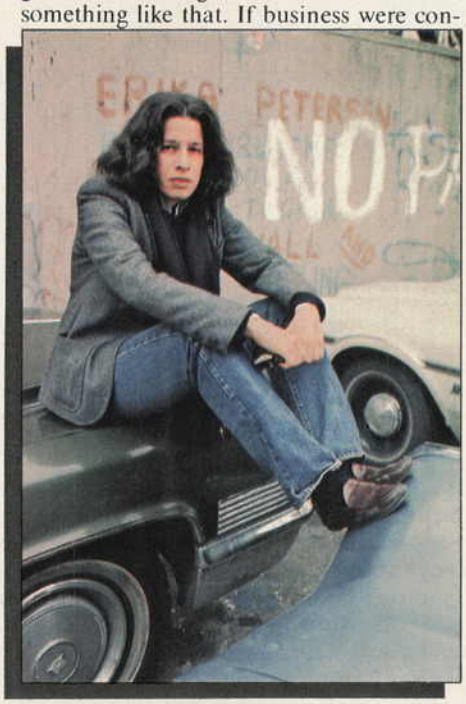
OUI: What do you think of Forty-second Street, the Times Square area?

LEBOWITZ: I can't imagine a less sexy environment, but I think it's good. I'm against the efforts to clean it up. I'd much rather see a massage parlor on Forty-second Street than another goddamned theater; I'd much rather see pimps than more actors. The mayor always wants to have a cultural committee and put in concerts. It's better to see hookers—they belong there. Everybody who wants to go there and do that stuff can go there and do it. Then you can walk up Madison Avenue without worrying that you're going to see some ugly cars or something.

OUI: Ever been into any shops like the Pleasure Chest?

LEBOWITZ: Yeah, I've been there. It's boutique sex. Sex where you need extra accouterments seems like the ultimate consumerism to me. I don't know how people can do that stuff without laughing.

S/M is so literal; it's a much too literal translation of sexual feelings. It's funny that people call it "kinky" sex. You have only to be at a business meeting to see how prevalent S/M is. People are less obvious in business; so it's in fact more enjoyable to go into movie negotiations than it is to do something like that. If business were conducted on such an obvious level as sex seems to be conducted, you would go in and the producer would have a whip, and the writer would have a gag in his mouth.



"After I didn't finish high school, I decided I wouldn't finish college, too."

OUI: Have you been to any S/M bars?

LEBOWITZ: I've been to most of the faggot S/M bars in town.

OUI: Do you find them funny?

LEBOWITZ: Nope, they just seem very se-

rious. Seen one, seen them all. Girls really aren't allowed into them. Because of my notoriety at *Interview*, I am sometimes let in as an exception. But they're so serious; you can't imagine a more serious place. Some of them are actually dangerous. Physically. You could get hurt; people do. It's too serious for me.

OUI: Your "Notes on Trick"—*trick* being, by your definition, "the object of one's affections . . . often, but not always a homosexual"—got a lot of response both as an article and as a selection in *Metropolitan Life*.

LEBOWITZ: It got scattered response. Most mass publications completely ignored it. The subject matter is outside the experience of most people; so it has probably been helpful for the sales of the book that "Notes on Trick" hasn't gotten that much attention. But in certain places it did get intense attention. In San Francisco it was all they talked about. In five days there I had a hundred reporters and a hundred people ask me about it. But in Minneapolis no one mentioned it.

OUI: What was it like to be a cover girl for *Christopher Street* magazine when it published "Notes on Trick"?

LEBOWITZ: It was nice . . . no one else asked me. It's not as good as being on the cover of *Vogue*. I'm sure that before the book came out I was already best known to a homosexual audience; so it didn't get me that much more recognition, but I liked being on the cover.

OUI: Do you like having your picture taken?

LEBOWITZ: No. I like having had it taken. I like seeing my picture, I like the publicity, but I don't like actually having my picture taken.

I did a picture with Marco Glaviano a long time ago for English *Vogue*. I was in his studio getting my picture taken, and a well-known model came in for the next shooting. She walked in and she looked at me and saw this five-foot-four-inch, not-a-raving-beauty-of-a-girl being photographed, and her whole face fell. I said to the art director, "She thinks that from the time that she went to sleep to the time that she woke up, everything changed. She's going to be out of a job because she's six-foot-two, blonde and has enormous cheekbones." She thinks, "This is the new fashion: short girls!" After I was finished, I walked over to her and said, "Need a few tips?"

OUI: Do you go in for highly plotted revenge—making the killing comment after waiting ten years for the perfect opportunity?

LEBOWITZ: I don't think you have to wait ten years. I believe in instant revenge. Sarcasm is great revenge, which I will take advantage of when forced to. I always believe it's better to say something behind someone's back, because that way they'll hear it from fifteen or twenty people. See, if you say it to their faces, then they'll only hear it once.

It's always better to say something behind someone's back, because that way they'll hear it from fifteen or twenty people."

OUI: You said that you like models, in general.

LEBOWITZ: I love models because I love narcissism. I like the ones who take modeling seriously. There's a models' syndrome in New York: Models have to prove to you immediately that they're not dumb. I like the dumb ones. I don't like the kind of model who walks around carrying *Gravity's Rainbow* to impress you that she reads.

OUI: When one of the selections in *Metropolitan Life*, "Plants: The Roots of All Evil," first appeared in *Mademoiselle*, the editors received quite a few letters of outrage. Why do you suppose houseplants are so important to *Mademoiselle* readers?

LEBOWITZ: Houseplants are like animals or something: People love their plants. Now, regular people have all the terrible attitudes of hippies. All the hippies grew up, but they kept their same hippie attitudes. They might be lawyers and have suburban houses or whatever, but they're still hippies. So they still love living things and they hate you for not loving them. I guess people think plants are like pets—or children. If their plants are healthy, they think they're good plant parents. I think plants breathe up all your air.

Mademoiselle readers are, you know, very square. I got a lot of hate mail when I was there. The one they hated me most for was that music article. It's in my book; it's called "The Sound of Music: Enough Already." That caused a deluge—I practically couldn't live during the period when I was getting that mail. Every day, to wake up and go down and get your mail and find just tons of hate mail—it's discouraging. *Mademoiselle*'s readers are mostly college students; to college students, music is like their religion. If you say you don't like their music, it's like saying you don't like God or something. They think they are their music.

OUI: How did you make contact with the people at Dutton, who first published *Metropolitan Life*?

LEBOWITZ: An editor read my column in *Interview*. She had a cold or something, so they brought her a lot of magazines, and she read my column and liked it. Then, coincidentally, someone over her said, "You haven't acquired anything in a long time; you should start acquiring." She was casting about in her mind for someone to acquire. So she called me up and said, "Do you have any ideas for a book?" I said, "No." She said, "Do you want to come over here and discuss not having any ideas for a book?" I said, "OK." The first time I went over, she wasn't there; she forgot I was coming. Finally, we agreed on a book, and three years later . . .

OUI: Of all the reviews and comments I've read, the most critical was by R.Z. Sheppard of *Time* magazine. Sheppard writes, "In the end, *Metropolitan Life* seems like one long game show—*What's-My-One-Liner?* It is a foppish wit that is conscious

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

FRAN LEBOWITZ I don't like Marlon Brando; I don't like that type. He's responsible for having created eleven million horrible actors who imitate him.

of taste, class and sexual predilections, but Lebowitz herself remains an elusive target."

LEBOWITZ: The only valid criticism of my book, I think, would be to say it's not funny. It is not a valid literary criticism to say that I don't divulge things about myself in the book. Why should I? It's not an autobiography. It's true that I don't. I can see why people might be interested, but I don't see why I have to satisfy that interest.

OUI: To what do you attribute the book's immediate success?

LEBOWITZ: John Leonard. I know, because about a week before the John Leonard review came out in the *New York Times*, I was skulking around in bookstores. There had been no advance sale. No one had my book. It was the worst period in my life. I was so depressed. I actually stood in front of Doubleday's and tried to talk somebody into buying my book. I just wanted *one* person to buy my book.

Then John Leonard's review came out and everything changed. I met him later at John Irving's [*The World According to Garp*] party. I didn't know what to say to him. I said, "I don't know what to say to you. Thank you for a nice life?" And he was so gracious. He said, "Thank you—that was the easiest book I've ever reviewed."

I think I was lucky. I was lucky John Leonard liked my book, and I was lucky there was no newspaper strike, and I was lucky there were two *Times* reviews in one week. That wasn't anything but random luck.

OUI: Promoting the new paperback of *Metropolitan Life* must involve a lot of traveling.

LEBOWITZ: Yes. I acquired all my distaste for flying on my first book tour. Before that, I hadn't flown much because I didn't have any money. The tour started during vacation season. There were constantly eleven million children—all of whom seemed to be smoking cigars in the plane. Not one plane left on time. One even left early. I got to the plane on time, and it had already left. I asked why. The airline said, "Because we could." It was O'Hare. If there's a chance to leave O'Hare, they leave whether it's time or not.

I wrote a piece called "Travel Tips" for my next book [which will be called *Social Studies*]. I thought I should just send the tips out to the airlines—suggest to them that it's overly specific to have airplanes leave at times like nine twenty-three. I thought they should modify their departure schedules. They'd create less frustration if they said, "We'll leave around nine." You'd call up and say, "What time does flight three-oh-one leave?" They'd say, "Nine-ish . . . oh, nine or nine-thirty . . . while it's still dark."

I also think there should be a class above first class. There would be a first first class, which would allow no teenagers or Hasidic Jews. They sometimes seat the people who are standing by in first class. On one recent flight back from Los Angeles, it was like a Mexican bus. Everything but live chickens. What's the point of getting this expensive ticket if you have to sit next to somebody who's drinking from a brown paper bag?

OUI: Do you enjoy flying otherwise?

LEBOWITZ: Yes. I like very much the sensation of flying. I'm not scared at all. I don't think it would be such a bad way to die. Fast.

OUI: In one interview you say people ought to be honest about how they achieve their success. To say, for example, "Do you know how many cocktail parties I had to go to in order to get this successful? Four hundred. I had to eat dinner with three thousand bores."

LEBOWITZ: Most people who are very successful are very successful for reasons other than their actual work. You don't get to be Halston unless you know lots of rich ladies and get them to wear your clothes. You could be a genius dress designer, but unless you're very sociable, there's no way you'll achieve visible success. It's very true for painters as well: Only rich people can buy paintings. It is less true for writers. More people have eight dollars to buy a book than have eighty thousand to buy a painting.

Truman Capote is a very good example of a social climber. People would be wrong to think that having very wealthy people as friends was what caused his success. That is a result of his success. As a result of his success, he got to know very rich people.

OUI: And began to write less.

LEBOWITZ: And *worse*. People who live in other cities think that there is some sort of New York literary "Mafia." I think this is untrue. I don't know any "literati." I've met some since my book was successful. I think that's how writers get to know each other—afterward.

OUI: Do the casual comparisons between you—a young writer—and Dorothy Parker make you at all anxious? About an interviewer's level of seriousness, perhaps?

LEBOWITZ: I am very flattered when people make the comparison. But it is inaccurate. I'm knowledgeable about Dorothy Parker's writing, not her legend. We just don't have one thing in common. She wrote book reviews and stories, never essays. It's understandable, though, because people think, "Oh, funny girl." And they match me to Dorothy Parker because she's the only one anyone remembers.

OUI: When you sold the paperback rights to *Metropolitan Life* for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, what was the first major purchase you made?

LEBOWITZ: I bought two brown-leather suitcases—from Brooks Brothers.

OUI: Have you moved to a new apartment?

LEBOWITZ: I've been looking for an apartment for about six months. The apartment I live in now, on West Fourth Street, is literally nine feet by twelve feet. I hate it. Originally I wanted to move to lower Fifth Avenue. Number forty Fifth Avenue. So I'm waiting for someone to die in a two-bedroom apartment. Someone actually did die, but in a one bedroom.

Then I thought, "Well, there are no apartments in the Village; so what about the Osborne?" The real-estate agent for the Osborne looks like David Rockefeller's wife, and you feel you're not dressed well enough to even look at the apartment. She showed me a two-bedroom apartment, but the kitchen was upstairs. A tiny kitchen. So I said, "You know, there's no place to eat in this apartment." And she said, "A lot of people use the second bedroom as a dining room." I said, "I need the second bedroom for writing; that's why I need two bedrooms." She said, "Well, the master bedroom's very large. . . ." And I said, "You know, I already eat on my bed. For one hundred and twenty-one dollars a month, I eat on the bed. For one hundred sixty-five *thousand* dollars and seven hundred and fifty dollars a month maintenance, I don't want to eat on the bed. Call me crazy, but that's the kind of person I am."

OUI: You once wrote an ad for your book, didn't you?

LEBOWITZ: I made an ad for *Interview*—a full-page ad. A friend of mine is the art director, and we took that big picture of me from the jacket of the book [the picture is of Lebowitz positioned under the word *author* carved in stone] and put under it, "You've seen the picture, now buy the book." I wanted to make all my own ads, but my publisher wouldn't let me. I always thought that if the writing thing didn't work out, I'd become an advertising copywriter. I still might have to. Who knows? I love commercials. I'm dying to endorse a product, but no one has asked me to. I'd endorse anything.

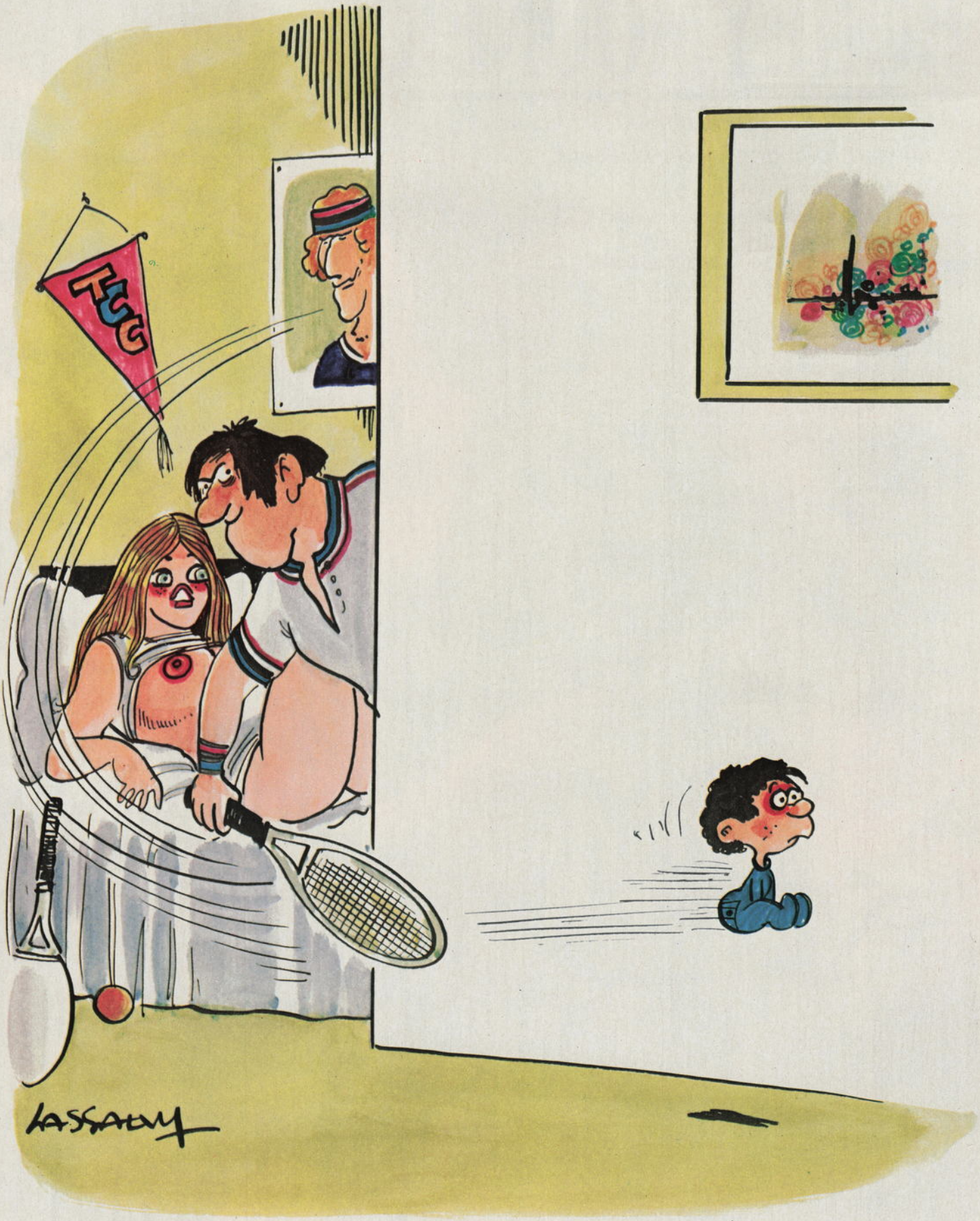
OUI: A feminine-hygiene product?

LEBOWITZ: No, no. I don't want to step on Judith Crist's toes.

OUI: American Express?

LEBOWITZ: No, because I wouldn't want to say [holding an imaginary American Express card to an imaginary camera], 'You don't know me, but . . .' I'm too arrogant for that. How can people say that? 'I bet you don't know me.' But I'd like to advertise floor polish or cigarettes. I'd like to do a Blackglama ad!

(Continued on page 123)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THE HONEYMOONERS

Does a man have the right to rape his wife? Thanks to John and Greta Rideout, nobody will ever know.

ARTICLE BY MARK CHRISTENSEN

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT RODRIGUEZ

Doubtless, neophyte feminist and full-time fry cook John Rideout still hasn't figured out exactly what happened to him. Oh, sure, his lovemaking style was a little wild. And, yeah, he must have known that his lovely blonde wife was much aflutter with kinky sex fantasies, lesbian and otherwise. And not even poor John would have argued that they were living in bliss.

But why, in God's name, would his Greta turn on him like that? Have him arrested and make him the first man in the history of the United States to be charged with the crime of raping his own wife?

Well, John, sad to say, you are bound to be but the first of many. Nearly a half-dozen states, including Oregon, Iowa, Delaware and New Jersey, have enacted laws that make it a crime—punishable by up to 20 years in prison—to force your wife to have sex with you, if she does not feel so inclined.

And the crime ain't assault, unlawful coercion or anything so airy-fairy as that. No, it's just good old-fashioned rape, pure and simple.

So, understand: If you're the kind of guy who gets off on making love to the little lady whether she wants to or not, be advised. Your dance card may be all punched

John: "You're my wife, you do what I want."

out—especially if slapping her around a little bit is part of your foreplay. Thanks, in part, to the Rideouts.

•

John and Greta: as strange a couple as ever graced the suburban confines of Salem, Oregon. The state's capital and once named "The All-American City" by *Look* magazine, Salem is squeaky-clean Beaver Cleaver land, where a man's tract home is his castle, and where common sense, if not common law, declares that a man's legal mate has what have been known throughout history as her "wifely duties."

We can assume that this is exactly what hot-blooded, 21-year-old John was counting on when he awoke from a snooze on his living-room floor last October tenth and wanted to make it with his wife. This following a shift over a skillet at the local Sambo's pancake emporium, where he was then employed as a cook.

Now, John was an earnest, honest, passionate and naive young man—a bad combination. Yet, despite the fact that Greta would later state that when they were first married "he would go days without taking a bath. He never brushed his teeth," John was also handsome and a charmer, a gangly Mark Spitz type with a reputation as a ladies' man.

Evidently, he was also good and pissed off at slender, yellow-haired, ski-ad-pretty Greta. They'd been fighting for days. Life had sucked of late. Though John had been clawing his way up the corporate ladder at Sambo's (he was about to be promoted from fry cook to assistant manager), he and Greta didn't even have the money for a bed. Whoever got home first took the couch. To the other went the floor. Their two cars were blowing up or breaking down left and right and, just the day before, Greta claimed that after an argument John had fixed her auto so it wouldn't run anymore. John, on the other hand, was mad as hell about their love life. Greta, it seemed, wasn't putting out for shit. So when he aroused from slumberland, requested sex and got no dice from his willowy beloved, he decided to settle things once and for all.

In court ten weeks later, to the delight of newspeople from *Time*, *Newsweek*, ABC, NBC, CBS and some wire services, Greta—demure in pressed blouse and skirt—told a hairy tale. Aware that she was breaking ground for the nation, she stated later that her decision to charge hubby with rape "put her through hell," but that she was only seeking "justice."

According to Greta, after she refused him her favors, John had decreed, "I have my priorities all planned out. . . . You are my wife and should do what I want." Greta stated that she fled the apartment twice and that John grabbed her and announced, "You've really done it now, lady. Do you want me to beat you and rape you right here in the park?"

She testified, "I told him, 'If you touch me, your ass is grass.' " At which time, Greta claimed, he grabbed her by the arm and "escorted" her back to their manse, called her names, swore, threw her on the floor, smacked her on the face and pulled down her pants. Somewhat upset, she testified that she inquired, "Why are you hitting me?" To which John (allegedly) replied, "Because I can't stand you." To which she (allegedly) wondered aloud, "So why don't you leave me alone?" "Because," John (allegedly) insisted, "I love you." *Casablanca* material.

Then she claimed that John, by now in a superromantic mood, requested her to put her arms around him. When he was refused, Greta revealed, "He threatened to smash my face again. I feared for my life!"

Anyway, Greta said that John's next move was to put his

Greta: "If you touch me, your ass is grass."

hands around her throat and try to strangle her. At this point, she decided it would be wise to "submit. . . . I thought I'd have a broken jaw if I were hit anymore."

According to Greta, John then dropped his drawers and—with their two-year-old child as witness, screaming, "*Mommy*! *Mommy*!" in the background—thrust his throbbing colossus dead center into her luscious, tight little . . .

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In the wake of her testimony, the town of Salem went nuts. The trial was bringing the community national recognition. And, while the story never emerged in more than bits and snippets, it seemed that everyone from Walter Cronkite to Gloria Steinem had something to say about it. One local tavern sponsored a "Win a Date with Greta Rideout Night"; anonymous suitors were leaving flowers at her now-vacant apartment door; and graffiti in Salem's public johns made her out to be little less than a down-home, supreme-bitch goddess. (GORGEOUS GRETA, FUCK ME! I DIG JAIL, LOVE AND LAWYERS!)

In court, the judge had his hands full. Network newspeople shouldering a plethora of cameras, mikes, recording equipment and Portapacks fought physically for access to the rather frightened John Rideout.

His attorney, Charlie Burt, was heaved out of an elevator by one crew. "I would've busted my ass," Burt remembers, "if a deputy sheriff hadn't caught me on my way down."

Janet Evenson, a writer for the *Oregon Statesman*, interviewed the defendant. "It was incredible. He was beyond embarrassment; he was an instant celebrity considered more naïve kid than potential rapist. The kid was really overwhelmed."

Meanwhile, feminists were hailing Greta Rideout as the dewy-eyed heroine of the movement, a living symbol of womankind's ageless struggle against domination, vilification, humiliation and degradation by men. This was not, various women's groups made abundantly clear, an isolated case. As Merri Souther, attractive lobbyist for the group that put the "wife rape" law on the Oregon books, claimed on the nationally televised *Phil Donahue Show*, "There are approximately four hundred thousand cases of a husband raping his wife every year in this country." These aren't, she maintained, just beer-swilling, drug-taking lowlifes, but all sorts of men "considered normal in every other way."

This thesis made a lot of observing attorneys nervous, however. If these hundreds of thousands of men were "normal" in every other way, how was the law to tell the closet sociopaths from the Dagwood Bumsteads?

What was to stop a wife intent on revenge, blackmail or simply a primo divorce settlement from threatening to prosecute her husband for rape on the strength of her word alone? That's about all it would seem to take. Your loving spouse catches you with another woman . . . gets mad at you because of the way you play tennis . . . wants an easy way out of your marriage so she can run off to Adak Island with the furnace man. . . . Or what if she's just plain *mean*? Friend, under this new law you could find yourself in a world of shit because, all else being equal, it's gonna boil down to your word against hers.

And it was all going to become a splendid reality so much the quicker, if good old John Rideout didn't come up with a pretty handy explanation for his activities that balmy October afternoon. Fast. For not only had Greta testified that John had raped her, but also, in the wake of their romp, she said he took her in the bathroom to survey her wounds and promised, "If you go to the police with this, I'll lie and say your boyfriend did it. If you run away, I'll track you down. And if you don't come home, I'll find

THE HONEYMOONERS John missed some opportunities to keep his mouth shut. First, he admitted he'd smacked Greta on her pretty chops a few times.

you, and that'll be the end of you."

To make matters thoroughly worse, John was being prosecuted by Gary Gortmaker, the county's chief district attorney. In the courtroom, Gortmaker is a man possessed. "He *lives* to win," states a fellow lawyer.

A dramatic, canny man in front of the jury, Gortmaker is a superb attorney—and with the world watching, he was taking few chances on this one. Stating that John had, in fact, "beat Greta's face in," Gortmaker produced witnesses to attest to Ms. Rideout's injuries (in boffo clinicalese, a Salem nursing student revealed, her "left eyeball was red, infiltrated with blood"), and one guy, a fellow tenant in their apartment building, stated their fight was so violent it "made the apartment shake."

Deftly, the district attorney painted Greta as the complete victim. Witnesses testified solidly in her behalf. Among them, pretty, 20-year-old Jenny Sue Reich, a Rideout neighbor. She stated that Greta was "honest, a good mother, a good friend." Was she ever. But we'll get to that in a minute.

Then the cops got into the act. Questioned by the police following his apprehension, John missed several priceless opportunities to keep his mouth shut. For starters, he admitted that he'd smacked Greta on her pretty chops a couple of times because, in his words, "She deserved it." Then he allowed that whatever she said about the incident was probably true. In fact, John just about talked himself into a conviction for first-degree assault right there on the spot.

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But the capper came in the form of Dr. Lewis Sayres, who had examined Greta right after the incident and stated conclusively that this was "a forced episode of intercourse."

His testimony was practically unshakeable and, clearly, John's narrow ass was in a crack. He was getting it from all sides. Since their fight and John's arrest, Greta had been holed up in the home of a counselor at the Salem Women's Crisis Center. While John was cooling his heels in the county jail, Greta took possession of both the family cars and all of John's clothes. Then she sold one of the cars, their station wagon, to her counselor friend.

Her consciousness now raised considerably, high school dropout Greta was making comments publicly and privately that would make Bella Abzug look like Lynda Robb. Even Gary Gortmaker, perhaps sniffing an easy win, admitted he was being pressured by "groups who want to see Rideout go [to prison] for twenty years to be an example to all men."

This did not, however, stop him from arguing to the jury that "this is not the first Rideout case; it is the first in the courtroom. Usually, they end in one of two ways: suicide or homicide."

Sticky business, indeed.

But John wasn't cooked yet. At least, not quite—thanks to Charles "Charlie" Burt, one of John's two attorneys, Gortmaker's lifetime professional nemesis and one of the best defense attorneys in the Northwestern United States.

Bent double by polio at the age of 16, Burt spent the better part of the next four years stretched out on a rack. The disease left him a hunchback. Fifty years old and a little over five feet tall stretched out, Charlie Burt is president of the Oregon Trial Lawyers Association. He's a man ranked with the likes of Leon Jaworski when it comes to dealing with juries, and he has made a career out of winning hopeless cases.

Gortmaker and Burt have been at each other's throats in court for nearly 20 years. Now, in what the Salem press termed a "classic Perry Mason–Hamilton Burger confrontation," Charlie Burt was going to get a chance to do the impossible again.

To him the issue was simple. "No man has the right to force any woman to do anything she doesn't want to. But the current laws for assault already cover that. This wife-rape thing has far too many 'she loves me, she loves me not' aspects to it. One minute a guy's wife may want to, the next minute she doesn't. They disagree. So the guy gets charged with *rape*? This isn't like he's grabbing some lady off the street; this is a woman he may have made love to hundreds of times before. The implications are frightening."

As cool and incisive as the D.A. was hot and dramatic, Burt's first move was typical. He upped the ante, insisting that the jury not have the option to let John Rideout cop to the lesser offense of assault. So, John was either going to be a free man or he was going to be living off mashed potatoes and fish sticks in the state penitentiary for the next six to eight years.

Then in a risky move—in light of the defendant's previous blathering to the police—defense attorney Burt put John on the witness stand, where, given his chance, he spun an entirely different version of the afternoon's events. Edgy, his mustache trimmed and his dark coif neatly bouffant, John claimed that essentially he and Greta had simply "kissed and made up" after a fight in which she had slapped him a couple of times and kneed him in the groin.

Then he brought out the dirty laundry. Greta, it seems, was a tart. Faithless. He claimed that she had once split from him and got so lovey-dovey with some guy in Minnesota that an abortion was necessary to dampen their ardor. John claimed that Greta had once confessed to him that she had balled his half-brother—*after* she and John were married.

The half-brother in question was one Jack Hinkle, a black-belt karate expert and a guard at the Oregon State Penitentiary. Encouraged on the witness stand to elaborate, Greta at different times maintained that, actually, Hinkle had raped her and/or that she had balled him voluntarily, but "[Jack Hinkle] threatened me and told me to retract my story. He said he would give me two weeks to get out of the state. So I told John it was a lie."

Hinkle, called to the stand by Burt, opined that Greta was full of shit. Needless to say, Greta was becoming a more entertaining witness by the minute.

Then John revealed that Greta entertained an entire circus of lesbian fantasies, that she really wanted to make it with a woman. And, in fact, that her chief character witness, the winsome Jenny Sue Reich, was the object of Greta's steamy affection. To be entwined in Jenny Sue's pale, slender arms and thighs, to run her fingers through Jenny Sue's long, blonde hair. God only knows what images the jury was conjuring at this point.

Greta's rejoinder was unique. She admitted to the jury that she had fantasized about "doing it" with John's half-brother but had chickened out, and that she had "confessed" to John about the lesbian business as a ploy to see if he was gay.

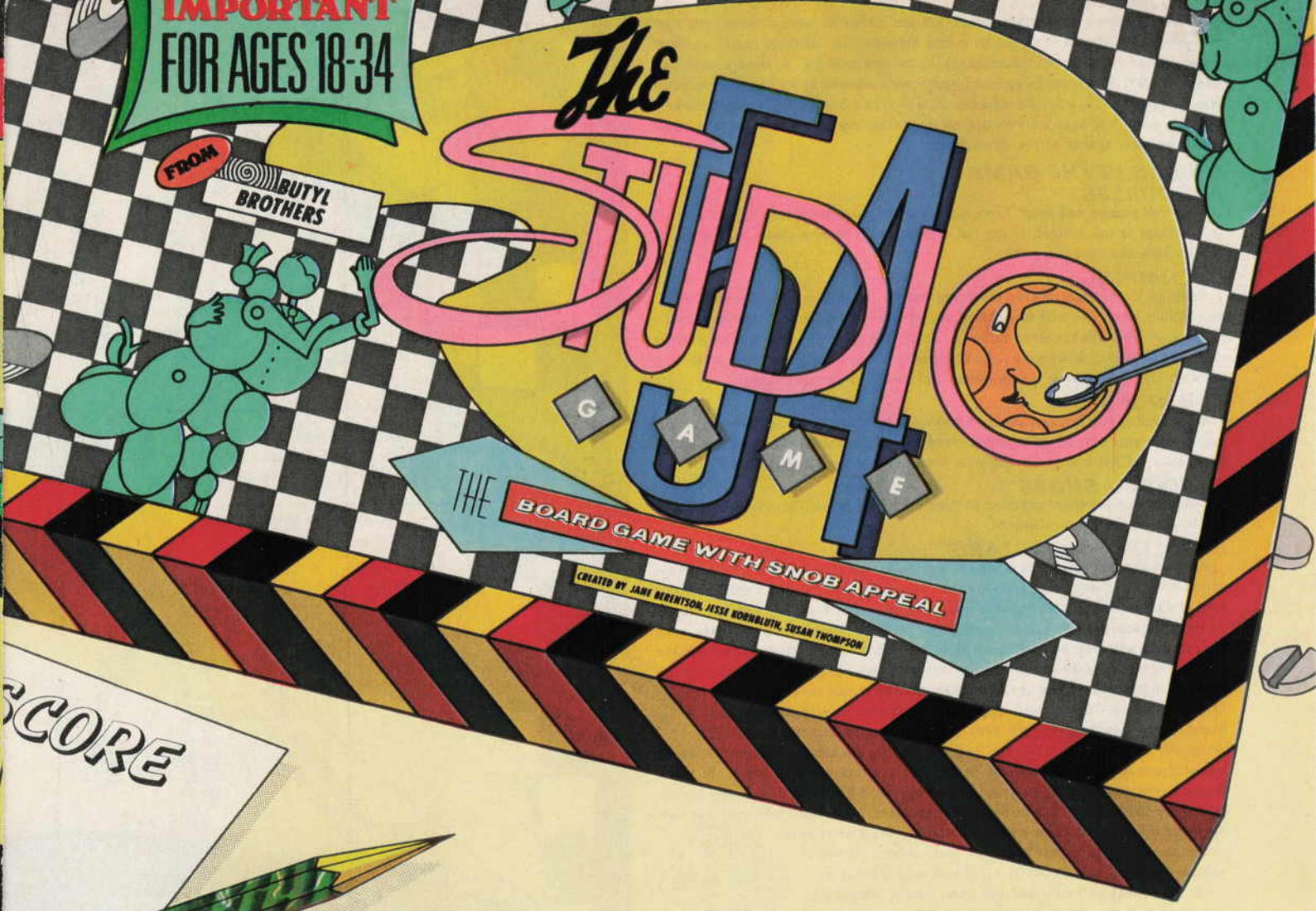
Ingenious.

The upshot of all this was that Greta began to appear as a wily nightmarish figure of cock-tease sex. One friend of John's remembers, "Rape? A lot of other guys would have blown her away. She taunted him all the time with her stories. He didn't know if she was sucking off the Fuller Brush guy, gang-banging the local police force, going down on the cocktail waitress down the street or, worst of all, humping his own half-brother." Remarked another, "What made it especially bad is that while John talked a big game, he probably hadn't ever been in any girl's panties but Greta's. It was the classic male insecurity trip. It's a wonder he didn't go crazy."

By at least one account, he nearly did. Linda Morgan, the Rideout's former next-door neighbor, recalls, "Before the 'rape,' they had fights that were incredible. I could hear him crying through the walls, 'Greta, I love you, I love you!' And she'd just say, 'Well, I don't love you.' " Another neighbor, Doug Lowe, remembers primal

(Continued on page 128)

Christensen, senior writer at controversial Oregon *magazine, got married during the writing of this piece.*



Sure, celebrities love Studio 54. You'd love it too, if you spent your time flitting from openings to screenings to dinner parties and then to the disco. But you probably don't. And in that case, you're in for trouble if your goal is to shake your booty at Studio 54. Because Steve Rubell has concocted an admissions policy designed to keep your kind out.

Oh, you could dress to the nines and drive up in a limo, but do you really think that would help? And you could call ahead to let them know you're coming, but don't you think they've seen that scam? Face it: If you're not already a strong swimmer in today's sea of celebrities, you don't have much of a chance.

Correction: You *didn't* have much of a chance. Now, with the help of 54, you do. It's like anything else. You want to be good at getting into the most exclusive disco? Well, you gotta practice. And later, when you're proficient, you may just happen to find yourself on 54th Street at 2 A.M. And as you step up to the front door of the disco that has, at various times, refused entrance to Prince Charles, John-John Kennedy, Chris Chambliss, and several people who recently tried to shoot their way in, you'll know what to expect.

THE OBJECT OF "54." The point of 54 is to be the first player to get inside the fabled disco.

This is a two-part process. First you have to fight your way to the disco's portals (see "Entrance"), assembling the required number of "stars." And then, just when you're ready to strut inside and win, you have to face Steve Rubell's fearsome whimsy. It is, therefore, entirely possible that a player will dash across the board, collect every star in sight and still be slammed back to the start.

How very unfair. Or, as we like to say, how very 54.

Still game? Then collect a pair of dice, paper and pencil, two markers per player and all the courage you've got. And please, give yourself the *time* to play; 54 may be easier than the real thing, but even here, you ain't gettin' in so fast . . .

THE PLAYERS. Each player has two markers—dancing partners, if you will. (We suggest doll-sized spikes for the ladies and loafers for the gents, or coins of different denominations.) Your markers start together and must win together; but, as in real life, what happens along the way is up to the individual.

THE DICE. Your markers advance each time you roll the dice. You may advance a single marker as many spaces as the sum of the dice indicates, or you may divide your moves between them. If you roll a 6 and a 2, for example, you may move one marker 8 spaces, or one marker 6 spaces and the other 2. You cannot roll the dice and decide not to move, even if you are at the entrance itself. Now let's play. ⟶

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM HEIMANN

TO START

There are 54 spaces on the game board, but you'll start on none of them—you must earn the right to play. You do this by rolling the dice. The following combinations of numbers allow you to get on the board. 1) If your dice total 5 or 4, place a marker on space one. 2) If one die comes up 5 or 4, place one marker on space one and advance it as many spaces as the other die indicates. 3) If you roll a 5 and a 4, place both markers on space one. Until both markers are on the board, you continue to move a single marker as many spaces as the dice indicate.

QUIRKS IN THE GAME

A. DOUBLES

If you roll doubles, roll again. There is no limit to the number of turns you may take if you continue to roll doubles. If you roll doubles and land on a space that gives you another turn, you take two turns.

B. BUMPING

Bumping is the most hostile thing you can do to another player. You "bump" successfully when you land on a space already occupied by one of your opponent's markers. His/her marker must return to "Start" and win entry to the board all over again. If that marker, however, was on a star when bumped, the player does get to keep the star. The first space is a safe space. You cannot be bumped from it.

C. BLOCKING

When both of your markers occupy a single space, no markers can bump you and no markers can pass you. If your opponent cannot move successfully to a space behind you by splitting his/her moves, he/she must simply remain in place that turn.

D. "DISCO SHOES"

Spaces with disco shoes sketched on them are safety zones. There is no bumping or blocking: Here, all markers coexist.

E. COLLECTING "STARS"

As you make your pilgrimage to the disco entrance, you have the chance to acquire—and lose—stars. These stars are more than ornaments. Your markers must collect a total of six stars before you confront Steve Rubell at the entrance. It is smart to acquire as many stars as possible and not try to slip in with the minimum. As you'll see, once you reach the entrance, an unlucky roll of the dice can cost you a star—and several bad rolls in a row can reduce you to less than the minimum. Should you be reduced to five stars in this process, one of your markers must go around the course again. It must be placed at "Start" and once again must earn its way onto the game board. When this happens, you keep the stars you've already earned. It's altogether possible that you'll find yourself nearing the entrance before you've collected enough stars; even if you have, you may fear you need more. In this instance, you may pass the entrance—counting it as a space—and take your marker around the course again. You do not have to return to "Start" and earn your way onto the board if you decide to go around voluntarily. You'll go to space one or as many spaces past it as your dice indicate. If two of your markers land on the same star or if your marker lands on a star you have already collected, you count it twice. Should you lose the star later, you lose only one, not the entire collection. Naturally, you cannot lose stars you don't have.

The only stars Steve can't take away at the entrance are "Insurance," "Casablanca Records," "Gucci Monthly," "Franchise," "Ferrari," "Jackie O.," "Miz Lillian," "Halston" and "Long Island." On the other hand, your opponents may be able to snatch a few stars—see #2 and #12 on the "Random Access List."

F. THE TOP OF THE 4

You have a choice when you reach Trenton at the top of the 4. You can turn right at this point, try for three more stars and then zip down the stretch, or you can go for speed and two stars, saving yourself two spaces as you race down the 4's vertical shaft toward the entrance.

G. PREPARING TO ENTER 54

You must bring your markers to the entrance by rolling either the exact number of spaces needed or by rolling a combination that you can split to gain the exact number of spaces needed. For example: If your markers are 3 and 2 spaces away, and you roll a 3 and a 5, you may move the marker that's 3 away to the entrance. The marker that would have to move 5 may go around the board again or, if you prefer, take the consequences of the 5 on the "Random Access List" and remain in space near the entrance. But your marker must move—even if it means another tour of the board!

H. WHEN ONE MARKER IS AT THE ENTRANCE

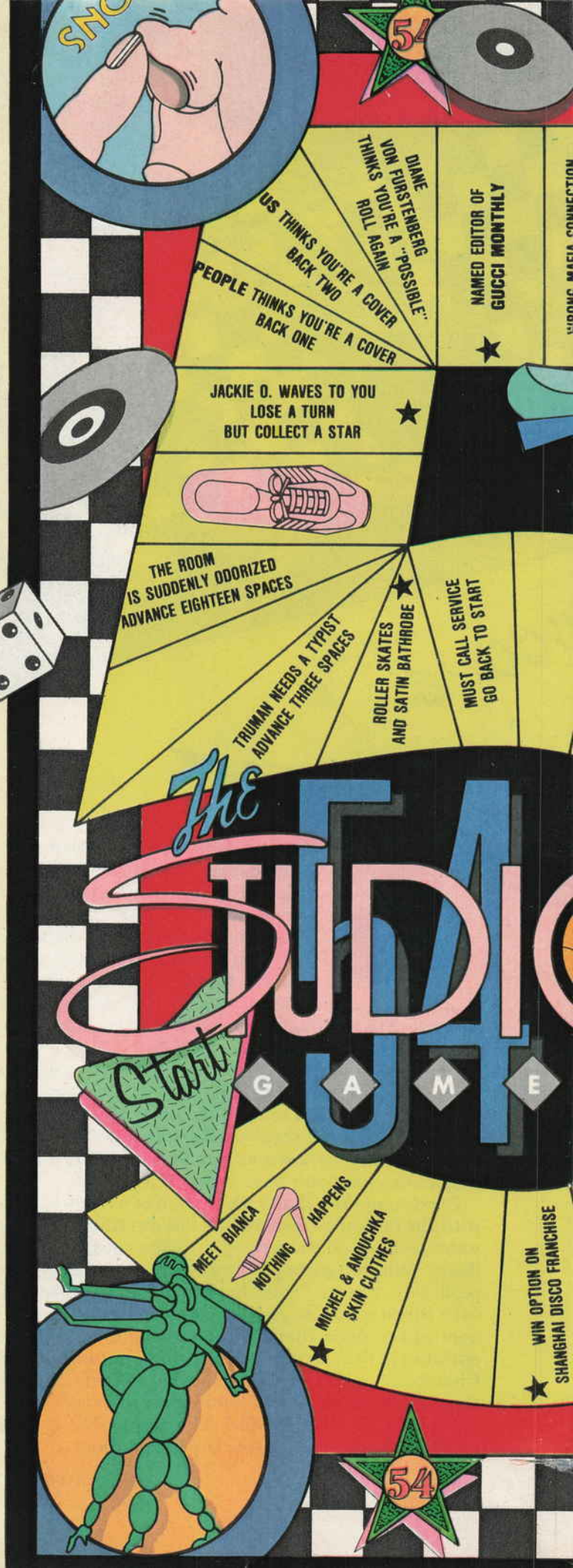
One marker may reach the entrance well ahead of the other. That's both good and bad. It's good because you have one marker that cannot be bumped, and you are therefore that much closer to winning. It's bad because that marker must confront Steve alone. You have a choice here: You may move the marker on the board as many spaces as the combination indicates, or you may move one marker as many spaces forward as one die indicates and take the consequences of the other die on the "Random Access List."

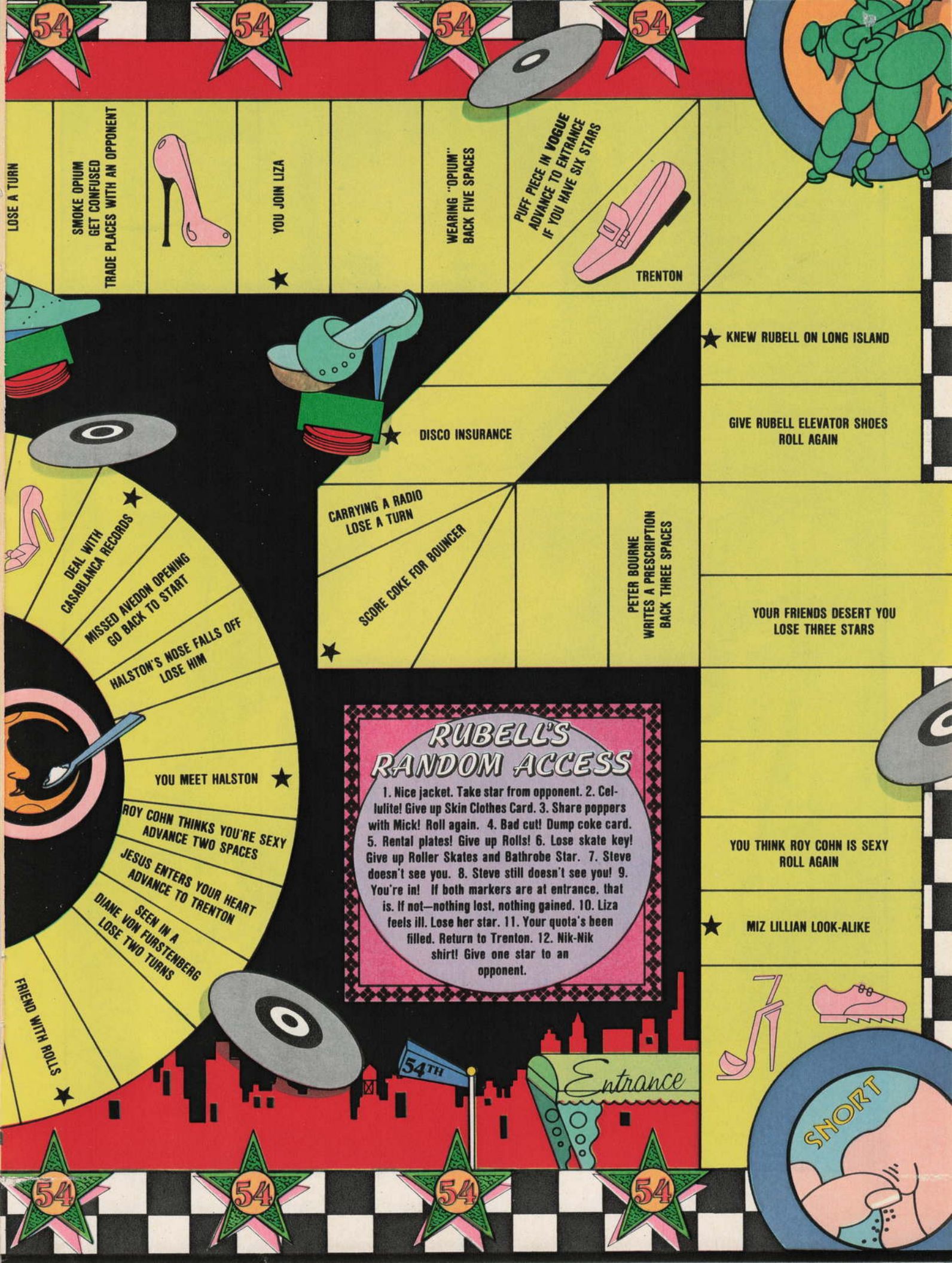
I. THE TRENTON RULE

If, at the entrance, you fall subject to expulsion to Trenton, you move only one marker there. You keep your stars, and that marker must go around the board again.

J. TO WIN

Both markers are at the entrance and you have six stars. Now, on your next turn, all you have to do is roll a total of 9. Should you roll anything else, however, you must take the consequences of the total as decreed by the "Random Access List" on the board. If, after the roll, you wind up with less than six stars, plan on making the trip again until you qualify. It's a trip you may have to make many times.


54
DIANE VON FURSTENBERG THINKS YOU'RE A "POSSIBLE" ROLL AGAIN
US THINKS YOU'RE A COVER BACK TWO
PEOPLE THINKS YOU'RE A COVER BACK ONE
NAMED EDITOR OF GUCCI MONTHLY
JACKIE O. WAVES TO YOU LOSE A TURN BUT COLLECT A STAR
THE ROOM IS SUDDENLY ODORIZED ADVANCE EIGHTEEN SPACES
TRUMAN NEEDS A TYPIST ADVANCE THREE SPACES
ROLLER SKATES AND SATIN BATHROBE
MUST CALL SERVICE GO BACK TO START
The STUDIO
Start
GAME
MEET BIANCA
NOTHING HAPPENS
MICHEL & ANOUCHKA SKIN CLOTHES
WIN OPTION ON SHANGHAI DISCO FRANCHISE
54


54
54
54
54
LOSE A TURN
SMOKE OPIUM
GET CONFUSED
TRADE PLACES WITH AN OPPONENT
YOU JOIN LIZA
WEARING "OPIUM"
BACK FIVE SPACES
PUFF PIECE IN VOGUE
ADVANCE TO ENTRANCE
IF YOU HAVE SIX STARS
TRENTON
KNEW RUBELL ON LONG ISLAND
DISCO INSURANCE
GIVE RUBELL ELEVATOR SHOES
ROLL AGAIN
CARRYING A RADIO
LOSE A TURN
SCORE COKE FOR BOUNCER
PETER BOURNE
WRITES A PRESCRIPTION
BACK THREE SPACES
YOUR FRIENDS DESERT YOU
LOSE THREE STARS
DEAL WITH
CASABLANCA RECORDS
MISSED AVEDON OPENING
GO BACK TO START
HALSTON'S NOSE FALLS OFF
LOSE HIM
YOU MEET HALSTON
ROY COHN THINKS YOU'RE SEXY
ADVANCE TWO SPACES
JESUS ENTERS YOUR HEART
ADVANCE TO TRENTON
SEEN IN A
DIANE VON FURSTENBERG
LOSE TWO TURNS
FRIEND WITH ROLLS
YOU THINK ROY COHN IS SEXY
ROLL AGAIN
MIZ LILLIAN LOOK-ALIKE
RUBELL'S
RANDOM ACCESS
1. Nice jacket. Take star from opponent. 2. Cellulite! Give up Skin Clothes Card. 3. Share poppers with Mick! Roll again. 4. Bad cut! Dump coke card. 5. Rental plates! Give up Rolls! 6. Lose skate key! Give up Roller Skates and Bathrobe Star. 7. Steve doesn't see you. 8. Steve still doesn't see you! 9. You're in! If both markers are at entrance, that is. If not—nothing lost, nothing gained. 10. Liza feels ill. Lose her star. 11. Your quota's been filled. Return to Trenton. 12. Nik-Nik shirt! Give one star to an opponent.
54TH
Entrance
SNORT

PIA

She looks unaware, but she sees everything

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN-PIERRE BOURGEOIS

We've traveled from England to India and back in our search for beautiful women, but never have we run across a girl like Pia. Some would call her naive, but we found her delightful. It's as if Cinderella met Sleeping Beauty and she became one girl.

Pia, who is 19 and from Venice, Italy, prefers to live in a dream world. "I love fairy tales and romance," she says. "That's why I moved to Venice."

Pia lives alone with her lovebirds in an apartment overlooking a Venice canal. "This city is beautiful. It's the perfect setting to let my imagination wander. I look out of my window and make up the most wonderful fantasies. Remember the movie where Sophia Loren lives on a houseboat as governess to Cary Grant's children? And they fall in love? How I wish I could have been Sophia. Cary Grant is so-o-o-o handsome—and *strong*. In my fantasies, all my men are handsome and strong."

But what about real life? "That's what my uncle always asks. He takes care of me, you know—raised me, actually. He says I shouldn't expect to meet a knight in shining armor. But I say, why not? A man may be perfect for me and not be perfect for another girl, correct? So, I know one day I'll meet someone who is everything I want. I have male friends now but, somehow, not one of them is quite right. They lack . . . something. Character! Yes, that's it. Character. Uncle is so afraid that I'll be taken advantage of, but he doesn't realize that although I may seem to be unaware, I see everything. And if I see too much ugliness, I leave."

Pia pauses, looks dreamily away, then continues. "I am not like most women today. I am not liberated, although I have tried to be. I know what I do best, and that is to take care of my man, when I find him. Maybe he'll come floating by my window one day, look up and see me, and

"My hands
were made to
give pleasure"

"I have the most elaborate sexual fantasies"

whisk me away to Egypt. And we'll ride the camels, and make love under the pyramids. . . . There goes my imagination again. What was I talking about? Oh, yes. I'm lucky I have Uncle to support me. How he does worry about me."

If we had a niece built like Pia (she measures 35-23-36), we'd worry, too. But Pia insists she can take care of herself. We wonder. . . . "I can! I'm not stupid. I only prefer to see the good side of things. Maybe my head *is* in the clouds, like Uncle says. But clouds are so pretty, even in a storm. Men usually don't try to hurt me. There was one time, though. A man was begging for *lire;* so I stopped—I hate to see anyone suffer—reached in my bag and pulled out a few coins for him. When I gave them to him, the man grabbed my hand and wouldn't let me go. He said I had other things he wanted more than money. I wasn't scared. Men are always trying to touch me, and I normally don't mind. But this man was so *dirty*. If he had been cleaner, I might have given him a second look. Who knows? Knights don't have to ride white horses, do they? I mean, my dream man could be a beggar or a thief or even a—photographer, couldn't he?"

Pia stops, lowers her eyes and says shyly, "You know, I have the most elaborate sexual fantasies, too. I usually have a different one every day. But the one thing they have in common is that I never see the man's face—there is only *one* man who gets me in my fantasies—and he is always very gentle with me. He makes love slowly, carefully, as if I would break—and he knows where to touch me at just the right time. But the situations are always different—and always in *color*. In a flower garden, on a gondola in the moonlight, on the deck of his yacht as we sail the Mediterranean. My favorite, though, is one where I'm kidnapped, and the leader of the gang prevents the others from raping me. He protects me because he's falling in love with me. But he never makes advances, even though I want him to. They keep me locked up in a dungeon, and one night he comes down when the others are sleeping. Without a word, he begins taking my clothes off and . . . You know, my uncle *does* have lots of money . . ."

LES NOISETTES SAUVAGES

COMMIE COCKTAILS

Drink enough of these newly imported Chinese spirits, and you won't recognize Taiwan, either

In our normalization of relations with China, so far things are going decidedly in our favor. Sure, we gave them our favorite soft drink, Coca-Cola. But in exchange, we got over 30 different varieties of liquors, wines, beers, vodkas and liqueurs. A clear case of hegemony.

Like everything else Oriental, however, some of these might take some getting used to. The beers, grape wines and vodkas will be familiar, but some of the others will taste, uh, revolutionary.

How can you tell which ones are good? We've taken the great leap forward for you in previewing these new imports, and here's what we found:

A. **SUNFLOWER VERMOUTH** (18% alcohol). This grape wine has a syrupy consistency and tastes very spicy. Best when diluted over ice and served as an aperitif.

A. B. C. D. E.

B. **MEI KUEI LU CHIEW** (99 proof). The Chinese claim this liqueur is flavored with rose petals, which means they're already flirting with the old hype-ola. Tastes like strong sake.

C. **KWEICHOW MOUTAI** (106 proof). This is China's most famous liquor because Nixon toasted Chou with it. On the other hand, where are they both now? This has a bitter taste and smells similar to burning rubber.

D. **GREAT WALL VODKA** (80 proof). The world's most expensive at $8.95 a fifth, this vodka is already a popular Western favorite. The biggest difference is a slight hint of rice flavor.

E. **SUNFLOWER CHEFOO WHITE WINE** (12% alcohol). Semisweet in taste, this one is similar to Boone's Farm, which the Chinese would probably turn into a collective if they took over the world.

F. **DOUBLE LANTERN LYCHEE CHIEW** (19.5% alcohol). A dessert liqueur with the strong taste of lychee nuts. (*Chiew* is Chinese for wine, by the way.)

G. **CHENG NIEN FENG KANG CHIEW** (24% alcohol). The name means "aged wine sealed in a big crock." Its taste is sweet and spicy, and it has the color of soy sauce and the consistency of cough syrup. Drink it at room temperature.

H. **PAGODA SHAO HSING HSIANG HSUEH CHIEW** (19% alcohol). Brown and syrupy from Shanghai (what isn't?), this one is lower in alcoholic content but still manages to pack a wallop.

I. **GREAT WALL CHU YEH CHING CHIEW** (92 proof). The distillery that makes this is 1400 years old; so *you* argue with its owner, who claims this liqueur has the delicate green color of "young bamboo leaves." It tastes very sweet and should probably be served with dessert.

J. **HSIUNG YUEH** (15% alcohol). Looks like whiskey but tastes like apples. One of our favorites, but an hour later we're thirsty again.

K. **GREAT WALL RED WINE** (14% alcohol). Makes a great aperitif because it's sweet and red. Similar to our sherries.

L. **TSINGTAO BEER.** This is the most popular beer in China and Hong Kong, simply because it tastes great. Not as highly carbonated as American brews, but it compares favorably with the best German product. Pick up a six-pack and watch a little ping-pong.

Incidentally, most of these imports will be on liquor-store shelves soon. Most Chinese restaurants will have them, too. ■

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE HARVEY

Profile by Randall Sullivan

A BRUSH WITH THE LAW

New York City used to be the perfect place to pull off an art heist, because most cops couldn't tell a Van Gogh from a Vandyke. Then hippie artist Robert Volpe joined the force.

Robert Volpe is probably the only policeman in the world who lives with an 800-pound etching press. He is definitely the only cop listed in *Who's Who in American Art*. In fact, of the one-and-one-half inches of text describing Volpe's showings, his Metropolitan Museum of Art award in acrylics, his Guggenheim Museum award in graphics and his position as curator of the Antietam National Museum, just the last line mentions the fact that Volpe (as he signs his paintings) is also a New York City detective.

Tagged by his city's newspapers as the "World's Greatest Art Detective," the long-haired, blue-jeaned Volpe is the one-man force of the New York Police Department's Art and Antiques Investigation division. He's also the only publicly employed art detective in the western hemisphere and is personally responsible for the annual recovery of an average $1.5 million in stolen art, while contributing to the retrieval of millions more through his work with numerous state, local and international police forces, including the F.B.I., U. S. Customs and Interpol.

Despite his acclaim, Volpe is still unknown to many in the art world—crooks and collectors alike. Often that fact is all that keeps Volpe alive.

•

Eight men surrounded Volpe one April evening in the parking lot of Brooklyn's Golden Gate Inn. They knew Volpe simply as "Renard," a timid, rather foppish art expert outfitted in a crushed-velvet suit and a waxed mustache. A pigeon. Of course, these men were the sort of customers who generally enter Madison Avenue

Randall Sullivan, a reporter for the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, *paints by numbers in his spare time.*

ILLUSTRATION BY RICH GROTE

©79

BRUSH WITH THE LAW "They were cramping my style," Volpe says of his police training days. "I felt like Toulouse-Lautrec in the overcoat."

art galleries *after* hours, and more often through a back window than through the front door.

During the drive to the motel, the two men who rode with Renard had enjoyed themselves. This Renard trembled, blinked, and croaked like he hadn't swallowed anything liquid in a week. When they parked the car and the other men approached them, Renard ducked his head and covered his head with his arms. "I don't want to see anyone's face," Renard shouted. If they were caught, Renard said, he knew the police would break him and he'd identify anyone he could.

The men chuckled. One of them came forward to jab Renard playfully in the ribs. "Hey," he said, "what's a refined fella like you doin' in on a deal like this, anyway? Don't you know you could get killed?"

Renard nodded; he knew. The "deal" was the purchase of a collection of Russian icons and Byzantine panels valued at $200,000, but being offered, under the circumstances, for a paltry $50,000. What made the circumstances extenuating was the fact that the art had been stolen from a private collector who was pistol-whipped during the theft and ended up in the hospital. Because of the violence surrounding this exchange, there was a three-month wait before the icons and panels were allowed to surface on the illegal market. For this acquisition, Renard represented "a party too prominent to appear for himself."

As the men pressed forward in the dimness of the parking lot, Renard examined a panel through his loupe.

"Back out of my light, please," he commanded, suddenly authoritative. Recognizing the icons and panels as authentic, Renard slipped his glass back into his inside pocket. Under his jacket, Renard's fingers closed around a .38 police special revolver.

Renard-the-fop became Volpe-the-cop as he brought out the .38 and leveled it at the men. "Freeze!" he shouted. "Police!" The sight of the gun in Renard's usually limp hand shocked the men into immobility for a moment. As they gaped, five police cars—Volpe's backup team—converged.

"It was like the cavalry," Volpe recalls. "Guys coming over fences, off roofs, sirens blasting." After a wild four-block chase, straight out of *The French Connection*—the wrong way down a Brooklyn side street—the cops caught all eight thieves. Amid the panic and melee of the bust, Volpe moved quickly toward the trunk of the station wagon the men had abandoned, where the other icons and panels were lying like sleeping infants, swaddled in blankets, intact.

For the stocky, muscular Volpe, this moment was the culmination of a three-month undercover investigation, during which he consistently played this role of Renard, art expert for hire. First, there were the weeks it took to obtain an introduction to the fences handling the art. This was accomplished through another fence who owed Volpe a favor. Then came weeks of negotiations, traveling in Manhattan from pay phone to pay phone for brief conversations about the weather and the danger of such a deal. Finally, there were the face-to-face meetings he had to attend—unarmed—putting up with the frisks that preceded all conversations.

"The secret of Bob Volpe's success has been his instinctive rapport with the art community," says Lt. Eddie Shea, former commanding officer of the Property Recovery Squad, to which Volpe's one-man unit is assigned. "I mean, the man is an artist himself. He has the contacts and knows where to make new ones. What would take another man a day's work, Volpe can accomplish with a phone call."

•

Getting into police work, Volpe claims, was merely an accident. His concrete and creative worlds have seemingly always intertwined. As a young teenager, Volpe's first canvases were the neighborhood gang's leather jackets in his native Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, for which his commission was the freedom to cross safely over territorial gang borders.

After selling several early paintings and winning a scholarship to Manhattan's School of Visual Arts, Volpe was drafted into the army. An NYPD recruiting officer saw a newspaper clipping about a young soldier who had just led an escape from a simulated Vietnamese prison camp in New Jersey. He sent Volpe a letter inviting him to apply for work with the police department when he got back. "We're looking for fine young men of your caliber," wrote the police commander, who knew Volpe only from the newspaper account and a photograph that displayed him in an army crew cut. When Volpe showed up at police headquarters—invitation in hand—with shoulder-length hair and a mustache, there was, Volpe remembers, "considerable apprehension on their part. Regret, you might say."

Despite the reservations on both sides, he entered the police academy in 1964 because, he says, "I was hungry for life experience at that time." It took Volpe only a few weeks to lose his appetite. "They were cramping my style," he says. "I felt like Toulouse-Lautrec in the overcoat." On the verge of graduation, he was also on the verge of resigning.

And he would have, had not the police captain decided that there was an advantage in having a cop who didn't iron his jeans and could move laterally through the underworld in his sandals. Volpe was offered the chance to go undercover. He took the job and never put on the overcoat again.

Volpe worked undercover in the department's narcotics and organized-crime units for seven years. He developed a huge number of street contacts, most of whom he has maintained all these years. Many of them still do not know Volpe is a cop. Those early years gave Volpe the life experience he was after, but they also exhausted and frustrated him. He had little time for his art, and having to work out of the precinct houses led Volpe to repeated confrontations with supervisors over his hair (still shoulder length), his wardrobe (boots and jeans) and his freelance management of investigations. He became known as a rebel among his superiors, even after an early raise in rank to detective third grade. But no other promotions followed or seemed likely in the future. In late 1971, Volpe again considered resigning.

While he brooded, however, the chiefs at headquarters were forming something new—the Art and Antiques Investigation division, intended to finally deal with the fact that New York City had become *the* clearinghouse of "hot" international art. The police personnel office forwarded to the chiefs the file of an undercover detective who possessed an extensive educational background in art and, according to what was penciled into the special skills section, had been working as a professional artist for the past 11 years. The bond was sealed.

•

Volpe has maintained an official desk at One Police Plaza in lower Manhattan for seven years, largely for appearance's sake. He is rarely in for more than an hour in the morning, and then to check messages and make phone calls. Most of his day is spent either at or between what Volpe calls his "satellites": the Ballroom, the Broome Street Bar, the innumerable SoHo and uptown galleries, city and private museums where he is a familiar face. He often walks 100 blocks a day in Manhattan, stopping on the street for conversations with the people who remain his closest contacts: prostitutes catering to the art trade; a large number of professional fences who share information with Volpe but haven't yet realized he's a cop; and a smaller number who now know Volpe is a detective, yet find that a certain amount of cooperation with the law is to their advantage.

In the evening, Volpe attends gallery

(Continued on page 119)

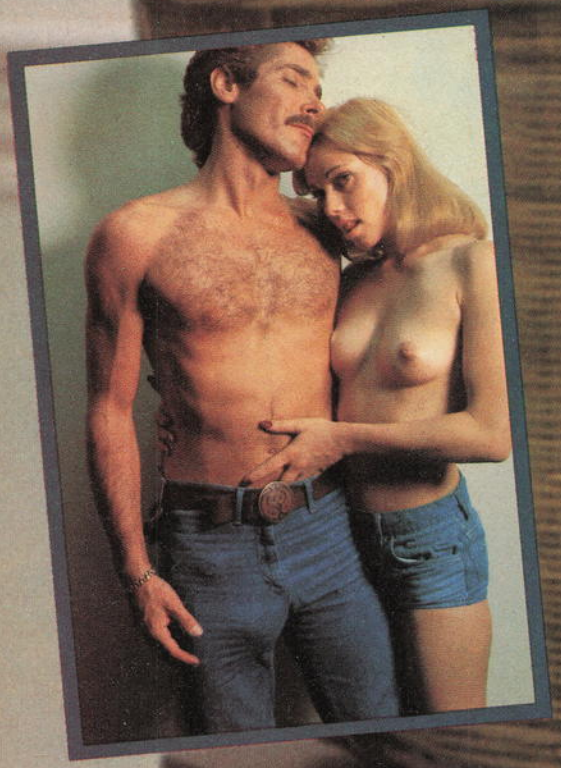
"I'd like you to give Madame a good, hard ride on Sunday!"

The Secret Dreams of

Monique Cardin

UP FROM PORN

Principal photography by R. Scott Hooper



The problem with most porno films is that they leave only the plot to the imagination. The principal players become disposable. And that's what makes the following story of Monique Cardin unique.

Monique made one terrific X-rated film, *The Secret Dreams of Mona Q*, a highly inventive romp into the dreams of the everyday housewife, and it definitely was not your same-old-grind, in-and-out, up-and-down stag loop.

Says Monique: "The producer, Charles Kaufman, had seen my photos, liked them and flew me from San Francisco to New York for a test. I had never done any X-rated stuff before, but this one sounded too interesting to pass up. Charles—who's a real sweetheart, by the way—was a stickler for quality, which explains why the movie won every award from the Erotic Film Festival recently.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF JULIE

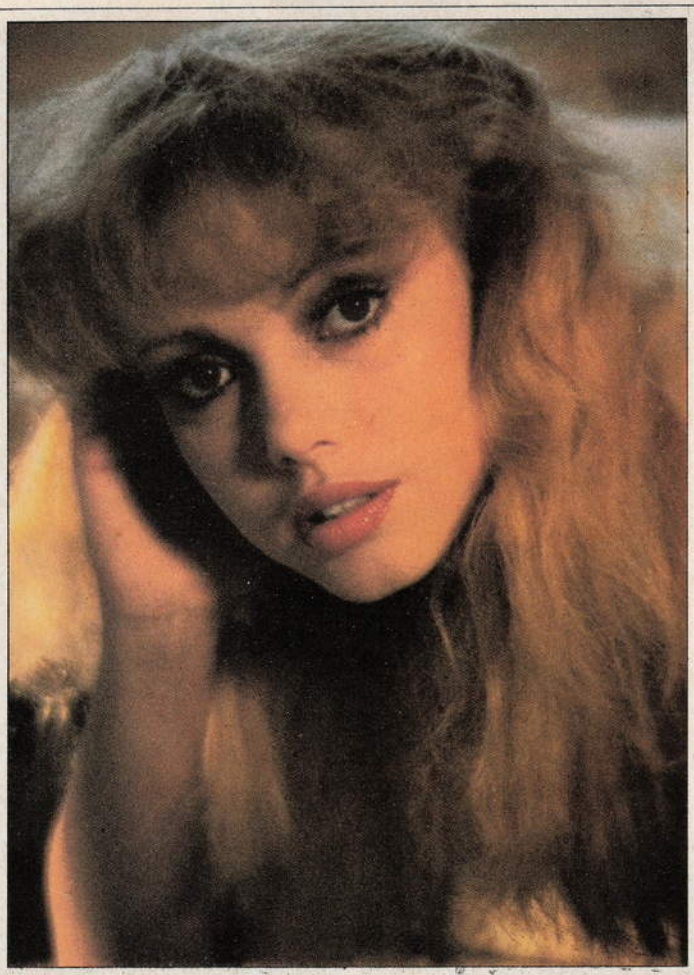
Here, Monique is flanked by her new mentor, producer Blake Edwards, whose only previous association with pink was with a panther, and Julie Andrews, who is trying something of a new image herself. The film is called "10."

"I don't know how much you know about the porno business, but the one question I'm always being asked is, 'Is the action on the set really as hot as it seems?' To be honest, the answer is no. It's just like any other kind of movie acting, except there's sexual intercourse involved. There's a lot of starting and stopping; so who has time to get really all that turned on?

"If I look like I'm experiencing fireworks, that's my acting ability you're seeing. My co-star in *Mona Q* was Wade Nichols, who is quite a hunk and definitely a turn-on, but you can't get involved

with the person you're having sex with onscreen. Every two minutes the director will stop; the makeup lady will apply new mascara; the cameraman will check the angles. Under circumstances like these, who can have real sex? I'm sure that when Monroe and Gable were kissing onscreen, they were attracted to one another, just as Wade and I were, but it's still a business. In *Mona Q*, I was supposed to play a bored housewife. They did it like *The Wizard of Oz*—Mona's real life was done in drab black and white, and her sexual fantasies were done in living color. One of my daydreams in the film, for example, was that I was a washer-repair person who arrives at a bachelor's house to check out his plumbing. The reversal of roles here should give you a clue to the tongue-in-cheek quality of the film—very unusual."

Has she made a fortune off *Mona*? "I'm supposed to, but as yet I haven't seen much. Like everything else in show business, getting paid takes some time.



"But let's not talk about *Mona* anymore. The really exciting news is that I have landed a part in something legitimate—a Blake [*Pink Panther*] Edwards film that stars Julie Andrews, his wife. It's called *10*, and it's Julie's first R-rated movie.

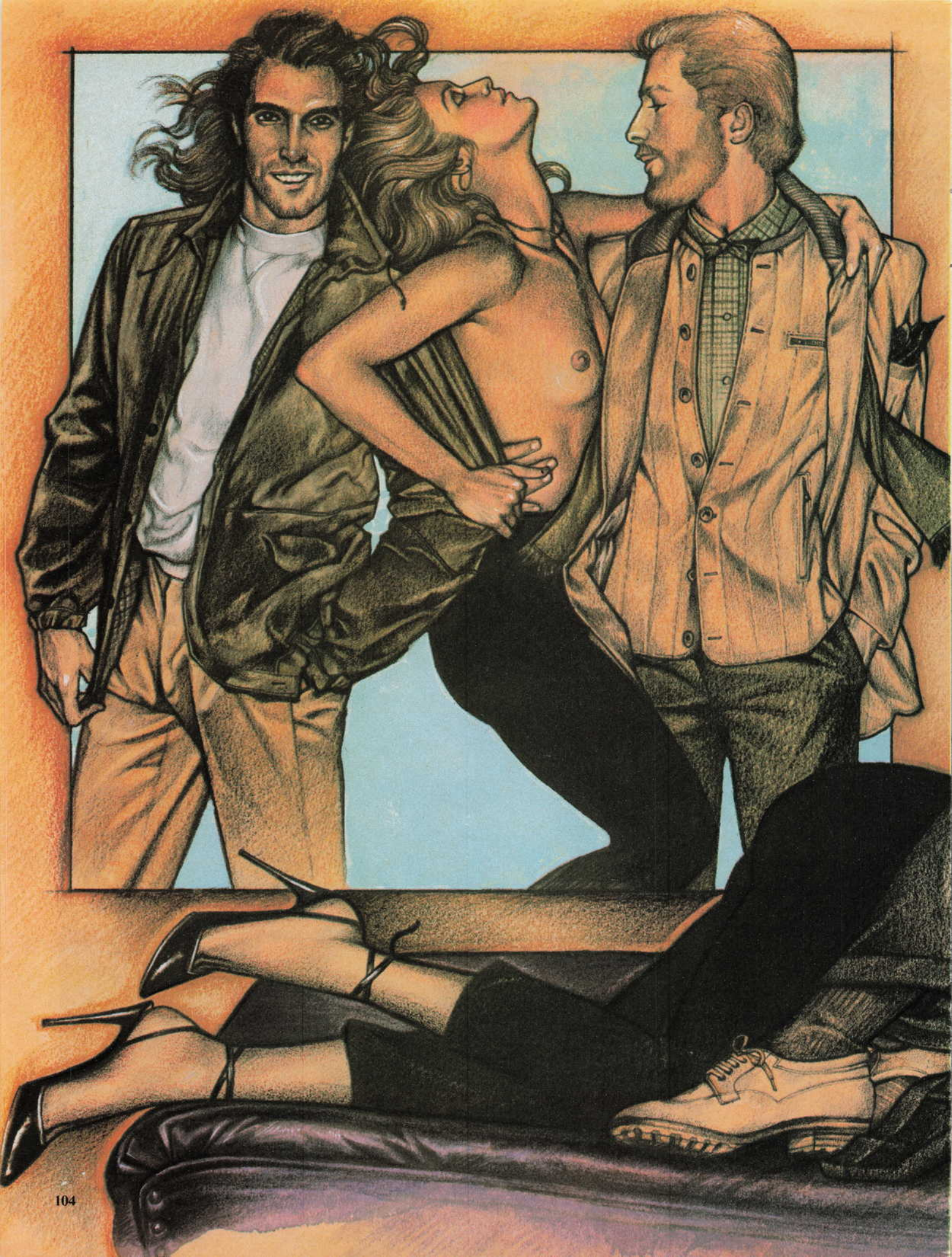
"In *10*, I play a girlfriend of a friend of Dudley Moore's, I think. Dudley likes to look at me through a telescope, and then we finally meet. At least, that's what I think the story is. When they make movies, the actors aren't always sure what the plot is. It's just, 'Stand there, do this, walk over there.' When you finally see it all put together, you're always amazed.

"Annette Haven got me this role. Edwards hired twenty porno stars from San Francisco and flew them down to L.A., because he thought he was going to have an orgy scene in the movie. Poor Blake. You know, he and Julie are lovely, respectable people. He thought that all these porno people were going to start screwing their brains out right there on the set or

something. The funny part is, the script was eventually changed so that the orgy scene was eliminated. At any rate, there is nothing X-rated about it. Maybe my breast will show. Period. But you should have heard the abuse Julie had to take from poor old stuffy Rona Barrett. 'The nerve of Julie Andrews,' et cetera. She was in quite a snit. Meanwhile, both Julie and Blake are absolutely wonderful people, just as great as I'd always heard. So . . . now that I've had a taste of legitimacy, I've started studying with Jean Shelton at Berkeley—she teaches the Method.

"From now on, unless the part is as good as *Mona Q*'s, I want to keep my sex life private. Porn is not where my heart's at, anyway. I want to be an actress like Bette Davis; I want to be in a film like *The Champ*, where I can touch people's emotions, not just their genitals."

Best of luck, Monique.



MADE IN THE SUEDE

BRUSHING UP ON THIS FALL'S HIGH-PRICED HIDES

Our animal magnetism begins (far left) with a pigskin jacket that pulls together with a drawstring. Note the plaid flannel lining and the leather trim on the cuffs. From *Beged-Or*, $385.

Left: An ensembled suede double-breasted jacket with partial rib collar and matching quilted vest with four zippered pockets. From *Ericson by Gil Truedsson*. Jacket, $262; vest, $165.

The lady (below) cops a feel of this goat-suede pullover. From *Nino Cerruti Sport*, $250.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE STAVRINOS

Below: The sides of this strokable sueded-antelope V-neck zip up (and down). Worn with matching straight-leg jeans. Both from *Sasson*. Top, $150; jeans, $230.

Above: This hooded vest of split cow-hide features warm pile lining and deep pockets to keep your hands warm . . . if all else fails. From *Geronimo*, $65.

This western vest is not real suede but a clever imitation. Besides, once you've picked her up, what difference does it make? From *Wrangler*, $24.

MONEY Don't think for a minute that you have to tolerate a bitchy waitress or a preoccupied waiter and still leave them 15 to 20 percent as their due.

(Continued from page 40)

tip. On the other hand, don't try to save a buck or two by lugging your own suitcases and sample bags. It could cost you a slipped disc.

Skycaps who save you a hassle at the airport should be rewarded. Johnny Morgan, an American Airlines skycap in Los Angeles, says 50 cents a bag is a "fair tip." But the 'cap should somehow make your life easier in order to qualify for that gratuity. The skycap who checks you in at curbside or makes sure your luggage gets on the conveyor belt earns it. Just scooping up your bags and dropping them inside the terminal door so he can dash back out and get the next job rates a quarter; if you're in the mood for a row, tell him you feel you were shortchanged. Richard Sorrels, a National Airlines skycap at Los Angeles International, admits that he's not a big tipper and that he's a certified skinflint if he gets hustled for a tip when he's traveling. Says Sorrels, "I'll leave a tiny tip if I get bad service."

Once you've boarded the plane, you're under no obligation to tip *anyone*. Judy, a Chicago-based flight attendant for United Airlines, says a surprising number of business travelers try in-flight tipping—sometimes out of ignorance, but often to wangle a phone number. That kind of financial foreplay does not go unnoticed. "That's the worst kind of creep," says Judy. "He's the same kind of guy who will slip you a business card that says 'Call me' on the back."

The old gratuity game can boggle the mind when you go to a restaurant today. Who gets what, and what should they do to earn it? For openers, remember this: Usually the only people who aren't working for minimum wage in a restaurant are the chef, the maître d' and the captain. Waiters, waitresses and busboys slave for roughly $3 an hour plus tokes. Depending on the restaurant (and the prevailing union contract), bartenders get "shift pay" like a Vegas croupier—about $35 to $40. They too live on tips.

At the same time, you shouldn't be a patsy. Don't think for a minute that you have to tolerate a bitchy waitress or a preoccupied waiter and still leave them 15 to 20 percent of the check as their rightful due. In a restaurant, you're paying for two things—food and service. If your rare steak came out of the kitchen as beef jerky, you wouldn't pay for it; so why pay for anything less than reasonably prompt and pleasant service?

What's the bottom line? The 10 percent tip is dead, and some feel the 15 percent tip is dying. But don't believe it. Menu prices are skyrocketing, so the tips are keeping pace. A standard 20 percent tip is inflationary. However, if the service is superb and the dining experience truly memorable, *only* 20 percent is a fair tip. If the waitress put out for you, you should put out for her. Whether it's 15 or 20 percent, it's added to the *cost* of the food and drink; exclude the sales tax from your math.

What about the others? Here's where it gets tricky. If you drop into a restaurant and have no reservations, either be prepared to wait or go somewhere else. Never try to palm the maître d' some cash to get to the top of a long waiting list. Some will take it, but most will politely decline your offer, and you'll look like a schmuck in front of your date/wife/client.

"I do not sell tables; I sell food," sniffs Daniel Senne, maître d' of Hugo's in the Hyatt Regency Atlanta. "I say keep your five dollars, and it will be free of charge when we get the table." However, if the maître d' holds that corner table for you—*your* table, the one that looks out over the city—it's appropriate to slip him a gratuity of three to five dollars when he seats you. And if you're a regular customer and want to be recognized, greeted by name or otherwise stroked, a ten-spot to the maître d' every third or fourth visit is a solid investment. It assures you of first-class service always. Plus, if you are at all annoyed, you can summon him to the table and quietly whisper your displeasure to him. Your problem should be solved instantly.

Leaving 5 percent of the bill to the captain is a smart idea, especially if you plan to come back. Some credit-card chits have a spot for the captain's tip; if not, specify it right on the receipt before you sign. A sound strategy today is 15 percent to the waiter and 5 percent to the captain. But to get real mileage out of it, make sure the captain knows he is being remembered; let *him* collect the check.

As for others who serve you in a fine restaurant or club—the person who checks your coat should get 50 cents; the bartender should get 15 percent if you're sitting at the bar; a bathroom attendant should receive 50 cents if he brushes you down or hands you a towel, or if you splash on his cologne. Please don't stiff *that* poor devil. Would you like to spend eight hours in a john to make your dough? No need to tip the hostess. What did she do besides say hello? But if you order a special wine and a wine steward appears at your table to perform the ritual of opening the bottle, sampling the wine, pouring some for you to taste and then serving it—that's good for at least a dollar or 10 percent of the cost of the wine itself, whichever is greater.

OK, what if the service falls below your expectations, and either you don't have a rapport with the maître d' or there is no maître d'? First, consider the fact that everyone has an off day; so if the service was a bit off, tip less—10 percent instead of 15 percent. But if you had to wave like a madman to snare the waiter's attention or cut loose with an ear-splitting whistle (tasteless but effective), cut that 10 percent in half.

And if you were ignored by a surly waiter or waitress who tried to rush you and "turn" the table, don't leave a dime. But don't slink out the door, either. Do what some professional restaurateurs do when they get ripped off. "If the service was miserable," says Patrick Terrail, co-owner of the superchic Ma Maison in West Hollywood, "I call over the maître d' or the owner *and* the waiter, and announce loud enough so everyone can hear me, 'I'm not leaving you a tip because the service was miserable!' That way, they all know exactly where they went wrong and they will try to correct the problem."

But don't blame the waiter if the food is subpar. Send it back or call over the owner/maître d' and complain.

A few final tips: half a buck to a shoeshine man or barber (a buck or 15 percent to a hair stylist); a dollar a request at the piano bar or to the strolling *mariachis* and wandering violinists; a quarter at the most at the car wash, but don't feel compelled to tip. And forget the grocery bag boy or girl—most supermarket policies forbid their employees to accept gratuities. That could set a bad precedent and probably lead to some union squabbles. And, of course, when Christmas comes, don't forget people who've worked for you all year—your housecleaner, answering service, mailman. Remember them with a gift, a ten-dollar bill or some appropriate gratuity, and you've got their loyalty and appreciation for another year. There are so many insensitive s.o.b.'s in this world, you'll stand out as a prince. It's a small price to pay.

If you need more guidance on tipping, or if you really get incensed when you're shortchanged by a service professional, there's an outfit you can join. It's called Tippers International (Box 2351, Oshkosh, WI 54903), and it has an effective system for throwing bricks or presenting roses—a complaint or commendation card you can leave with the owner as a critique. Or you can spell out your beef in detail and T.I. will forward it to the owner. While T.I. has 10,000 members (at $10 apiece), frankly, I prefer an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation if I've got a complaint.

After all, tipping is a costly custom, so get your money's worth. Says David Kurland, a stockbroker with Paine Webber in San Francisco, "There is an old Yiddish expression: 'On grease you slide. So grease the palm!' " ■

WHO

PLAYING WITH VAN HALEN

"You hear a lot of rockers say, 'Oh, I gotta go play,' like they were talking about having to go to *work*," says **David Lee Roth** of **Van Halen**. "Well, we really *play*, man—onstage, offstage, backstage, under the stage—you name it."

Van Halen, the first L.A. band to hit the big time since the **Doors** and the **Eagles**, has spared no expense to splash its way into the Rock-'n'-Roll Hall of Infamy and Ill Repute. Food "art" on the walls, blaring stereos and wild parties spilling out of trashed hotel rooms are all part of the Van Halen movable feast. "On the back of our last album we apologized to everybody who had to wade through the rubble," says Dave, "but it's all just good fun. Hell, half the time the bellboys join in the pillage."

Van Halen learned its road tricks while playing every sleazy bar in Southern California. When the band's first album went double platinum, Van Halen was vaulted into major concert halls throughout the States, as well as in England, France, Belgium, Germany and Japan. *Van Halen II* (Warner Bros.) recently went platinum, and it's still climbing.

"We're beginning to behave ourselves," Dave says on the eve of the group's second world tour. But not when it comes to those he calls "music fans," like the British birds they're roosting with here. "We got booted out of Buckingham Palace ten minutes before the Queen was gonna show," says Dave. " 'cause everybody was wearin' palace guard uniforms. But we had an even better time in Paris, when those chicks showed up with twenty-two pairs of handcuffs." —JAN GOLAB

"We got booted out of Buckingham Palace ten minutes before the Queen was gonna show."

FIN COSTELLO

BOTTOM DRAWER STUFF

When we went to talk to **Joseph Bottoms** about his role in Disney Studio's upcoming space thriller *The Black Hole*, he said, "Black holes? You wanna talk about black holes? Here's one." And he pulled down his pants. Well, what can you expect from a fellow named Bottoms? Anyway, Joe says that his role in the film represents "impetuous youth," and it isn't difficult to see why he was cast.

One of four young actors in the Bottoms family (big brother **Timothy** is the best known), Joe gained national attention last year with his powerful portrayal of the hunted Jew, Rudi Weiss, in NBC's *Holocaust*. **Elizabeth Taylor** then tagged him to play her lonely student-pal in *Return Engagement*. Joe expects his series of intriguing roles to continue, since he "just bought a house here in L.A. and kind of overextended myself." He pauses. "On the other hand, I could just refinance everything." He briefly contemplates the possibility. "I'll refinance my brothers! *They're* doing all right."

—LINDA E. WATSON

MAUREEN DONALDSON

"You wanna talk about black holes? Here's one."

JIM SHEA

SHE'S NOT JUST FOR BREAKFAST ANYMORE

Juice Newton takes a lot of kidding about her name. "I'm just the kind of person who gets nicknames," she says with a shrug. "For years I was called Figgy." With the change of name has come a change of fortune. Her recent single, *Let's Keep It That Way*, placed high on the country charts. Perhaps the song's title has something to do with it; her recent album, *Well Kept Secret*, remained exactly that—a well-kept secret. Juice is philosophical: "People who make it at nineteen all go downhill after that. I'd rather work for a long time than rocket to a goal and parachute down fast."

Juice was less than thrilled when she recorded *It's a Heartache*, and **Bonnie Tyler**'s version turned out to be the hit. "The company [Capitol Records] was namby-pamby about it," she sighs. "They were afraid of a lawsuit, so they waited and lost the jump. But we got a gold record in Mexico for it." That ought to make the record people sit up and take notice. "Naw, what matters to them is how they got out of bed that morning."

—PETER GAMBACCINI

THE MARK OF ZORA

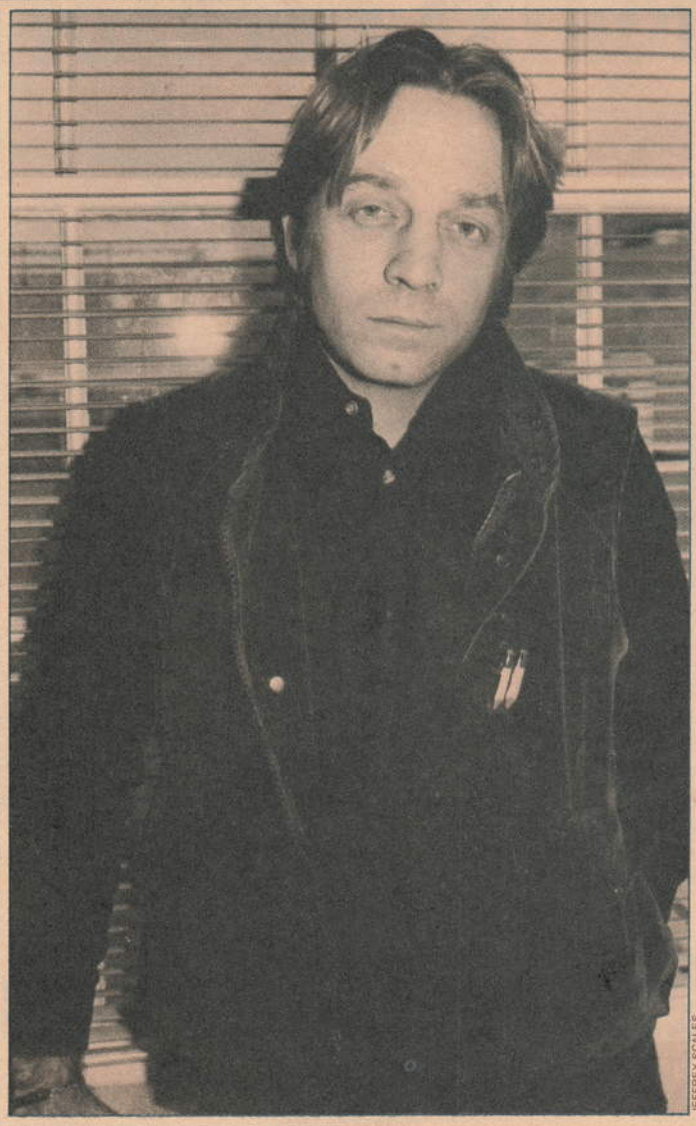
When she attended Detroit's Cody High School, **Zora Rasmussen** was known as a "cootie." She wore those great wing-tipped, rhinestone-encrusted glasses that made her face look like the back of a Plymouth, an altogether inauspicious beginning for a girl who's getting a lot of hot press these days as one of the funniest women on the cabaret scene.

Her act is a triumph of style over content. Zora doesn't really have any lines per se. She's just a 78 rpm, manic sensibility, eyes ever rolling toward heaven and tongue poking cheek. Her act is half song, half comedy—because, as Zora says, "I like to be bi"—but most of it still centers on high school embarrassments.

It was back in 1968 that Rasmussen deep-sixed her God-given albatross "Kathleen" and took on the mark of "Zora." Since then she's starred with **Meat Loaf** in a Holiday Inn version of *Hair*, a slight step up from her job waitressing at Woolworth's lunch counter, from which she was fired "for giving dry change."

Right now, though, Zora's going strong, with her first appearance on nationwide TV on *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert* in August. At 28, her old goals seem to be within sight. "In high school," she explains, "I had some groupie friends, and we once got backstage to see **Rod Stewart and the Faces**." One of the Faces came up to me and said, 'Wanna go home with me?' I said, 'Listen, asshole, I'm no groupie. Someday I'm gonna be big, and then you can be a groupie for *me*.' "

—JIM FARBER



JEFFREY SCALES

OUI'RE STILL WAITING

"It's about love. It's about all those things that a young person is interested in," says writer **Kit Carson** in reference to his first screenplay actually to be filmed, *Breathless*. Yes, it *is* based on the famous film by *nouvelle vague* director **Jean-Luc Godard**. "The first time I saw *Breathless*," sighs Carson, "it was like my first fuck. On top of that, it was my first weekend in New York, and after I saw the movie I went to a 'cool' Village party and met a girl and did all those really normal but—when they happen to you for the first time—really extraordinary things."

The last extraordinary thing we remember Carson doing happened in 1975, when OUI sent him off to L.A. to interview actress **Karen Black**. He promptly married the lady and never finished the article. "I chose life over art," laughs Carson, "but someday I *will* turn in that article. After all, I owe OUI a lot."

—MARGY ROCHLIN

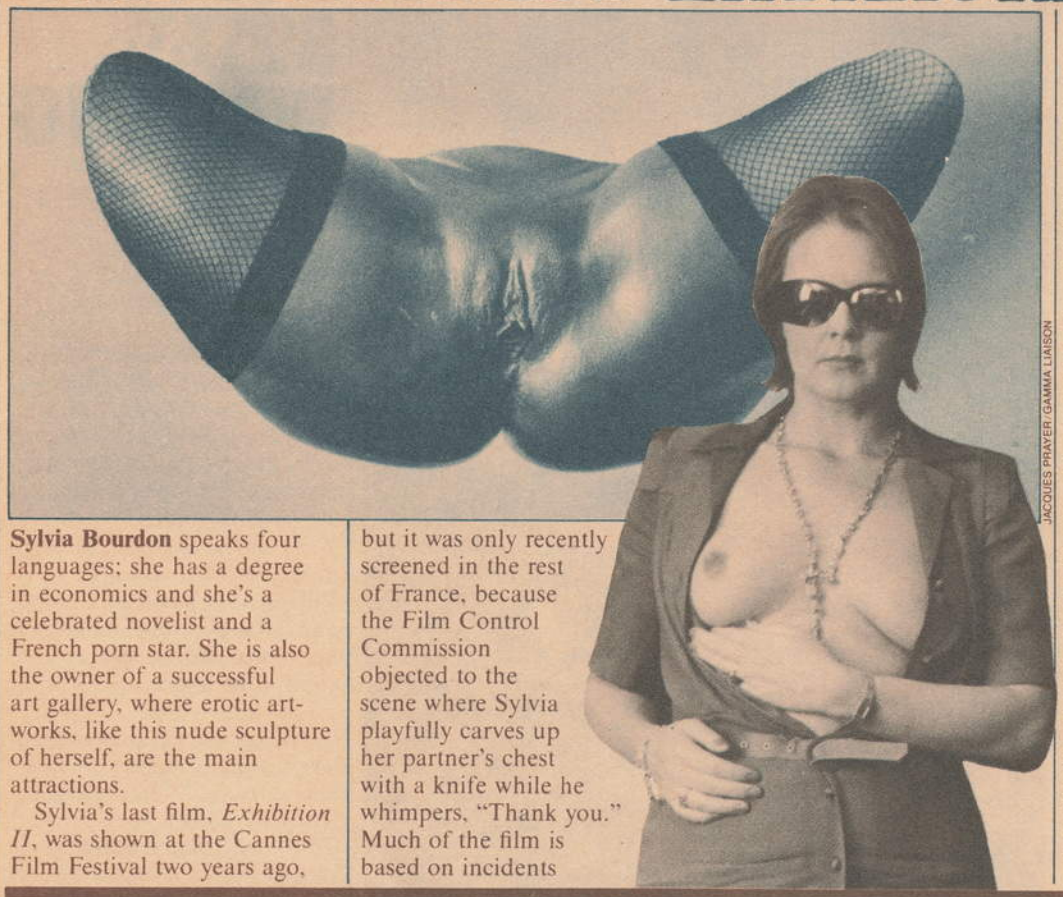
NEED A PLACE TO CLASH?

"Some kids who come to our concerts are real tough cunts," says **Paul Simonon** of the **Clash**, referring to those who demolished 400 seats in a Manchester, England, music hall. "But breaking things up gets a bit boring after a while." And expensive. In Britain the Clash is followed everywhere by police, and lead singer **Joe Strummer** was fined 60 quid for taking a towel from a hotel last year.

With an explosive stage show and alarming songs about war, guns and drugs, the Clash dominated Britain's prestigious year-end newspaper polls last winter. *Time* magazine ranked their *Give 'em Enough Rope* album among the top ten albums of the year.

Bass player Simonon may appear in screenwriter **Nancy** (*Slapshot*, *Coming Home*) **Dowd**'s next film, which has **Jodie Foster** leading an all-girl band. It's not so far from real life—the Clash prefers to share billing with women like the **Slits**. "We like girls," Paul grins. "There aren't enough of them." —STEPHEN DEMOREST

EXHIBITIONIST EXTRAORDINAIRE



JACQUES PRAYER/GAMMA LIAISON

Sylvia Bourdon speaks four languages; she has a degree in economics and she's a celebrated novelist and a French porn star. She is also the owner of a successful art gallery, where erotic artworks, like this nude sculpture of herself, are the main attractions.

Sylvia's last film, *Exhibition II*, was shown at the Cannes Film Festival two years ago, but it was only recently screened in the rest of France, because the Film Control Commission objected to the scene where Sylvia playfully carves up her partner's chest with a knife while he whimpers, "Thank you." Much of the film is based on incidents in Sylvia's life, such as the time she was in Africa and met up with a tribe of reformed cannibals on the Ivory Coast. Despite her voracious sexual appetite, for once her eyes were bigger than her, uh, stomach, and she had to stop at the 35th man. "I was stuffed!"

Sylvia is a refreshingly honest film star. "I have no pretensions of becoming an actress," she says. "I don't even go to see my own films. What I like is to fuck in front of a camera—I am an exhibitionist."

Which is also why Sylvia wrote *Love is a Feast* (available in English translation), a collection of her own lustful adventures. A typical dinner party at Sylvia's could mean an hors d'oeuvre of S/M sandwiched between slave auctions and doggy-style fucking—using real dogs. Says Sylvia, "There are no sexual perversions—period."

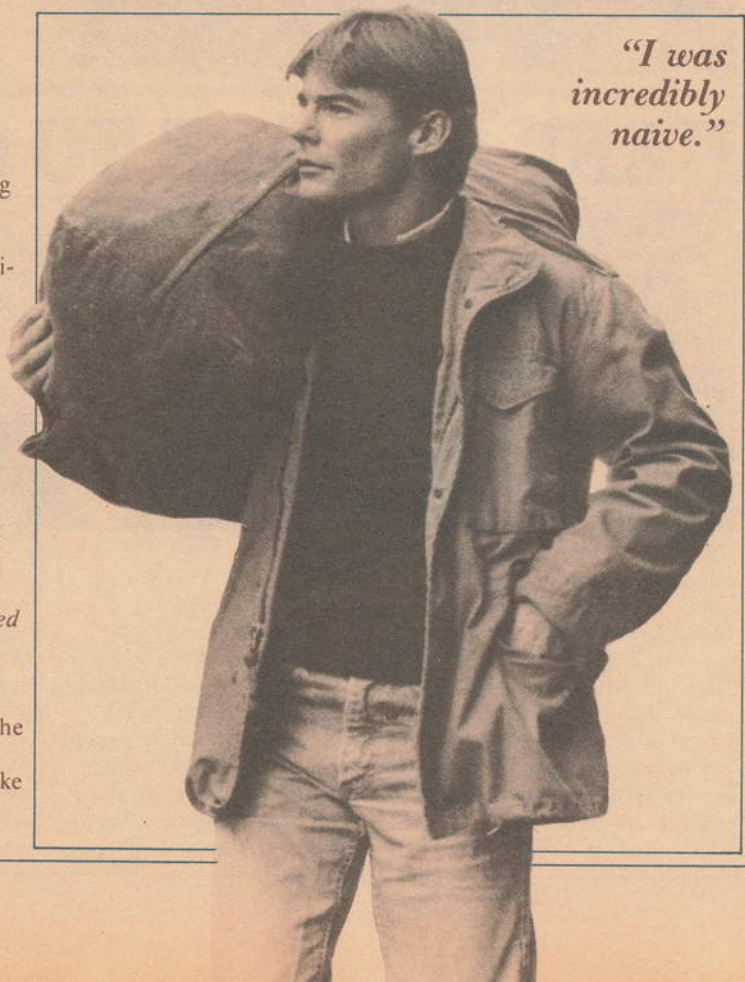
—HALYA HRYNCHUK

THE DEFIANT ONE

"I have to get away from baseball bats and blood," says **Jan-Michael Vincent**, an 18-film veteran whose hits include *Hooper, White Line Fever, The World's Greatest Athlete* and *Tribes*. "I've gained one hell of an education in film making, and now I intend to do something with it." His role in *Defiance*—he plays a merchant seaman who leads ghetto residents into battle against street-gang domination—will be his last as a brooding, beefcake hero.

"I don't intend to become just another whore actor," adds the 33-year-old actor. "It's time for me to take control." Which is why he's teamed up with friends **Gary Busey** and **Willie Nelson** to develop a movie based on Willie's hit album *Red Headed Stranger*.

Jan's greatest achievement is that his career has survived and grown despite the number of turkeys he's appeared in. But even bombs like *Damnation Alley* make money in the Orient, where J.V. ranks with **Bruce Lee** as boffo box office in Bangkok.



"I was incredibly naive."

"I never played the showbiz achievement game," Jan explains. "In the beginning, I was incredibly naive. Acting gave me the money and freedom to indulge myself. Like the story of the grasshopper and the ant—I just decided to fiddle and play for a while."

While he can party most Hollywood heavies into the ground, Jan's idea of playing includes walking into a Central American jungle to live off the land for a few weeks. He's also an expert skin diver, sharpshooter, horseman and surfer. His devotion to surfing, since its early days as a tribal subculture, has shaped a lot of Jan's maverick attitudes. After a few Cuervo/Heineken cocktails, he's likely to pick up his guitar and hammer out his parody of surf-punk rock: "Hey, you assholes from the valley; go home to your concrete alleys. This is *my* beach, *my* wave, *my* chick—fuck you!"

—C.W. METCALF

SEX TAPES LETTERS I smeared it all over Jan's chest. She screamed—you can imagine how the ice cream felt against her hot, sweaty body—but she loved it.

(Continued from page 28)

passed out. The only sensation better than the cold strawberries in my hot cunt was when he finally put his huge cock inside me and rammed me until I screamed.

Since that day we only buy the biggest strawberries and we only eat them with "natural" juices. One of these days I plan on turning the tables and having him come all over the strawberries so that I can then lick them off. That way we'll have a strawberry sundae with hot cream!

LAURA F.
Cleveland, Ohio

Would you believe butter-almond ice cream can bring on sexual ecstasy? Well, it happened to me the night I finally seduced my upstairs neighbor, Jan. To be perfectly honest, it was Jan who seduced me. I'd been trying for weeks to get her into bed, all to no avail. It was, of course, when I finally decided to toss in the towel that she turned around and said, after a perfectly ordinary dinner in my apartment: "Let's go to bed."

I was so unready for such a remark that she was half undressed and on her way to the bedroom before I could get the stunned look off my face. It was a hot night and we made insane love for hours without stopping. Our bodies were soaking from our sweat and the juices. As we were taking a breather, I suddenly remembered the butter-almond ice cream I had planned on for dessert. Jan agreed that having a scoop of ice cream would be a terrific idea, so we both jumped out of bed and went into the kitchen. I took out the frozen ice cream and looked for a large spoon. When I couldn't find one, I simply scooped out a hunk of ice cream with my fingers and smeared it all over Jan's chest. She screamed—you can imagine how the frozen ice cream felt against her hot, sweaty body—but she loved it. I then enjoyed my dessert. She did the same to me after I finished.

A slight breeze flowed through my kitchen where we stood naked. It cooled us off enough to give us goose pimples. We were both incredibly refreshed from the experience of making hot-body sundaes, so we ran back to bed and fucked some more, as the sticky ice cream and sweat lubricated our bodies. It was messy, but a turn-on, nonetheless.

CHARLIE W.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Over the years there have been many sex and food events that I've found erotic—like eating grapes and other such items from inside my girl's pussy or licking honey and whipped cream off her body. But the thing I get most pleasure from is using eating as seduction.

I believe that food is one of the finer things in life and I really enjoy slowly tasting and chewing what I eat. There is something very erotic about the movement of lifting a fork, slowly inserting it into my mouth and gently pulling off the morsel of food, knowing I'm in for a treat. It often happens that the woman with whom I'm having dinner will make such comments as: "I love to watch you eat" or "God, you have a sexy mouth." Turning a woman on this way and being turned on myself has led to some rather spectacular evenings of lovemaking. I can't think of a better way to seduce a woman.

NICK T.
Bluefield, West Virginia

I've done the usual things with whipped cream and the like, but what I like to do best when eating out at the Y is put a lot of that concentrated breath freshener on my tongue. It really makes my tongue feel hot, and as I nibble and suck at my girl's clit, a little of the freshener gets on it, making her twist and writhe with the tingling sensation. It really drives her up the wall.

G.C.K.
Hollywood, California

As a matter of fact, the first time I even thought of connecting sex with food was the first time I got laid. I was 18 at the time, and Veronica wanted me to eat her. I was willing but she tasted a little sour, so I suggested using some raspberry preserves to sweeten her up. Unfortunately, she didn't like the idea, so we just fucked the regular way. I like to eat a lot—I'm about 15 pounds overweight—and my fantasy of the perfect sexual experience is to spend a couple of weeks in bed with a girl with nothing to eat but her. What a diet!

ANDREW C.
Los Angeles, California

IN THE BACK DOOR

My feeling about anal sex, through two marriages and a few affairs, was that it promised pain and was a long way from my clit. That was before I met Larry.

Larry owned a small boutique near my house. I would often sit and talk with him after my last divorce. We'd talk about the hopelessness of love and other depressing topics. I thought he was gay, and he seemed so nonthreatening that I felt very comfortable with him. I invited him for dinner one weekend and our relationship changed. So did my attitude about cocks and assholes.

The sensation is so much more amazing than any words can describe. Really, I wish there were other words . . . Larry used to call my ass his chocolate slot. That was nice, but still not exactly the phrase I'd use.

Anyway, after a light dinner and almost two bottles of wine, we shed our clothes and slid into my new outdoor hot tub. We sat there, not touching, and I enticed him into telling me stories about his male lovers. For some odd reason, I found that hearing about them excited me tremendously, especially the description of what it felt like to be slid into from behind.

Even in the hot water, I could feel myself getting wet. I told him that I had never experienced anal sex, that I'd always thought it must be painful. He offered to show me that it didn't have to be that way. I couldn't help but think how crazy the situation was. I know a couple of women who have tried to turn gay guys on, but I never imagined that it could work the other way—that a gay man would be the one to turn me on to ass-fucking. Larry's body was athletic, like a gymnast's, and the sweat that was beading on his neck and shoulders made him look like some kind of sea god. He touched my breast very lightly and kissed me. We climbed out of the tub and continued kissing, touching and stroking each other. Then he instructed me to lay on my belly and he put a leather cushion under my crotch so that my ass was slightly elevated. He began massaging my legs, spreading them slightly, working his way up to my ass cheeks.

While one hand continued to give my buttocks these soft squeezes, the other was busy stroking my now-dripping cunt. He kept dipping his fingers in my juices and moving them up to my asshole. Then, as I was lost in the sensation of how adventurous it all was, he put just the tip of a finger inside me. I tensed up immediately, squeezing his finger tightly. Larry gently kissed the small of my back and told me to relax. Somehow I did and he slid his finger all the way in, slowly, turning it slightly back and forth.

The sensation was wonderful, tight yet scary. There's nothing quite as exciting as doing something forbidden, you know? Larry began moving his finger in and out, somehow using the wetness of my cunt to keep the area lubricated. I slowly drew my knees up until my ass was in the air. I noticed how relaxed I had become; his finger felt fine now, and I was shaking with the anticipation of his beautiful cock sliding into that tight place. I didn't have to wait long.

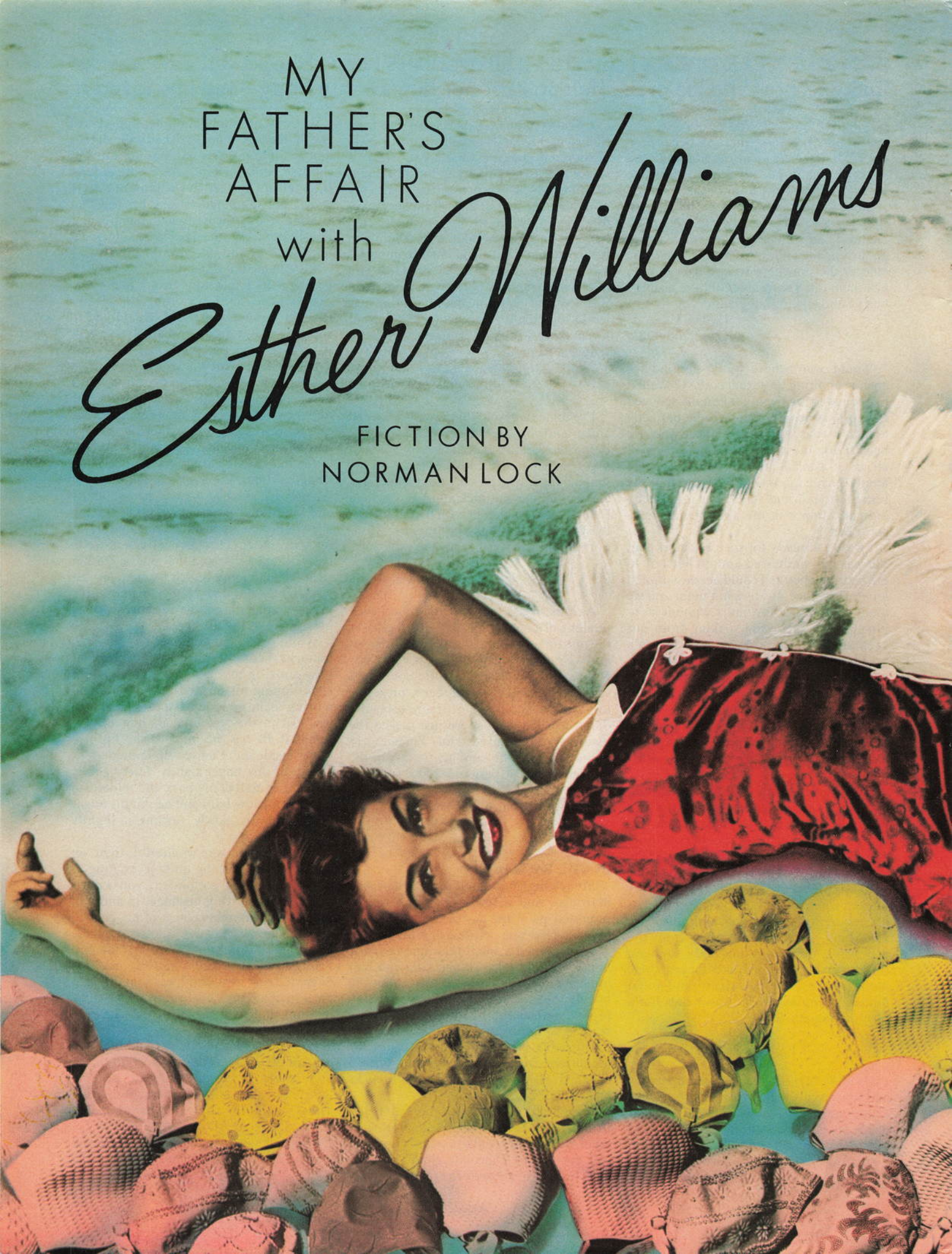
His hands gripped my hips and I felt the head of his cock pushing at the tight rim of my asshole. It began sliding in, just the littlest bit at a time. It seemed so easy. There was a little stretching pain but that just added to the thrill.

I lost all sense of time and felt, in the whirl of some fantasy reincarnation, like a

(Continued on page 130)

MY FATHER'S AFFAIR with Esther Williams

FICTION BY
NORMAN LOCK



There is a woman meant to be mooned over in every man's life. Sexy and remotely unattainable, she is usually someone in the public domain, like a pop song currently in everybody's transistors. It is this remoteness that allows his yearning for her to be made public, a joke for Sunday dinner. In my father's case, the woman he panted for in the room of his heart, where he entertained in secret and luxury, shutting the door on us, was Esther Williams.

Only there was one difference. In his case, he actually got the woman of his dreams. Esther Williams moved into our neat little row house with its gold-painted plastic adornments and matching box springs and mattresses, sent my mother in bitter flight to live with Cub Scouts and very nearly did irreparable injury to my sexuality.

Negligence and Her Blue Rolls

Esther Williams' car stopped right in front of our house one May afternoon in 1950. She sat behind the green-tinted window of her Rolls, which was painted the same color as the bottom of her swimming pool, specially for the finny star. The chauffeur spoke apologetically into the chrome speaking tube, which communicated with the backseat, and informed Esther Williams that the Rolls had run out of gas.

"My God, Frederick! And in this unsavory

ILLUSTRATION BY TAKI ONO AND LISA POWERS

ESTHER WILLIAMS She swam three times a day in the cellar, staring up, as she back-floated, at the pipes that crisscrossed the floor beams above her head.

part of the city. What could you have been thinking of?"

JOHN GARFIELD AND ESTHER WILLIAMS

At that moment my father came walking down the pavement from the bus stop, swinging his lunch box, grimy and beat from his work at the cigar factory. Even in his gray work clothes, he looked like John Garfield. He looked through the window of the blue Rolls and saw a woman in a bathing suit and cap wavering behind the green-tinted glass.

"My God, it's Esther Williams!" he said.

He invited her into the house for coffee and to hear Sinatra on the hi-fi.

"Look who's here, Jane!" he shouted into the house.

Mom came from the kitchen wiping her hand on a dish towel. "Why, it's Esther Williams," she said.

A RAINBOW ASSORTMENT OF BATHING SUITS WITH CAPS TO MATCH

As I said, my father always had a hankering for Esther Williams, but the funny thing was, Esther Williams now had a hankering for him. He did look a lot like John Garfield, even if he was only a machinist in the tobacco factory. Esther Williams sent the chauffeur away in the custom blue Rolls and moved into the back room. Before he slid off in that Rolls quiet as a dream, down the curving street of brick row houses, he lugged her traveling trunk upstairs and put it on the floor of the back room. It was my room, by the way, and I was sent to sleep with my brothers in the small middle room. I hated Esther Williams then, and to this day I cannot look at her silly movies without feeling revulsion. The only things she had in the trunk were bathing suits and bathing caps—dozens and dozens of them, in all colors of the rainbow. For the entire time she stayed in our house, that's all she wore.

SWIMMING IN THE CELLAR

The next thing I knew, there was a lot of heavy equipment outside our house and workmen were tearing up the cellar floor. Esther Williams had to have a swimming pool on hand to keep in shape. As we had backyard enough for a truck tire or a small dog, the pool had to be in the cellar. When the heavy-equipment operators finished, the plumbers arrived to flood the new cement pool.

Esther Williams swam three times a day in the cellar, staring up, as she back-floated, at the pipes that crisscrossed the floor beams over her head. She was bathed in the weak wattage of the hanging bulbs as she went through her watery routine, accompanied by Debussy on the hi-fi upstairs.

ESTHER WILLIAMS AT BREAKFAST

We were sitting at the kitchen table while Mom moved around handing out pancakes, eggs scrambled, fried, sunny-side up and down, poached, bacon rich in saturated fats, Philadelphia scrapple, toast, glasses of foamy orange juice gritty with real pulp from the can, tomato juice splashed with Tabasco—Mom emptied the refrigerator. Esther Williams had an enormous appetite.

"It comes from a healthy body and exercise," she explained.

She went through our food like a Hoover.

"I must have marmalade with my hot buttered toast," she said petulantly.

"We don't have any," said Mom, rankling.

Dad handed me a dollar bill and told me to run down to McGuinn's and get some marmalade. "But I'm not finished with my eggs," I protested.

"Let the boy finish his eggs," said Mom.

"Get down there and get Esther Williams some marmalade!" snapped Dad.

"But McGuinn's isn't open yet," I said. Esther Williams liked to arise at six each morning for her first swim.

"Well, wake them up and tell them Esther Williams needs some marmalade."

Esther Williams sat in her orange bathing suit and matching cap and smiled sweetly at me.

ESTHER WILLIAMS AT DINNER

We were sitting around the dining-room table. Dad wore his rented top hat and tails "just like Fred Astaire's." Mom was carrying steaming pots from the kitchen and spooning heaps of potatoes and vegetables onto our plates.

"Me first," said Esther Williams, imperiously.

She was wearing a lilac-colored bathing suit.

Mom dumped the pot of mashed potatoes all over Esther Williams' matching bathing cap.

MOTHER'S DEPARTURE

Mother's anger flew through the house.

"I refuse to stay another minute in the same house with a husband who keeps a woman swimming in the cellar," she said as she walked out of the house, suitcase in hand, to live with the Cub Scouts.

Her departure marked the end of family life as I had known it.

BETTER LAUNDRY SENDS A LITTLE BILL

"Look, Esther—I never complained, did I, when you emptied my savings and had that swimming pool installed downstairs? I'm not going to stand in the way of your movie career, but this [waving a pink bill in her face from the Better Laundry], this bill for six hundred dollars for the month of June is ridiculous! Who ever heard of using six hundred dollars' worth of towels in one month? Our whole battalion of marines didn't use that many towels in the whole of World War Two!"

"What do you want me to do," screamed Esther Williams, in a lemon-colored bathing suit and lavender cap, "use the same towel over and over again? Don't you understand that I am a film star and do not like to have my towel consumption audited! I am a star, damn it! I have given up a great deal to come and live here. Yet you begrudge me a towel. Philistine!"

HER PHILOSOPHY

Esther Williams: "I am between seventy-seven and seventy-nine percent water, depending on the moon. It's only natural that I should wish to surround myself with it. Some women love mink—I love swimming pools. I love nothing better than the color blue painted on the bottom of my swimming pool."

ESTHER WILLIAMS IN HER BATH

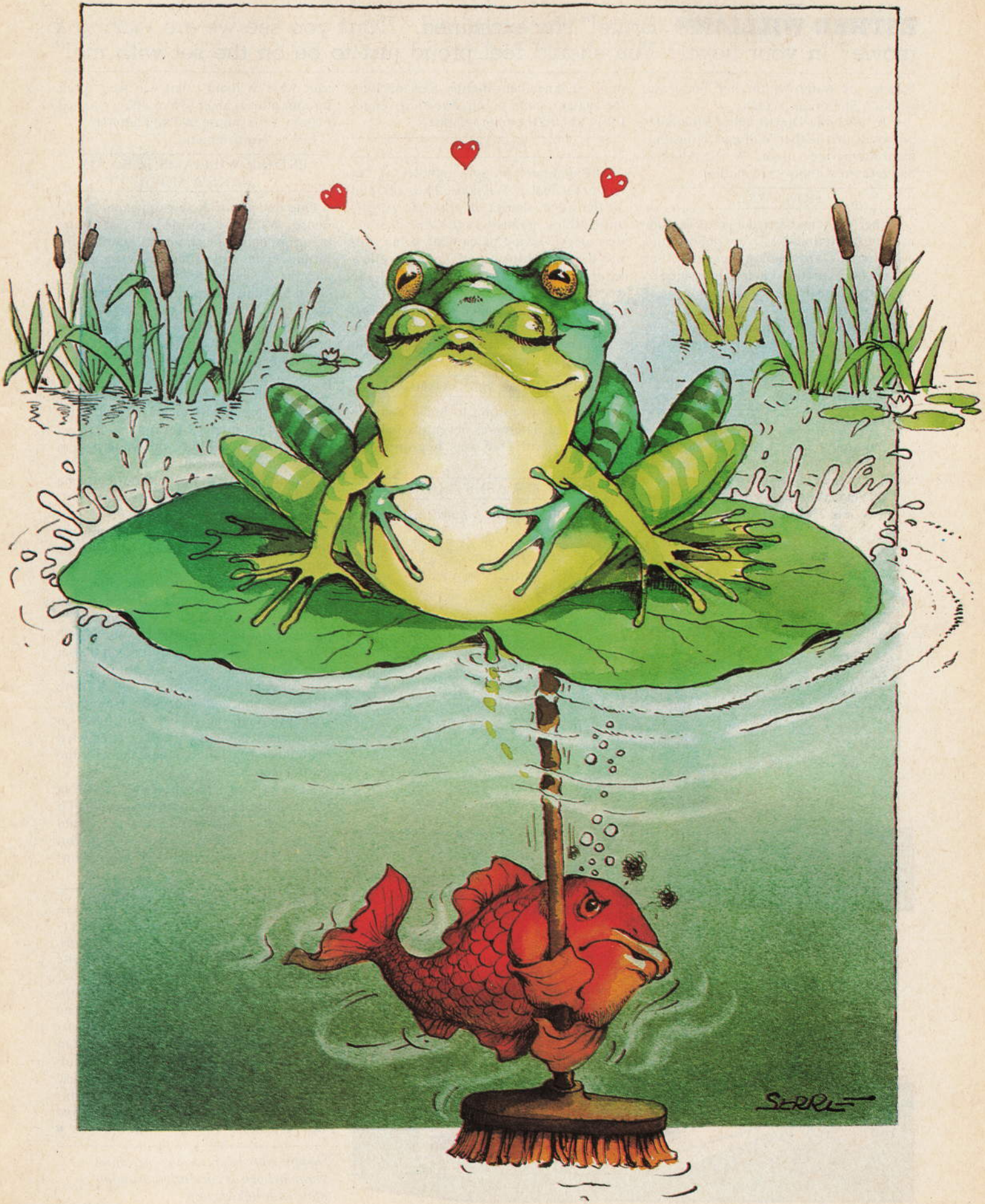
Esther Williams stretched her legs in our old-fashioned tub. I peeked through the skylight. She was wearing a black bathing suit and cap. She drew her knees up under her chin and scrubbed her toes with a nail brush. Her toes were painted pink. The bathtub had feet. I wondered if she had skin underneath that suit and hair under the rubber cap. She pulled the plug and listened to the water roar and screech down the drain. She lay there on the bottom of the smooth, white cast-iron tub, breathing deeply and contentedly like some sea creature sunning itself on a rock.

PERSONAL REFLECTION

I wondered if I could ever love a girl who didn't always wear a bathing suit and cap. Was I irreversibly maimed by her stay with us?

ANECDOTES FROM THE LIFE OF ESTHER WILLIAMS

- Esther Williams hated the rain. She said it was impure and formless. Only water contained in a cement rectangle or kidney lent itself to her aesthetic.
- Esther Williams once received a pearl-handled umbrella from a South American president who admired her films. She hit him over the head with it several times.
- Esther Williams refused to drink water. She said it might upset the delicate


SERRE

ESTHER WILLIAMS "Brute!" she exclaimed. "Don't you see we are making a movie? In your hovel? You should feel proud just to be on the set with me!"

balance of water within her body and without. She drank Scotch.

• In 1943, the Department of the Navy proposed that Esther Williams hunt German submarines in the North Atlantic. She refused without explanation.

SKIN CARE

Esther Williams carried a jar of Vaseline with her at all times. At every opportunity, watching TV or reading her mail, she rubbed her skin (the skin left uncovered by her bathing costume) with Vaseline.

"It keeps the skin from flaking away when you're in the water so much," she said. "It also helps cut the water while swimming."

She left the table and I noticed a greasy smear on the napkin.

ABSENCES AND DEDICATIONS

From time to time, Esther Williams was called upon to dedicate a swimming pool. She flew to the University of North Dakota or to the new Dayton Recreation Center or to the White House to smile over a new pool, one knee bent slightly, toes touching the cement, palm on hip swiveling seductively toward the photographers.

FAN MAIL

The mailman brought bundles of fan letters for Esther Williams. They came in all the pastel shades, in all sizes, weights and finishes, embossed and scented. Some were deckle-edged parchment, some simple sheets of blue-lined, canary-yellow legal tablet. She laughed gaily as she opened them.

One day she was called to the telephone in the middle of opening her fan mail. I sneaked a look at the letters she had opened. They were blank.

DISSATISFACTION AT HOME

Things were starting to break down in the ménage. There was never any food on the table, and Dad was beginning to grumble.

A REPORTER ASKS A QUESTION

A reporter from the *Inquirer* asked: "Is it true, Miss Williams, that you have given up your movie career to live with a married man in a row house in Philadelphia?"

E.W.: "No comment."

ESTHER WILLIAMS TRIES TO MAKE A MOVIE

One day a movie crew appeared in the house. Wardrobe, chorus girls, makeup, key grips, lighting technicians, sound technicians, extras and a small orchestra milled all over the house, eating whatever they could find and stamping out their butts on the carpet. Thick black wires snaked from the sockets over the living room, down the cellar steps to floodlights over the pool. They unplugged the television set because of the paucity of outlets. Dad had been watching the television, and so took this latest interloping into the peace and inviolability of his home with some pique.

"What the hell do you think you're doing!" he demanded.

Esther Williams appeared on the scene in a flamingo-colored bathing suit and hot-pink bathing cap.

"Another little scene are we making, my little Philistine?" she asked, voice brittle with irony.

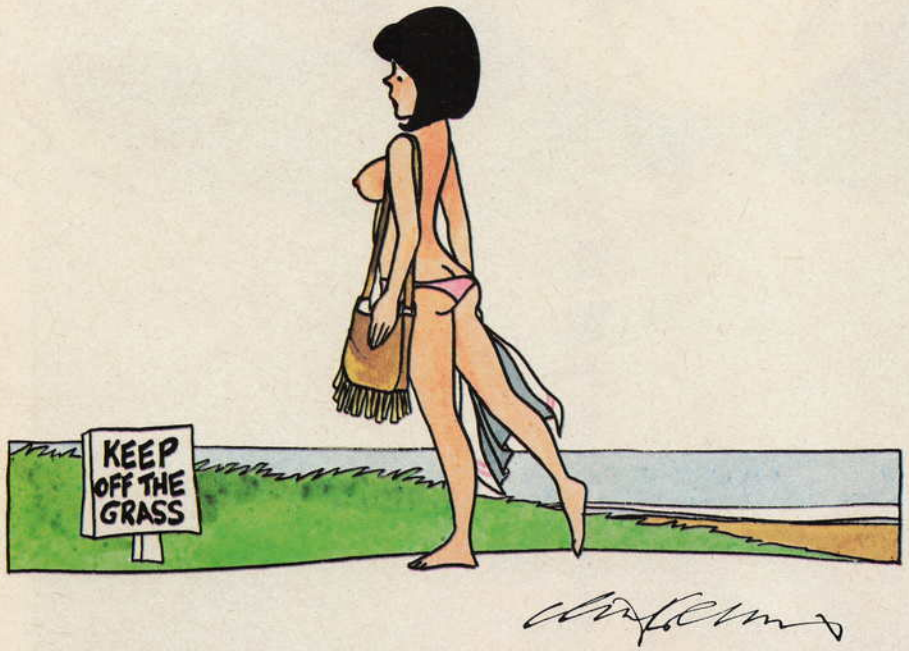
Dad smacked her one on the chin.

"Brute!" she exclaimed. "How dare you interfere! Don't you see we are making a movie? In your basement? In your hovel? You should feel proud just to be on the set with me! But no—you have no appreciation for what I am doing for you and the dirty boy you call your son. He's been spying through the skylight all afternoon at the girls changing upstairs." (I crawled behind the sofa and remained there for the denouement.)

"Listen, you self-centered bitch—I've taken all I'm going to take from you. If I'd known what you were really like, I would never have hankered after you as you swam fishlike across the silver screen. Out! Out! Out!"

ESTHER WILLIAMS DEPARTS

Esther Williams departed that afternoon with her bathing suits and caps, leaving a damp spot on the rug where she had last stood. A new chauffeur swept her away in the silent, blue Rolls. The plumbers returned and drained the cellar. The Better Laundry truck arrived to claim its laundry hamper and supply of unused towels. Mother returned from the Cub Scouts, and all was well again in the house of my childhood, until the very next Sunday dinner: Dad began mooning over Mitzi Gaynor. ■



Though married to serious literature, Norman Lock is currently having an affair with light fiction.

BRUSH WITH THE LAW

(Continued from page 94)

openings or cocktail parties—all on business—or circulates at the bars and clubs frequented by artists, dealers and collectors. Volpe's leads are usually by word-of-mouth and often unintentional. A dealer tells him over a drink that a colleague is selling an unusual number of Boulangers; a fence stops him on the street to confide that a Chinese tapestry, missing from a museum in Philadelphia, is now being offered on the illegal New York market; a prostitute describes a john who has been bragging about a de Kooning he lifted from a SoHo gallery.

"As a detective, and especially in my position," Volpe says, "you have to be prepared to deal with every conceivable level of society. Where else can you find criminals who read menus in five different languages and have graduate degrees from the finest European universities?

"You have to know the black, the white and the gray—especially the gray, because that's where all the really useful information is. The people who aren't really clean, but aren't entirely dirty either, become the pivotal point of every case."

Volpe's lawman profile in the art world—where nothing is as clear as it appears on the surface—has been decidedly low-key. Even on official business, he rarely displays his gold detective's shield, preferring instead to offer a simple business card. He says his respect for the proprieties of the art world stems from his respect for the art itself.

"Robert has a soul, not a machine, inside him," says Miss Lillian Nassau, as she stands amid the exquisite clutter of what may be the world's finest collection of Tiffany lamps in her 57th Street gallery. "He cares about art for its own sake. He has my trust for that reason."

For that and for the more tangible reason that Volpe had just completed the recovery of two Frederic Remington bronzes which had been removed from Miss Nassau's gallery. The Remingtons, valued at $100,000, were stolen by a group of thieves who pounded out her shatterproof-plexiglass display window with sledgehammers.

"To show you how much I think of Robert," says Miss Nassau, "when the insurance company called about the loss of the bronzes, I told them to hold onto their check because Robert was on the case. I was certain he would get the pieces back for me."

Volpe did recover the bronzes, again making an undercover buy. Volpe's search led him through three levels of a criminal organization's hierarchy, as he once more played his role of Renard, the affable, available art expert. He parlayed a single introduction, from a fence who owed him a favor, into a complete case.

The fence was someone he had met months earlier at an art dealer's cocktail party. The man, a complete stranger to him then, had recognized Volpe from a photograph he had seen the day before in the *New York Daily News*. The story accompanying the picture chronicled Volpe's recovery of a cache of stolen paintings.

Apparently, the man had read no more than the headlines, for he had the impression that Volpe was an art thief of the highest caliber. After congratulating Volpe "on your recent haul," the man asked Volpe if he was into anything at the moment. When Volpe said no, the man began detailing a plan he and his associates had for obtaining and marketing an issue of fraudulent lithographs. The man interrupted himself to call over one of his associates—who immediately recognized Volpe as the art detective.

"The second guy turned pale as a sheet when he heard what his friend was telling me," Volpe recalls. "He looked like he was holding his breath."

Volpe realized that he had one arrest, maybe two, in his hands, plus information that might lead to several more. "I also knew," he says, "that while the information I was getting might not mean a great deal to me, it could be enough to get this man killed once word got out that he had talked to me. These people are playing for incredibly high stakes, and they don't tolerate foolish mistakes."

Volpe decided to give the pair a break. "I told the first one that maybe he should step aside and talk to his friend alone for a minute. I knew I was throwing away an arrest, but I've always believed you have to show respect for the people you deal with—including criminals. You have to measure how much good you're doing yourself against how much harm you're doing them. In this particular case, I didn't think the information was worth the possible loss of a man's life."

The first man returned to Volpe's side a few minutes later, looking even paler than his friend, white wine splashing over the rim of his glass onto his trembling hand.

"I owe you," the man told Volpe.

When the Remington bronzes were stolen, Volpe gave the man a chance to pay that debt. He needed an introduction to a very cautious criminal group. The fence arranged it, and that introduction proved good enough to carry Volpe to the top of the organization, where he recovered the bronzes and arrested the two leaders of the group in an East Side penthouse. The underlings escaped, but Volpe was not overly concerned about that.

"I recovered the art first, which was by far the most important thing," he says. "Getting the two top people sweetened the

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pot. The people who got away were hirelings, working people in the criminal world. Their punishment was the loss of the share of the take they had worked for."

Volpe carries a case load of 30 to 100 specific investigations at any one time. But because of his position, cases often find Volpe, even when he isn't looking for them.

For example, during a recent trip to Paris, where he was to speak at an art dealers' conference and assist in some police matters, Volpe met artist Jean-Michel Folon. He mentioned to Folon that he had seen the French artist's new issue in a recent catalog. The work was well done, Volpe remarked, but it seemed stiff, lacking the usual free movement of a Folon.

"Folon was extremely interested," Volpe remembers, "since he had never done any work remotely like what I described."

Volpe and Folon immediately flew back to New York to track down the dealer who was the source of the catalog. They found him in a SoHo bar. "The dealer seemed genuinely surprised," Volpe says. "He convinced us that he had been duped himself."

So Volpe, Folon and the dealer spent a week retrieving all 300 pieces of the issue and moving them out of the country into Canada. The dealer was given a period of grace to get out from under the work financially; then Volpe distributed a flyer through the International Art Registry, declaring the new Folon issue a fraud. Eventually, Volpe tracked the case back through France to an international forgery ring operating out of Italy. He turned his file over to European police, who are still pursuing the investigation.

This kind of loose, Serpico-esque approach is Volpe's natural style. But it's also, he believes, a prerequisite for dealing with art crimes in America, where the combination of a defiantly protean artistic community and crude, unsophisticated U.S. laws makes standard police procedure in art crimes about as effective as mailing out questionnaires.

As they stand, U.S. legal codes regarding the sale of fraudulent art all but invite criminal entrepreneurism. In this country, it is not a crime to produce a fake and it is not a crime to sell it; the only criminal act is in presenting a fake as an authentic work of a specific artist when making a sale. Should a forgery be seized, it cannot be destroyed at the original artist's request, as it can be in Europe. In the U.S., once the signature is removed, the fake can be resold.

"I've tracked pieces that were sold seven times in one month," Volpe says. "Imagine an issue like Folon's of three hundred pieces. It's just like heroin. The dealer may say, 'Hey, it's some fine stuff, but it's illegal.' Sorry, but that's just not going to keep people from buying."

Yet, when bills requiring the registration of works of art have been introduced both at state and Federal levels, art dealers have been the first to lobby against them. "People in art simply don't like the idea of the police, or any other agency, looking over their shoulders.

"I am constantly made aware of which dealers are most susceptible to criminal actions," Volpe says with a smile. "The private information I collect is usually given on a social basis. Some of it is gossip that I have to just turn my back and walk away from, but most of what I'm told is immediately useful."

Volpe recently watched a dealer, whom he had known and been friendly with for years, "cross over the line" by selling a fake oil for thousands of dollars. "When I came into his office, he knew," Volpe remembers. "He smiled and said, 'It's not social, is it?' I took him into custody and got the case into court that night, after persuading a judge downtown to handle it in private chambers. The collector, who was the complainant in the case, agreed to let the dealer reimburse him for the price of the sale, and the judge consented. Before the dealer and the collector had left the room, the two of them had finalized another deal for twice the amount of the first one. They called what the dealer owed a down payment. Everybody went away smiling like that was what we'd come together for in the first place," Volpe recalls, chuckling. "I think even the judge enjoyed it."

As respected as Volpe's attitude of "art first" has made him in the larger world, it did not always go over so well with his superiors in the police department, where promotions, citations—and especially increases in funding—are distributed largely on the basis of arrests per unit or squad.

"But I guess you could look at it like a kidnapping," says Lieutenant Shea. "I mean, is the arrest of five junkies worth a truckload of slashed paintings?" He shakes his head, indicating doubt.

Volpe calls his relationship with the other cops "complex." Lieutenant Shea remarks, "Bob Volpe's unusual personal style and unique position attract considerable attention. There is some jealousy within the department, but not nearly the amount there could be, because Bob doesn't flaunt his success."

Occasionally, one or two of his peers will hang a nude centerfold in his locker, wait for him to arrive in the morning and ask, "But is it art?" Volpe relates a time he made a gift of some etchings to a pair of cops he had worked with closely on a major case: "One cop said, 'Oh, yeah, thanks,' then folded the piece up and stuck it in his pocket." Volpe remembers, smiling

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BRUSH WITH THE LAW "When you're an undercover cop in New York City, the critics carry guns and a bad review is a bullet."

through a wince. "But the other man laid his down very carefully and went off to find some cardboard to protect it with."

Volpe's own art gives his life continuity, he stresses, and enables him to sustain some sense of identity as he moves through the many roles he plays. He does his best creative work late at night, between midnight and three in the morning, when the day's business falls away and leaves him alone in his studio (still in sturdy old Bay Ridge) with whatever vision is closest to his center.

"I don't think about people who steal art then, or even people who buy and sell it. That's all a secondary world to me, anyway. But I know it will always be there in the morning."

His smallest collection of admirers, Volpe admits, is within the upper echelons of the department's career cops. Although some of his superiors collect his art work, all in all, Volpe's reputation as a rebel has hindered him within the NYPD.

Volpe had his nose rubbed into the nonchalance of his peers this past summer, when he submitted a proposal for a new position. Pointing out that he was considering leaving the department in April, at the end of his 15th year, Volpe proposed the creation of a new position for himself, one he called Director of Art Matters. He was careful to avoid asking for a raise in salary, but he did request the freedom to begin training other detectives to handle art-crime investigations. He wanted to establish a more formal relationship between the department and the major museums, galleries and auction houses. He also wanted to work on the alteration of the city's, as well as the country's, archaic art-crime laws.

But the proposal, Volpe says, "just seems to have died somewhere in the bureaucracy." He believes the higher-ups did not take it seriously. "Apparently, they thought I was having second thoughts about leaving and wanted to promote myself back into a steady job," he says.

In fact, a steady job is the last thing Volpe needs. Fame and fortune—or at least the people who make decisions about such things—seem to have discovered Robert Volpe in the past few months.

First came a top film producer, George Litto (*Obsession*), whose company is producing an international art caper-adventure-romance movie, which is scheduled to begin shooting in the spring. The main character is one Robert Volpe, described as "an artist who doubles as a New York art detective." Volpe had been working on the project for nearly a year with a young screenwriter, Marion Zola, when they were discovered by Litto. Locking themselves into a hotel suite for two weeks, they came out with a completed script that was immediately accepted.

Then, as the word spread that Volpe was on his way out of the police department, offers began to pour in from what Volpe relishes calling "the private sector." A London-based conglomerate with extensive investments in art has asked Volpe to head its American operations as an "executive consultant" on a four-figures-per-week retainer.

The International Art Registry, Inc. has asked Volpe to serve as the organization's director, a position he has considered taking for the chance to improve what he calls "this country's inadequate protection of art and artists."

Finally, a number of wealthy individuals with art investments—ranging from a New York banker to a Memphis real-estate developer—have put together a proposal for a new company which will most likely be called Robert Volpe, Inc. The firm will produce a "complete art service," including insurance investigation, security consultation, marketing assistance and the training of museum and gallery staffs. Volpe's salary would be "somewhere in the six figures."

Volpe—still wearing jeans, but now under $300 overcoats—appears stunned by his incredible run of good fortune. Still, he remains essentially a street person geared toward survival. When asked if he is sure he can handle his forthcoming film fame, Volpe smiles.

"I've already played the Big Theater for fourteen years," he says, with only a trace of self-mockery undercutting his voice. "Except that when you're an undercover cop in New York City, the critics carry guns and a bad review is a bullet."

•

"Everyone who's anyone in the art world knows Bob Volpe," says the young woman who oversees the front room of a Madison Avenue art gallery.

"No, not everyone," Volpe tells her.

"Well," the girl admits, "maybe it depends on whom you call anyone."

"Yes," Volpe agrees, "that's what it depends on, all right." ■

"I've decided to end it all. Blow my brains out!"

FRAN LEBOWITZ

(Continued from page 74)

OUI: How do you feel about fur coats?

LEBOWITZ: Well, I think they look nice on people, but I don't think I'm the type. My mother wanted me to buy one. She kept calling me and telling me to buy a fur coat. I like them. I mean, I'm for them. I think we should have fur coats made out of endangered species, too. I would wear a coat made out of human skin, if I thought it looked nice. I don't care about animals. I wish they would let you have alligator things again. My whole life I wanted to have alligator luggage; my aunt had it when she was in college.

I saw an article about this poor alligator farmer. There was a picture of this guy who is starving to death to feed his alligators. He started out with a hundred alligators. Then they made the law that you couldn't have alligator things anymore. Now he has nine thousand alligators.

OUI: Does your mother think a fur coat would be an accouterment of success?

LEBOWITZ: People always tell you to get what *they* want. I think since my mother wants a fur coat, she thinks that's what I want. But she's against my getting a car.

OUI: What kind of car do you want?

LEBOWITZ: Well, I wanted a Rolls-Royce. Two things kept me from getting it. One is realizing that I'm not rich enough to get a Rolls-Royce. I could afford to buy one, but I don't think I could afford—emotionally—to worry about it all the time. The other thing is that after having had lunch with Sue Mengers at Ma Maison and seeing the parking lot there, I decided I didn't want a Rolls-Royce anymore. So I'm buying a Checker car.

OUI: Will you have a driver, or will you drive it yourself?

LEBOWITZ: Oh, no. I love to drive. I couldn't afford a chauffeur. I'll garage it near the house—if I ever have a house. That's why I thought I'd get a big car: I may have to move right into it.

OUI: You've had many offers to sell your book to the movies. Why aren't you interested?

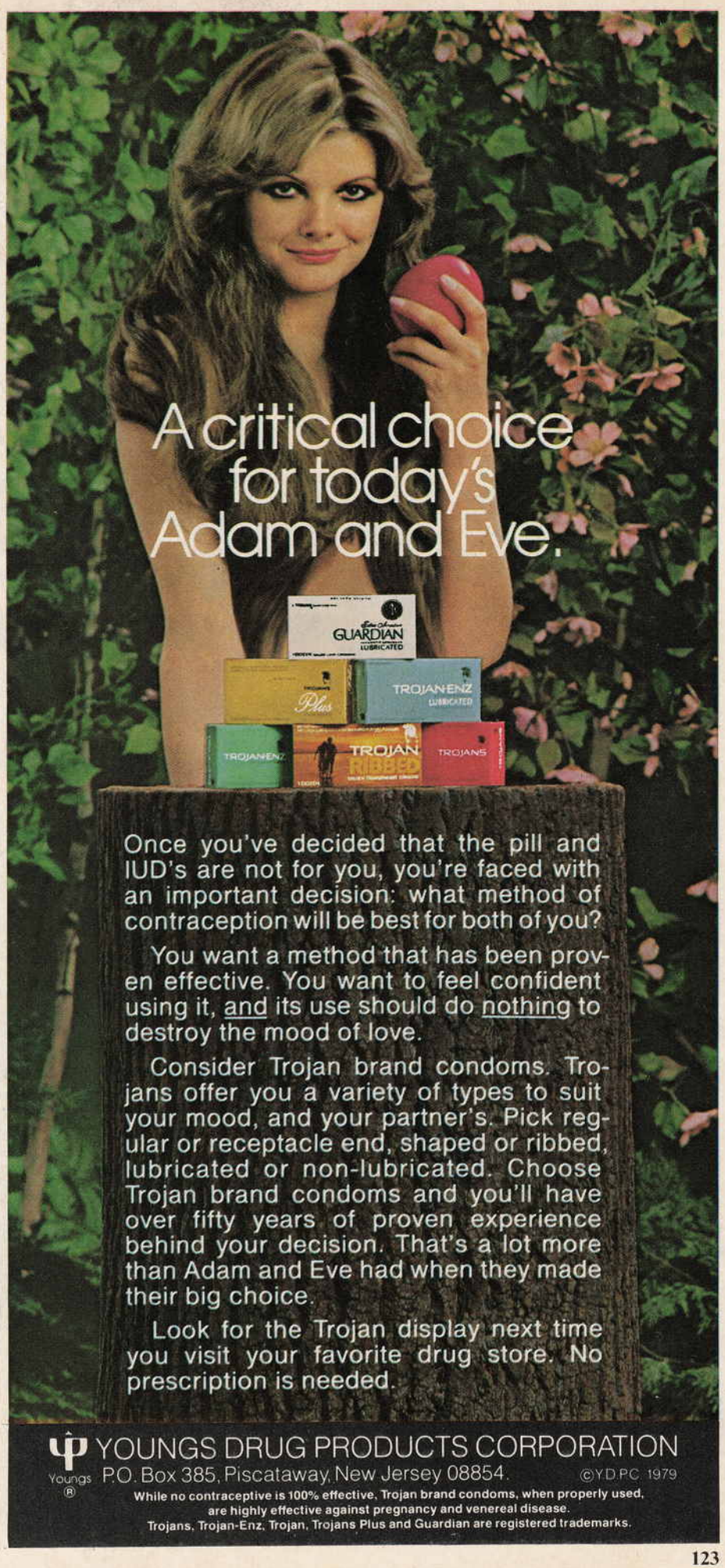
LEBOWITZ: The main reason is that I don't work well with others. Movies or plays, they're so collaborative. I don't ever want to hear an actor say, "Oh, I don't want to say it like *that*."

OUI: But you're passing up a lot of money.

LEBOWITZ: I think if you really want to get rich you become an investment banker. No matter how rich you become as a writer, it's not like how rich you become in the money business.

OUI: Do you like to go to the movies?

LEBOWITZ: Not that much. Although I would love to be a movie star. To me, that's the best job. The thing I used to love about movie stars is they don't have to work, but they get all that money. The thing I hate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about them is how they *think* they have to work.

I love Burt Reynolds. To me, he's a real movie star. I hate Bobby De Niro because he gives the appearance of someone wrapped up in thought. I knew him from a long time ago, and everyone says, "Well, Bobby doesn't talk because Bobby's so intense." Well, Bobby doesn't talk because Bobby doesn't know *how* to talk.

OUI: What about Brando? He says he couldn't have a better job, that he's very lucky to have stumbled onto a way of making money without working.

LEBOWITZ: Yes, he is one of the luckier ones. I don't like Marlon Brando; I don't like that type. He's responsible for having created eleven million horrible actors who imitate him. I didn't even like him as a young actor. I like him better now with that wig on in *Superman* than with a torn T-shirt. It makes him seem less pretentious.

OUI: Chris Reeve?

LEBOWITZ: No. I didn't like *Superman* too much. I like Glenn Ford; I love him. I like Dustin Hoffman. Of all the actors I ever met, I actually thought he was funny. I liked talking to him. He wasn't "actorish."

I just like movie-star types—the ones who don't go around thinking they're actors. For actresses, I like Maggie Smith; I think she's great. If I ever wrote a movie I'd want Maggie Smith in it. Dyan Cannon, I love. I like Madeline Kahn. I think Tuesday Weld is great.

OUI: Diane Keaton?

LEBOWITZ: No. That's the type I hate. She's what "Notes on Trick" is about. Every taste she has is "trick."

OUI: Woody Allen?

LEBOWITZ: I like Woody Allen. Mostly I love his writing. I think there's nothing harder than writing comedy. That's not an opinion; that's a fact. If it were easy, then a lot of people would do it. Since a lot of people don't do it, you have to assume it's because a lot of people aren't capable of doing it.

I think that it's certainly easier to make people sad than to make them happy. People are so disposed to being sad to begin with. You get a person into a theater or a book—the person's already sad, you can figure. Nine out of ten people, they're sad all the time. To get them to cry, you don't have to get them that far away from where they started.

I went to *Interiors* out of curiosity and decided, after having seen it, that the reason those people were so unhappy was because they grew up with their mother telling them they had to dress to match the walls. If you can make *Annie Hall*, why *make* that garbage?

OUI: Have you ever had the desire to do stand-up comedy?

LEBOWITZ: No. I'm too much of a snob to be a comedian. It's been suggested to me frequently from the time I was about three—"What do you think you are, a comedian?"

You can be the kind of writer I am and achieve the success I have achieved, and it's really enough. Only one hundred thousand people bought my book in hardback. Now, if you're a stand-up comedian whom only a hundred thousand people would see, you're not a big success. Writing is the best way to have a small success.

But I love comedians. I love to go to Las Vegas and see all the comedians. I like even bad comedians. I watch comedies on TV all the time. *The Rockford Files* is my favorite nighttime show; *Family Feud*, the game show, is my favorite daytime show.

OUI: We've heard that you never went to college.

LEBOWITZ: Yes, I never even finished high school. After I didn't finish high school, I decided I wouldn't finish college, too.

I visited some friends in college once, and it was a nightmare to me—to have to go down to breakfast with a thousand people. My best friend from high school went to Boston University, and I went and lived in her dorm once for six weeks because I had no money. One night, while I was sleeping on the floor in this dormitory, I heard this girl yelling, nine rooms down the hall, "Joanne, can I borrow your diaphragm?" That sums up everything I would have hated about college.

OUI: How often do you see your parents?

LEBOWITZ: It depends. About once a month, I'd say. But it's such a terrible train ride. I talk with them frequently on the telephone. Very often someone will say, "Where do you feel like eating?" I'll say, "Well, I feel like eating chicken at my mother's house." And if I had a car, I would go.

OUI: You don't like subways?

LEBOWITZ: I hate subways. Especially New York subways. They're an assault to every sense. First of all, I hate to be in a crowd of people. I just can't stand to be in physical contact with people I don't know. People are always sneezing on you. I know if you go in the subway, you get a cold. I'm a terrible hypochondriac; I practically don't breathe when I'm in the subway.

I got sick in London about five years ago, and a friend of mine—quite a rich girl—took me to her doctor. There was too much art in the waiting room. And then we went in and he said to me, "I *love* your column." I said to my friend, "I don't want a doctor who reads *Interview*." Doctors shouldn't read *Interview*. They should read the AMA *Journal*, study up on their diseases, play golf with other doctors . . .

OUI: Who's your favorite writer, living or not living?

LEBOWITZ: I have a million favorite writ-

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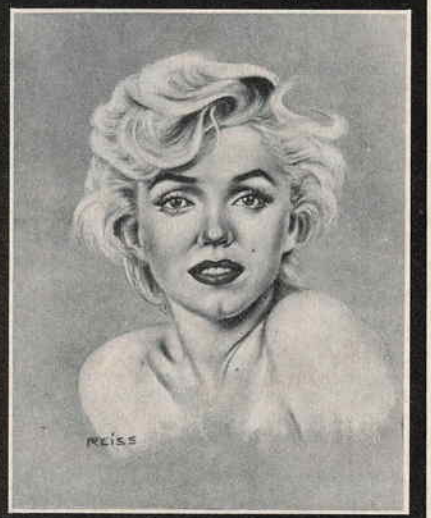

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FRAN LEBOWITZ

ers. Living ones: I like John Cheever, Steven Milhauser, Charles Simmons, Gore Vidal. Dead writers I like more; well, there *are* more dead writers. Oscar Wilde, Evelyn Waugh, Nancy Mitford, Edith Wharton. I read anything and I read all the time. I like mostly English faggots; they're my favorite writers. But I wouldn't care to meet any of them.

OUI: Why is that?

LEBOWITZ: It might be dull. The most interesting thing about writers is probably their work. Legends grow up around writers, but they're probably just apocryphal. If someone called me up and said, "Do you want to have dinner with Oscar Wilde?" of course I would go, but I'm sure that would not be as interesting as reading *The Importance of Being Earnest*. And in general, if you hang around with writers, you end up talking about writing, and it's probably not too good for your actual writing to talk about it. It's probably better to hang around with makeup artists.

OUI: Has meeting deadlines become any easier for you?

LEBOWITZ: Yes. I've always said that money is really good for writers. The more money you have, the better writer you become.

I went to the house of this writer, this really rich writer. I mean *really* rich, like a multimillionaire—he'd inherited everything. And he said to me, "Well, I just can't write; I can't write here." And I said, "Well, if you can't write here, you can't write." And I believe that. People who say they can't write in a certain place—forget it. There are blocks; but if you're blocked for like three years, then you'd better find another line of work. If I were really, really rich, though, I wouldn't write at all. I would just lie around and read.

OUI: You would be a professional reader?

LEBOWITZ: I'm very capable of amusing myself, and I don't feel a need to "get to work." Some people really like to work; not just writers—very few writers, in fact. But there are some people who just love to work. However, I could have a very nice time just eating, reading, lying around, talking on the phone . . .

OUI: Don't you believe that "industry is the enemy of melancholy"?

LEBOWITZ: People wouldn't be so depressed about being depressed if they didn't expect to be happy. Being depressed is a natural state of man. Expecting to walk around and be pleased and happy—this is a completely lunatic concept!

OUI: What do you think about therapy and shrinks?

LEBOWITZ: I'm against them. A few of my friends go to psychiatrists. It doesn't help you, unless you believe in it like a religion. In which case, anything would help. If you believe that if you hold a jar of water on your head for four hours a day that you would get better, you would get better. I went to a psychiatrist when I was a teenager, and even after that a few times. It's the kind of thing you do when you're very depressed. You think, "This might help." And of course, what happens is that when you start feeling better you think it's helping.

OUI: You like to dance. Where is your favorite place to go dancing?

LEBOWITZ: My favorite place to go dancing would be my own place, but since I don't have one, I go to Studio 54. That's because everyone I want to see goes there. They let me in free and give me free drinks. I wouldn't go there if I wasn't treated well. They're very mean to people they don't like. I really look down on those people who stand outside, because they know they're going to get insulted.

OUI: Do people think it's unusual for you to like disco music?

LEBOWITZ: I don't know. I like it because I hated rock 'n' roll so much. Disco music is not *supposed* to be art; it's exactly what it is—music to dance to. It all sounds alike. I would like to write a disco song. I've figured out the formula for it. You just think up a cliché and then repeat it ten times, like "one bad apple don't spoil the whole bunch."

Disco has become too popular; it used to be much more specialized. Now regular people do it; even my mother knows about Studio 54. You go to someplace and somebody there says, "Now I'm going to take you to the Studio 54 of Kansas City." Discotheques used to be much more homosexual. Now they're more like singles bars and they've become less interesting. I think faggots will get tired of going to discotheques pretty soon, and then it will be popular for, oh, five or six more years.

OUI: Do you ever go to New York's literary hangout, Elaine's?

LEBOWITZ: Once. But I avoid it. Why do people go there? So that other people will recognize them. It's a circle jerk. And why doesn't anyone ever say how horrible the food is there? It's dreadful. Everyone's afraid Elaine won't like them anymore and they won't get a good table—so what? I mean, if you're famous, why do you need a good table at Elaine's? I'm glad I have an agent. I figure that's what I pay her for. She gets her ten percent; let *her* go to Elaine's for me.

OUI: You've gained the unlikely reputation of a "curmudgeon." Is that perhaps a mask for a vulnerable inner you?

LEBOWITZ: No. I'm just as cranky on the inside as I am on the outside. No one would make that up about themselves. It's funny—people ask me, "Did you adopt this pose to become successful?" For eight years I was starving to death with this pose! ■

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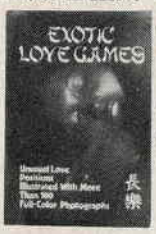

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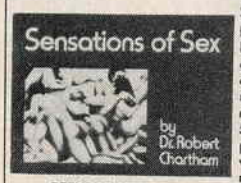

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THE HONEYMOONERS

(Continued from page 80)

themes: "The major gripe between them was sex."

Commenting on the case afterward, defense attorney Burt stated, "It appeared that Greta led a rather amazing fantasy sex life, in which dramatic, even violent, pursuit became very important. There is no doubt there was considerable violence in the relationship, but I don't believe Greta could always tell what was real and what was imagined. For example, she may not even know now what—if anything—happened between her and Jack Hinkle. Greta was a very complicated, young lady."

Spit it out, counselor: You figure she was goofy as a loon.

Goofy or no, Burt dismissed Greta's testimony as a "pattern of lies" and argued convincingly that the Rideouts were simply the kind of fun couple that liked to punch each other's lights out before retiring to the boudoir. He pointed out that her first complaints to the Salem police were not of rape at all, and that all Greta had claimed on the first three reports was that "my husband slapped me."

Implications were made that Greta was being manipulated by the feminists and that she had, in fact, become a svelte and leggy stooge of the Salem Women's Crisis Center. (The center's slogan: "If she says no, it's rape.")

Regardless, Burt was feeling the heat. One enraged feminist wrote his office to suggest that he be hanged as "only a man can be hanged." In a single day he logged 47 individual requests for interviews, and both he and Gortmaker had become legal flagships for what one newsman called "as far as the war between the sexes, the battle of the century."

Meanwhile, Greta was becoming a tad publicity-drunk. She let it be known that Warner Bros. had offered her 60 grand for the rights to her tale, and that she wouldn't be half-angry if somebody made a movie out of her life story. One witness testified that Greta thought her "rape" was going to make her "rich and famous."

Well, to make a long story reasonably brief, Greta got short-sheeted. After deliberating two hours and 35 minutes, the jury returned with a verdict. To an explosion of applause from the gallery, John Rideout, young lover extraordinaire, was pronounced not guilty.

Greta took it hard. She struck a Madonna pose, stating, "This is a great setback for all women everywhere," and then she announced that she'd "contemplated killing John. I know he'd contemplated killing me," and that she'd "almost committed suicide on three different occasions."

•

On January tenth of this year, the *Oregon Journal* bannered its front page with JOHN AND GRETA RIDEOUT ARE IN LOVE AGAIN. Meeting to discuss visitation rights for their 2½-year-old child, Jennifer, "something happened." Hoisting foamy mixed drinks for wire-service cameramen, the duo explained their new life.

Greta said she'd been called on by a well-wisher and would-be minister from Philadelphia and had found Jesus. John said he'd become a feminist and declared, "The [wife-rape] law is right," prudently adding, of course, "that's not admitting anything." Greta said the Bible was "like an owner's manual for the body." John said the $9000 in public monies that had paid for their trial had been just "like one big marriage counsel."

Of course, it couldn't last. And it didn't. Reconciled, the Rideouts hit upon hard times. Upon hearing of their decision to reunite, John's black-belt, prison-guard half-brother (he of Greta's fun-filled fucking fantasies) kicked down the door to their apartment. Greta and John called the cops and were evicted for their efforts a half-hour later.

Then John got sued by the welfare department for five grand in back child-support payments, and he lost his job at Sambo's pancake emporium because of all the reporters' telephone calls.

•

Speaking of which, while all the media people were quacking it up over the reunion, John's attorney, Charlie Burt, was getting the scare of his life. John, it seems, was hinting around town that he may have been much more "at fault" that fateful night than he had let on. A story circulated that John had admitted to Greta's counselor at the Crisis Center, Helen Biebelheimer, that he had raped Greta after all. Burt was suddenly faced with the worst: What if the kid was lying, after all? What that meant, in a word, was perjury. A whole new trial. Egg on Charlie's face.

What to do? If the media got wind of this, the shit was really going to hit the fan. Reporters from the two local papers already knew something was amiss. "John's attorney's were in a panic," states one. And Royal Kennedy, who covered the trial for ABC News, recalls, "We knew something was up. We knew that John sounded like he was about to recant."

So, Royal arranged booking for John on ABC's *Good Morning America* show.

Charlie Burt strongly advised John not to go. But John insisted he was telling the truth. Jetted back to New York, John and Greta sat before the cameras, and *GMA* host, the affable David Hartman, asked the inevitable question, "Did you rape your wife?" John said, "No." Greta, bless her, countered, "Yes." (Asked if John had admitted the rape, Ms. Beibelheimer remained temporarily coy. "I won't say one

way or the other.")

Then, back in Oregon, Greta ditched John for the fourth time in two and a half years. The world wondered what the hell was going on.

•

Seated in an annex to Charlie Burt's office, John Rideout offered OUI a chance to clear the air. Pale-faced and dressed in a wide variety of ex-petrochemicals—a polyester sport coat and slacks—he said, "I didn't even know what was happening. After we got back together the last time, we started reading the Bible." But Greta, evidently, had lost Jesus nearly as quickly as she'd found Him. "The next thing I knew, I read in the *newspapers* that she didn't think our marriage was peachy keen. Then we go see her attorney on another matter and she says to me, 'Wait outside; this'll just take a minute,' and two hours later somebody hands me a note from her saying she's leaving me again.

"Then she calls me up a few days later and says—you won't believe this—she says she wants to know if we're still friends."

John painted a terrible tale of love gone wrong. "I never knew if she actually did anything with Jenny Sue Reich; I don't know too much about the guy in Minnesota, or other guys. As for my brother Jack, Greta just broke down one night and told me that he had forced her to do certain things. She said Jack had forced her to do, ah . . . certain things six or seven times. Then she said once Jack had forced her to do certain things with him while his wife was sitting right in the next room, and I thought, Wow, couldn't she have at least *said* something? Then she told me that while I was in the army in Georgia, she'd, ah, balled Jack out of loneliness—then she balled him again just 'cause she'd balled him the first time—and then he just grabbed her one night when he was drunk and raped her. When I heard that, I started to think that maybe it wasn't, ah, such a good atmosphere to be living in."

No shit.

"Course, Jack says she's lying through her teeth."

What about the "rape confession" to Helen Beibelheimer?

"I never admitted anything," John insisted. "I said I was sorry for my part in the fighting. That's all!"

Was reconciliation number five in the works?

John winced. "Look, I've been chasing Greta for years. I must have worked in every Sambo's in the country, going after her since I first met her at the Sambo's here in Salem. I've spent all my time telling her, 'Greta, come back, blah, blah, blah—it'll be great this time, blah, blah, blah, blah.' Well, this time I've had it." John held his head in both hands as though it were a basketball. "No, no, no. I will not go back this time. I'm through."

But, indeed, things are looking up. This summer, six floors below wizard Charlie Burt's office, three researchers for Lorimar Productions (the folks who bring you *Eight Is Enough* and *The Waltons*, no less) combed the streets, culling details of ex-instant-celebrity John's strange, short life. All for a made-for-TV Rideout movie to be filmed, if all goes well, later this year. As for the alluring Greta, she filed for divorce like a lady. And John took it well, agreeing to split the sheets like the real *mensch* we all know him to be. Their glamor-packed, on-again, off-again, on-again relationship legally became yesterday's news one balmy afternoon this spring. Greta had few words for the press after the unhitching ceremony, however. Aware, perhaps, that she was probably just about one big media stunt away from losing custody of Jennifer and, with a movie and book in the offing, she has kept a pretty low profile of late—really minding her p's and q's. Preparatory, no doubt, to her next big move. ■

DO WIFE-RAPE LAWS RAPE HUSBANDS, TOO?

John Rideout may easily turn out to be only the exception that proves the rule. One juror reported afterward that the main reason John was acquitted was not because the jury didn't believe a man could rape his wife, but because "we just didn't know whom to believe, John or Greta."

This doesn't make John's attorney, Charlie Burt, wax ecstatic. "Face it," he says, "this decision won't keep these cases out of court. But I'll tell you this: If these laws are enacted across the country, we're going to have an incredible legal mess. Because when marriages start breaking up, you wouldn't believe what people are willing to do to each other—and with this law, a woman can say, 'Give me what I want, my dear, or it's going to cost you ten grand to defend yourself when I scream rape.'

"This kind of law has nothing to do with promotion of human rights. If anything, the opposite is true. It's practically . . . medieval. There's no way you can compare rape by a stranger who's pulled you off the street to intercourse between two people who've had relations maybe two, four or six hundred times before. It's preposterous! If such legislation prevails nationwide, a man would have to be a fool to make love to a woman without a previously signed contract."

But what about women who claim current laws in most states make them chattels, sexual vending machines?

"That's simply nonsense. No man can assault a woman—or another man for that matter—and not face criminal liability. We have laws that protect women thoroughly from assault . . . laws that allow them to get out of a marriage quickly in case of *any* kind of real abuse. This wife-rape business does nothing but throw off a lot of emotionalism and politics into a legal arena where it does not belong.

"Ironically, it's the sexually abused wife who may suffer most under this kind of legislation. Chances are, juries are going to be reluctant to convict a man of rape, unless the case is really horrendous. So some guy who might have been put away on a solid assault charge may go scot-free. Another jury, however, might take the word of a forceful woman, buying a shaky case on a 'your word against mine' basis. So you're likely to get it coming and going.

"Besides, if the institution of marriage is in danger due to the lack of wife-rape legislation, we're all in trouble. If the argument of consent can subject a husband to twenty years in the pen on the word of his wife—well, you're going to have very few bright men who will get married at all."

Nevertheless, the beat goes on. The National Organization for Women (NOW) has recommended that all states adopt the New Jersey version of the Oregon law, a more inclusive mandate that defines nuptial rape as an assault on either sex. While that call has so far fallen largely on deaf ears, over a dozen states have reduced "spousal immunity" if rape occurs after a couple is separated.

Among many women's groups, there exists no dearth of enthusiasm for continued wife-rape legislation and persecution. Mary Ann Largun, a member of the Rape Prevention and Control Advisory Committee for the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, reflects a common view: "I was shocked at the Rideout verdict, because there was so much corroborating evidence." However, she feels that "it was a good test case," because the judge instructed the jury that a marriage contract was not a valid defense, thus upholding the Oregon legislature's view.

Says Charlie Burt, "The whole issue has become absurd. And when you make a law as unenforceable as this one is, it holds the law up to ridicule. The public just looks at the Rideout case and thinks, 'Well, it was just the good old boys versus women's lib. Nonsense. The issue here is a matter of very bad, somewhat frightening legislation. I'll tell you one thing, however. Right now is one heck of a good time to be damned good and kind to your wife." —M.C.

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SEX TAPES LETTERS

(Continued from page 113)

jungle animal fucking in a circle of dancing, screaming, animal-masked natives. When I came, it was with a series of violent spasms, hot shocks of almost painful climaxes. I yelled for him to stop and he did. We collapsed down on the cushion and I just shook for what seemed like hours.

It took several more sessions with Larry before I was relaxed enough for him to fuck me until he came. But that's a whole other story.

JOAN C.
Mapleton, New Jersey

After reading those kinky letters on anal sex, I just had to write and tell you of the one time I got screwed in the ass. It was when I was 15, and I loved it. I have tried for a repeat performance, but it has never been as good, and I've always felt guilty as hell. If my husband knew, he would be disgusted, I'm sure. He's disgusted with anything other than very straight sex anyway, and although he is terrific at that and very loving, it is boring as hell doing the same thing all the time. Luckily, I still have my memories . . .

When I was 15, my family lived on a ranch in Wyoming. I was the youngest child in the family, and since my brothers were so much older than I—hardly brotherly at all—I was very lonely. I guess that's why I got so attached to my dog Bo, a German shepherd.

Now, I know you're going to think I'm sick or perverted or something, but this really happened and it was kind of innocent. I mean, it's not easy to be 15 and lonely and horny and stuck out there in Wyoming. I usually went to camp in the summer, but that year my parents wanted me to stay home and help out on the ranch.

I'd had Bo since I was nine years old, and I took him everywhere with me. Once, when I was 13, I put some of his dog food on my pussy and he licked it off. I came, but I was too embarrassed to do it ever again.

Anyway, one afternoon during that summer I was telling you about, Bo and I went for a swim in a small reservoir. The tank was used mostly for watering cattle, and there were a few head of Angus standing around the edges of the pond when we got there. I stripped off my clothes and ran into the water with Bo splashing in ahead of me. We began rolling in the muddy water and wrestling with each other. After a while it got dark, and I realized I was exhausted and crawled out of the water into the soft, dark mud on the bank. I was just crouching there, on all fours, looking at the horizon and thinking how beautiful it was. I was so far from everything—no houses, no mechanical sounds or anything. Then I felt Bo's cold nose nuzzling my ass. I started to stop him, but then I just let it happen. It felt so good. He started licking my cunt, and I began wiggling my butt. He mounted me and began humping like crazy, making little whimpering noises. He wasn't in me exactly, but I could feel his cold cock rubbing against my ass and I suddenly felt like an animal myself. I started moaning and growling, and before I knew it, his cock was in my asshole and it felt wonderful.

We humped like that for a long time, starting and stopping several times. It was definitely the highlight of my summer. Afterwards, I went back into the water and washed off while Bo ran around, barking at the cattle. I guess he felt pretty good, too. I know it's hard to believe. I hardly believe it happened myself, it was so long ago. I'm only telling this story because something like this might have happened to some other people out there, and I think it's time we all stopped feeling guilty about such things.

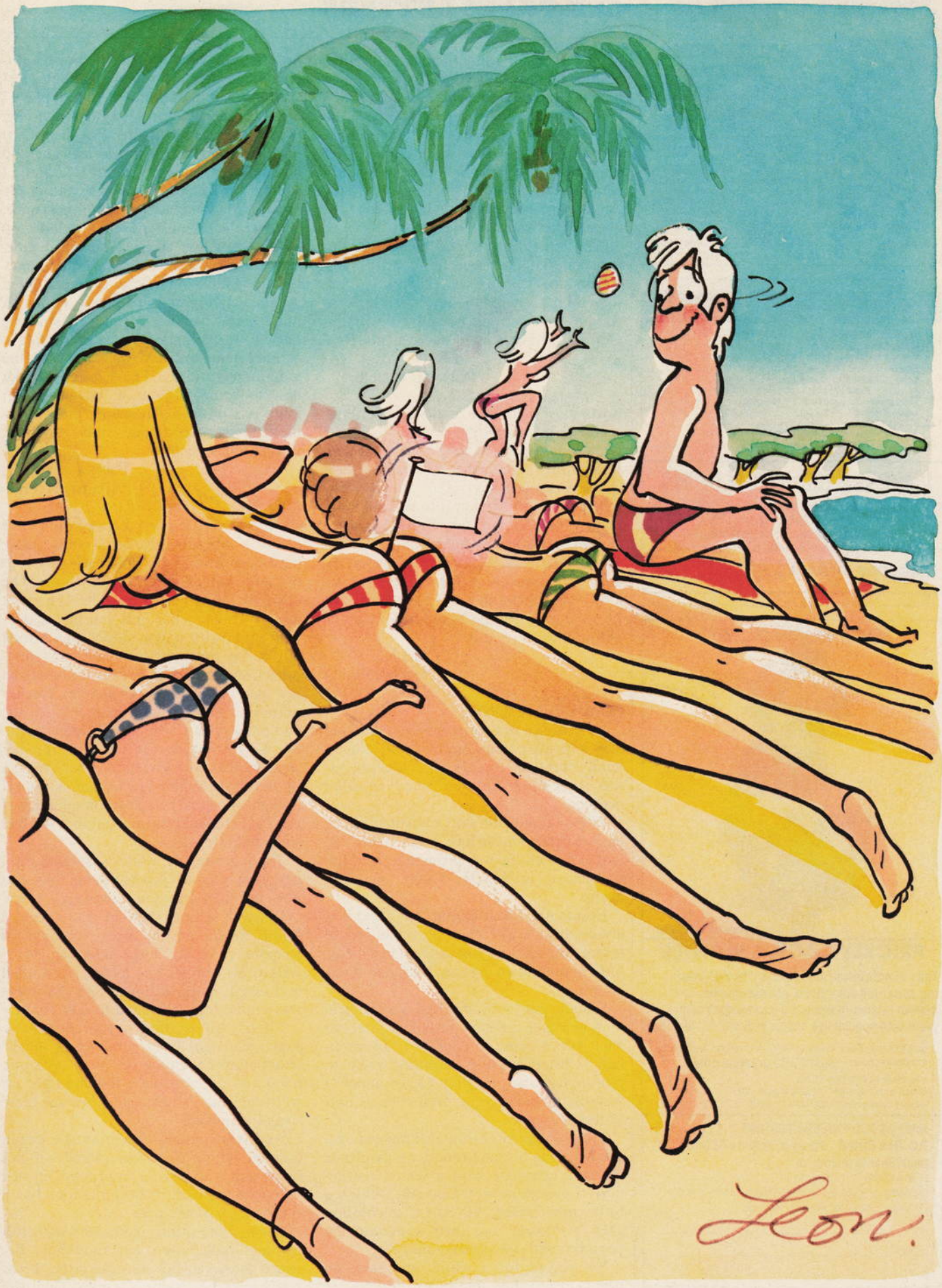
KATHY A.
Atlanta, Georgia

My most incredible anal-sex experience was a combination of erotic pleasures. My boyfriend had me blindfold and gag myself, then lie down with my ass propped up over two big pillows. I wasn't wearing anything but a black lace garter belt and black stockings. As he walked to the bed, I could hear his footsteps on the floor, and the thought of him coming to me while I was defenseless made my heart beat crazily.

He came up from behind me on the bed and pressed his hard cock against my cheeks. His hands rubbed my ass. I reached back and spread my buttocks apart as he gently pushed his cock deep inside. I couldn't believe the way it felt. It was as if my insides were melting. And yeah, I'd definitely do it again.

ELAINE P.
Stockton, California

My lover likes me to lick his anus more than anything else. And I like it when he does it to me, too. We 69 for however long it takes me to have an orgasm. About a week ago, we were eating each other, and it was, beyond a doubt, the best come I've ever had. It was one of those protracted experiences, where you're just walking along the edge of the precipice, and you know you're going to fall . . . but you don't. I kept jamming my tongue into his ass. He was getting really hot—hotter than I'd ever seen him before. I was so turned on, I'd have done anything for him. At any rate, he kept rocking back against my mouth and finally told me, "Oh, God, stick your tongue in deep, baby." In the past, I'd been hung up about investigating the ass-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SEX TAPES LETTERS

hole, except very superficially; this time, nothing mattered. So I really stuck it in there deep, and at the same time I rubbed his cock and his balls with my hands. I felt his fingers in my ass next, and that just sent me all the way. I must have come for 15 minutes. Jesus. Then he was coming and I could feel his anus constricting around my tongue, and semen was flying all over the place. Afterward, we were lying in each other's arms, kissing, and he said, "Your face smells like asshole," and I said, "Yours smells like pussy." Then I told him something I really believe: "It feels so good to have your ass played with; I guess God must have wanted us to eat shit."

A.N.
Loveland, Colorado

My most incredible anal-sex experience occurred the first time I tried it. I'm 28 years old, and for a long time I thought straight fucking was the only way to go (or come, I should say); but one day my girlfriend and I went at it from a different angle. Needless to say, it was great! I couldn't get over how tight it felt and how I was in total control. We've been having anal sex a lot since then, and now we always finish up that way—it's the only way I can come. People shouldn't knock it before they've tried it.

DALE N.
Chicago, Illinois

PINK VIBRATIONS

I was raised in a strict family and dated only boys my parents approved of. When I finally went off to college, I thought sex was something that happened to other people.

When I finally did find a boy that I liked and we tried to make love, I was so terrified that I cried all the way through it. All I felt was scared. So was he. I never saw him again.

Eventually I quit crying, but there was always this tension about sex. I had several lovers over the four years I spent in college, but I never had an orgasm. I decided it was all a myth.

I finally got lucky, married a wonderful man and had someone to talk with about what I had come to consider "my problem." Curt and I tried everything we knew, but the truth was we didn't know much. I was still unable to come, even after an hour of foreplay.

Then, on my last birthday, I opened up a small oblong box and found a pink plastic vibrator, complete with a set of instructions. I was alone with Curt but still felt a little embarrassed. We had a celebration glass of brandy and then went into the bedroom with this strange new toy.

We played for a while, and then he began to use the vibrator on my clitoris, just the littlest bit at first. The noise bothered me some, but I forgot all about it as I suddenly felt myself moving into a place I had never been before. I began screaming, the release was so intense. Just then, Curt knelt between my outspread legs and slid his cock inside me. I almost fainted. I couldn't stop coming. It was like all of the orgasms I had missed were coming at once. Curt set the vibrator aside and fell on top of me, moaning as he came inside me. There were a few minutes of just heavy breathing and shock as we lay there. Then we started laughing, we felt so happy. A huge block had been removed, and we knew it was going to change everything.

Since that birthday, we have used the vibrator less and less. I have found it easier now to come without it, but whenever there is a problem, that little pink rod is there. I never use it alone—only with Curt. I think that's best.

LINDA J.
Atlanta, Georgia

I've met very few women who didn't like to use a vibrator once in a while; there have been quite a few more who seem to use some kind of vibrator all the time. The one time I didn't mind was when I had the tables turned. I had just finished a day-long shoot with a new model. She turned out to be much better than most first-timers; so I shot a few hours overtime to let her have some personal pictures for her portfolio. My assistants had left earlier, and Sheila and I were alone in the studio. She was behind a screen, changing into her street clothes, and I was in the back setting up the shots. When I heard her call me, I thought she must have lost something, so I went to help her. It turned out that she had some help for *me*.

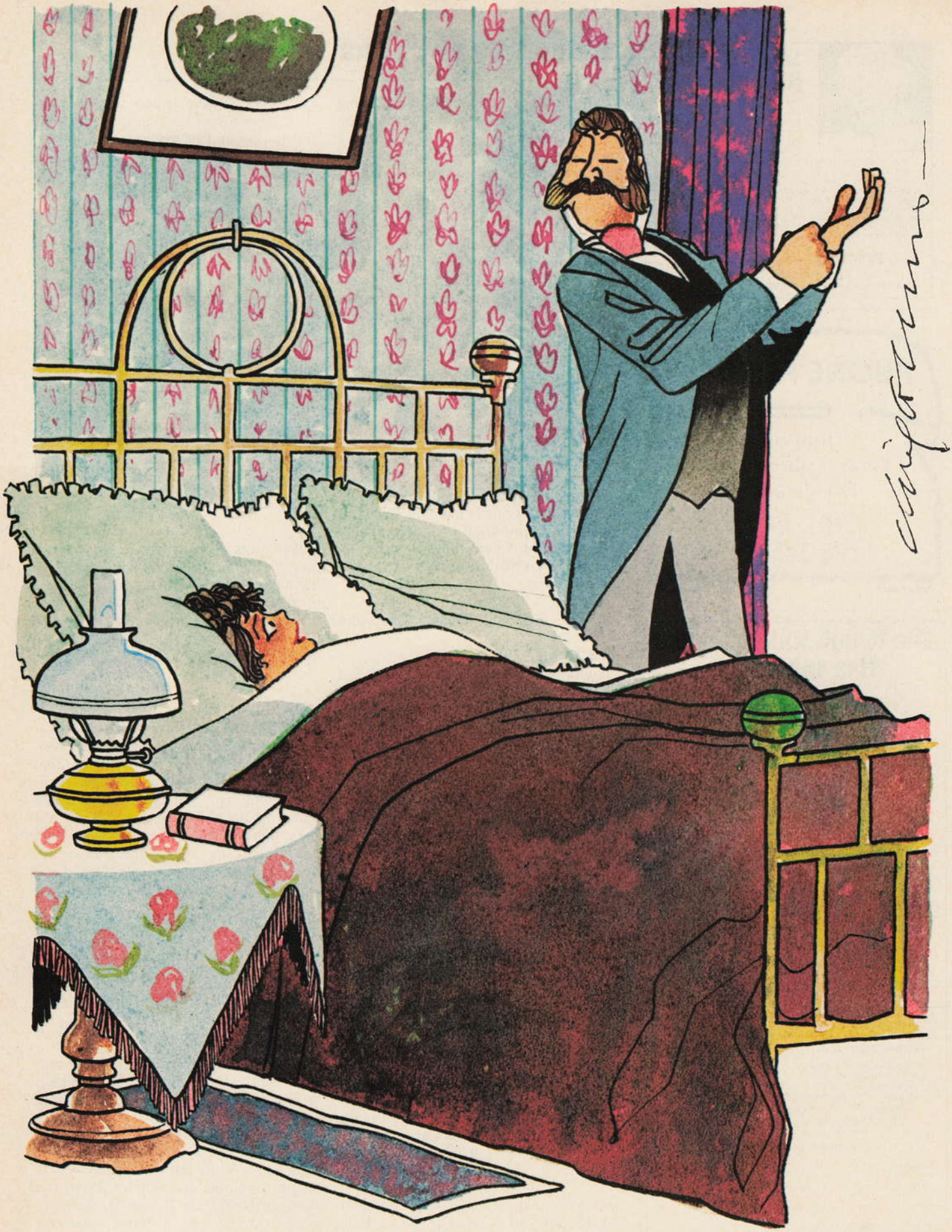
Trading sex for work is something I never get into—it's just too dangerous. But now and then a person makes exceptions.

When I stepped behind the screen, I found Sheila on the floor, looking for something in her huge handbag. As I walked over to her, she looked up, smiled and asked me to sit down. She said there was something we needed to talk about.

Then, still smiling her perfect little smile, she went from rummaging in her handbag to unzipping my pants with one hand and offering me a joint to light up with the other. I lit up and just sat there sort of stupefied.

As I was smoking the joint, she began inhaling mine. She had pulled off my pants and was leaving bright-red lipstick marks on my cock. It began to look like a throbbing barber's pole.

She had me sitting against the wall with my legs pulled over her shoulders. Between those red lips and the dope, I was ready to come almost instantly. Then she



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SEX TAPES LETTERS

began playing with my balls and stroking my asshole. I figured she was going to slide one of those long fingers up my ass when I came. I was about to let her know that those long red nails had me more than a little spooked, when I saw her pull this little vibrator out of her handbag.

The next thing I knew, she had it perched at the edge of my anus and the vibrations were sending shockwaves through my cock and balls. I was too far gone to say anything, and as I began shooting into her mouth, she swallowed my come and slid the vibrator along my balls, right at the base. The vibrations amplified my coming beyond anything I'd ever felt. I'm not one of those people who makes a lot of noise during sex, but this was different. I was moaning like a 16-year-old virgin.

She was packed and gone in just a few minutes, leaving me there to marvel at 20th-Century technology. I'll tell you one thing, though. If Sheila had told me about the vibrator in advance, I would probably have nixed the whole thing. It certainly changed my mind about sexual aids—that's for sure.

NORMAN T.
San Francisco, California

SELF LOVE

For me, masturbation serves mainly as a release of pressure and tension. And while I enjoy looking at porn books and pictures, I don't really have a particular fantasy. But a finger in my ass while I'm jagging off is a real turn-on.

CONNIE B.
Denver, Colorado

Since I have been masturbating off and on for 50 years, I consider myself an expert on the subject.

Jean Harlow probably excited me first. Later it was Betty Grable (in a tight swimsuit) and Rita Hayworth in flimsy clothes. You couldn't get pictures of skin then, but there was one magazine that had pictures of beauties pulling up their dresses to show shapely legs and thighs.

Over the years, I have experimented with Vaseline, butter and even milk bottles. A good substitute for the real pussy is to make a synthetic one out of bread or pie dough. When I did this, I wrapped the dough in cloth and bound it with elastic to make it tight. It's much better than those blow-up dolls you can buy today.

ROBERT D.
Jackson, Mississippi

I am 23 years old and don't consider myself gay, but I love to masturbate dressed up in nylon stockings and high-heeled shoes. The nylon feels so good against my cock. I think legs and stockinged feet are the sexiest things in the world! Sometimes I go outside late at night and run around in nylons and a dress. I love running my stockinged feet through puddles. I get so turned on that I fall in the grass and masturbate.

My favorite masturbation fantasy is to wear panty hose under my regular clothes. I'm driving past a 24-hour laundromat and see a man there washing clothes. I stop, go in and tell him I'll suck him off for five or ten dollars. I don't know why I ask for the money, because I'd love to do it for free. Anyhow, he says yes. As I suck his warm cock, I stroke my own nylon-covered one and get so wild, I scream.

I have a variation on this, in which I'm in full female attire, find a man alone in a motel and do the same trip. Why I'd love to suck a cock, I don't know. Like I said, I'm not gay and could never get romantically involved with a man.

KEVIN K.
San Diego, California

Well, folks, here's my fantasy. Every time I see a mother changing a diaper on her baby, I wish I were that baby. Because of an operation, I recently had to wear diapers for a while. My fantasy is to find a lady who will powder and diaper me, hold me in her arms and let me suck on a tit.

GEORGE T.
Goshen, Illinois

HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

Women with long hair are my weakness. Don't ask me why. My girlfriend says that all a woman need have to grab my attention is long hair. She says it doesn't even matter what a girl's face looks like. I guess she's right. When I see a woman with flowing hair, my heart stops. Maybe it's because all the fairy princesses I loved as a child had long hair. And if a woman's hair is cut off, it seems like some sort of defilement to me. Whatever the reason, I know I'm not the only guy with this fetish, and my girlfriend is adjusting. See, I told her that before I would marry her, she'd have to grow her hair another six inches.

BART F.
Austin, Texas

In your *Sex Tapes* on hair I noticed that all the stories were about people *with* hair. Well, my most experienced and exciting lover was a man who was totally without body hair. He wasn't bald or anything, and his privates were covered with fine black curly hair, but the rest of his body was as smooth as marble. No, actually, ebony is a more apt description. Picture Michelangelo's David wrought in ebony; that was Ron.

When I met Ron, I was 19 and he was 33. I'd had only two other lovers before him;

so I was relatively inexperienced when it came to sex. Ron, a married man, taught me more about pleasing a man than anyone ever has, before or since.

But back to his lack of hair. Most men don't realize that beard stubble can agonize the tender flesh of a woman's face and inner thighs. And although chest hair is sexy at times, it can ruin the delight of running one's tongue across a man's chest. Ron was always fully aware of the advantages of his hairless body. Just the sight of it made my knees weak. He used his whole body like he used his fingers—to touch and feel me all over. If only more men would get into the turn-on potential of *touching*.

I have yet to find another man like Ron, and after two years of his lovemaking, it was difficult to get used to hairy men again. I've often forgotten lover's names, bodies and faces, but Ron I could never forget.

TAMARA J.
Buffalo, New York

I read the letter from Jeremy L. about how he finally understood the attraction of a woman's underarm hair and odor. I say it's about time. To me, the soft underarm hair of a woman is as sexy as her soft pubic hair. And her natural odor is the most perfect aphrodisiac. After all, before razors and perfumes were invented, men must have been attracted by *something*—right?

TOM B.
Salem, Oregon

TIRED TEEN

Even when you're my age—18 years old—sex can get monotonous if you fall into a routine. My girlfriend and I have been fucking for over a year now, and one night I decided to see if we could pick things up a little bit by trying something new. I asked if it would be OK for me to eat her. She agreed and had an orgasm from it.

We both read OUI out loud and talk about the new sex ideas it describes. One night we were talking about anal sex and getting really horny. Before we knew it, we were fucking around with each other, and I was about to slip on a condom. But guess what? I didn't have one. Well, we lit up another joint and then got into some anal sex. We used Vaseline for lubrication. It was great. My eight inches slid in all the way, while my girl screamed in what I hope was ecstasy. She moaned and moaned as I pumped away into her, and when I came, she did, too. Neither of us will ever forget that night, and we're always ready, willing and able to experiment with sex. I guess our next step will be an orgy. I can't wait!

P.N.
Albany, New York

Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write OUI *Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

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OCTOBER

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THE SEVEN-YEAR ITCH

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Startling ways the media use music to manipulate you; an absolutely ridiculously silly interview with Lenny and Squiggy; the further adventures of Zachary *(Snowblind)* Swan; how one man competes with a vibrator; Pat McCormick's gentlemanly art of dropping trou; and so many elegant women, it may take you another seven years to recuperate.

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND SEPTEMBER 11

oui

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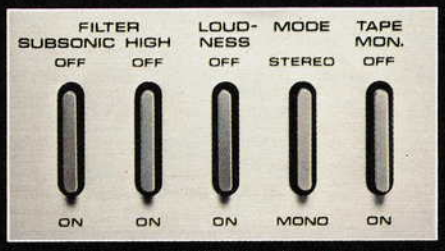

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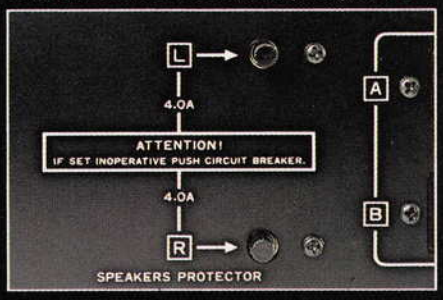

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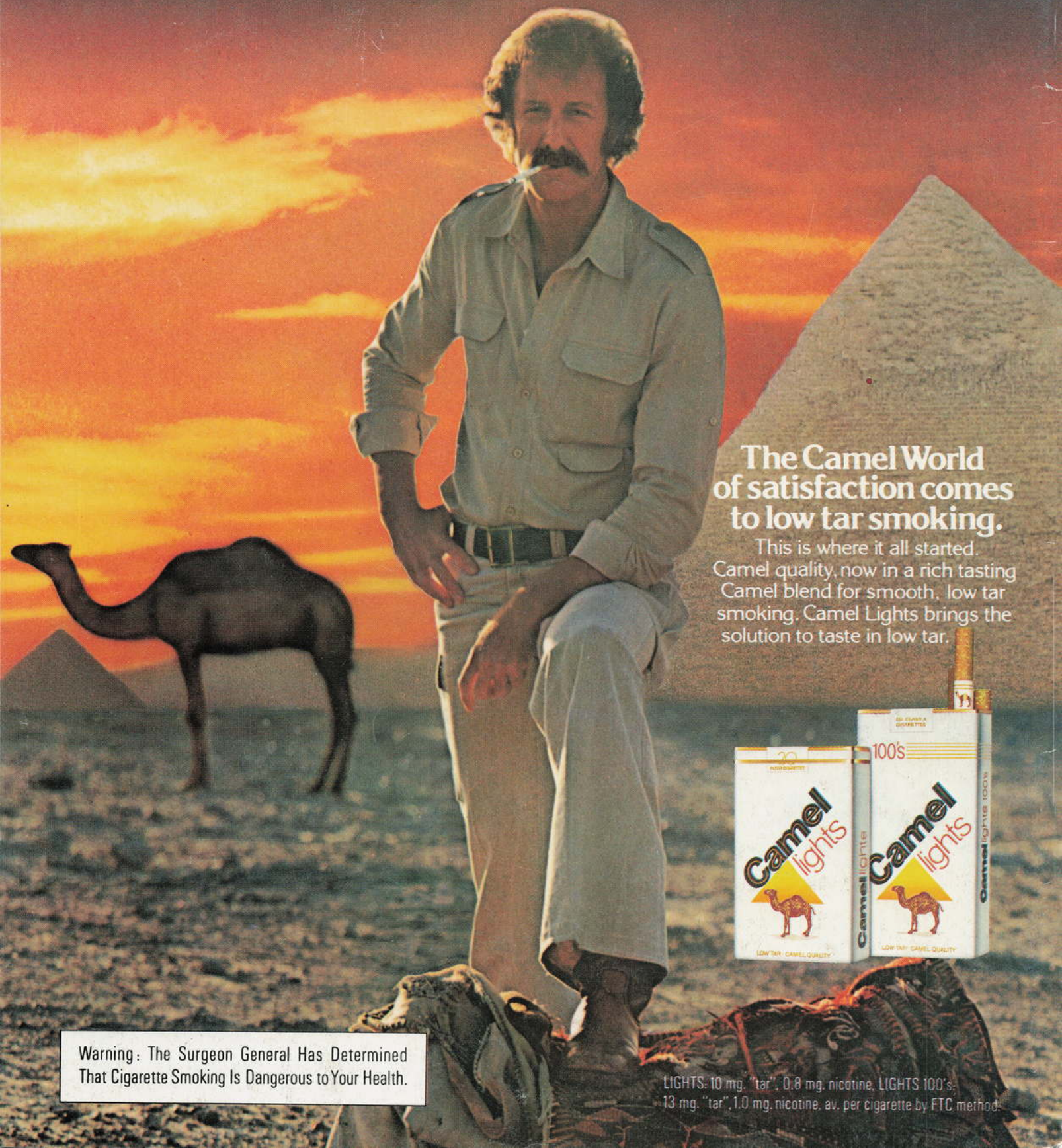
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